★ April 5, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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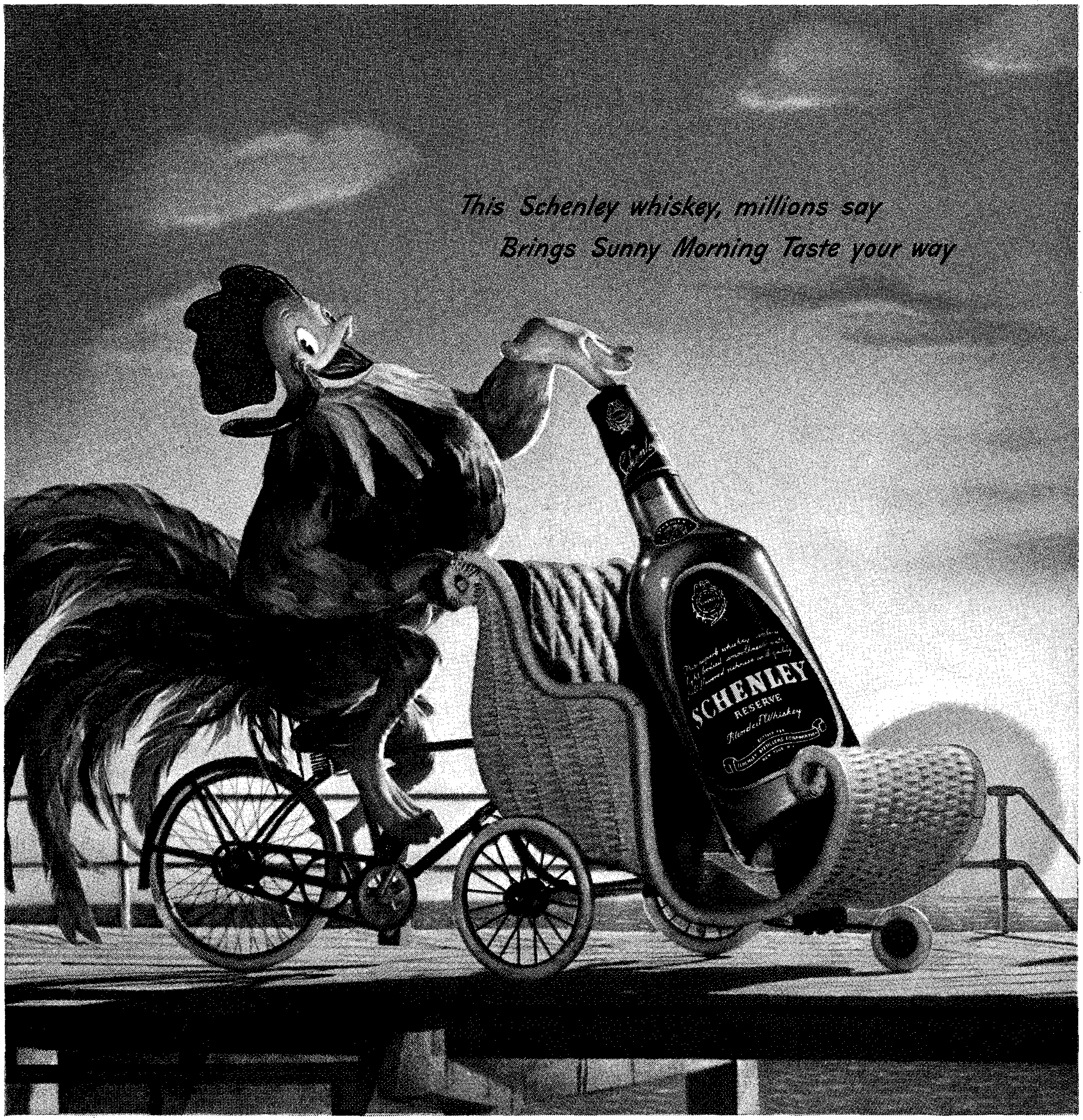
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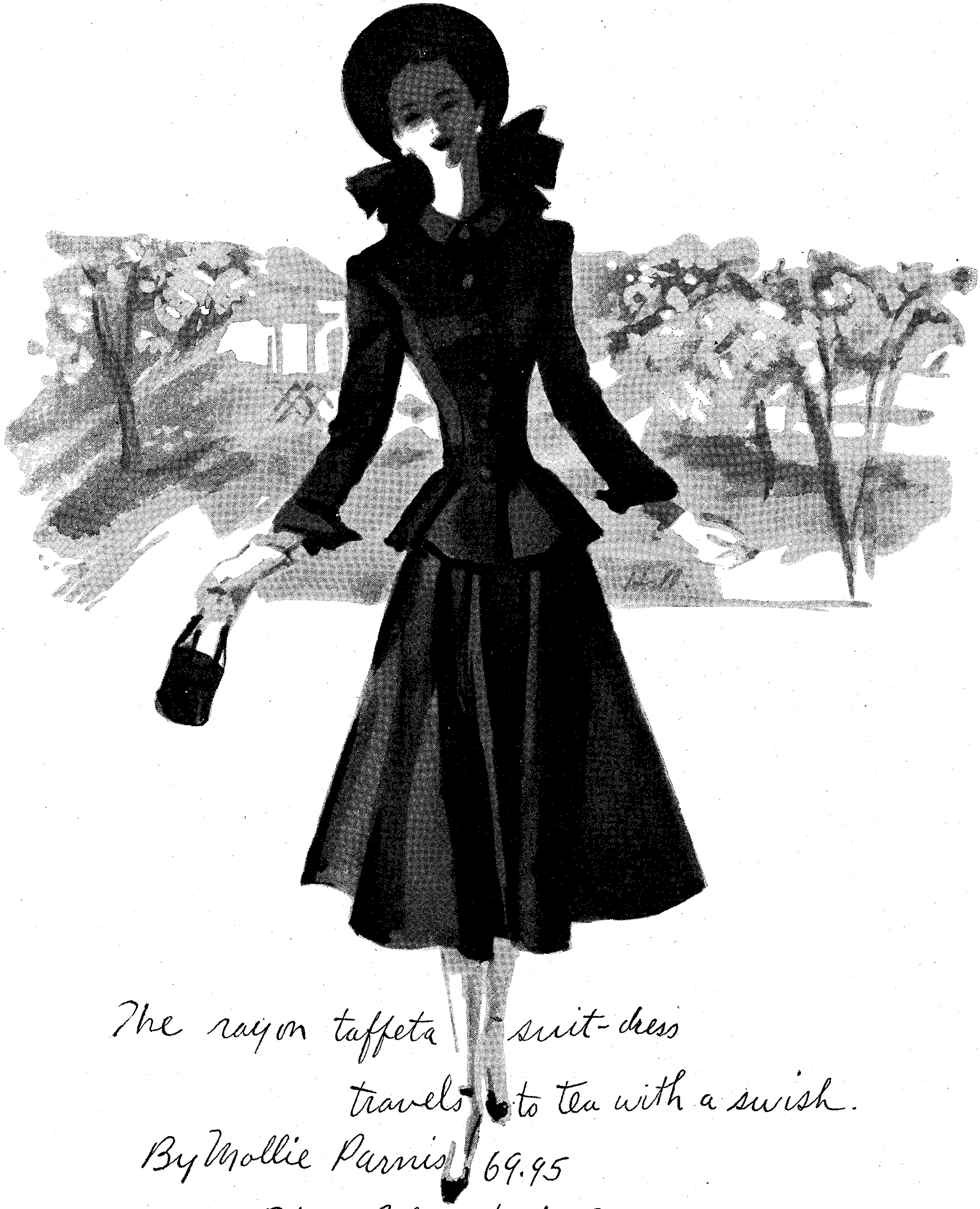

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week being Easter Week, one or two theatres will rearrange their schedules, as indicated below. There may be further changes at the last minute, so to be on the safe side you'd do well to check with the newspapers.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play about war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. With Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, and Arthur Kennedy. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Another Part of the Forest—The venomous characters of "The Little Foxes" taken back to 1880 to show how they got that way. One of Lillian Hellman's slighter efforts. With Patricia Neal and Margaret Phillips. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Bathsheba—The Old Testament story of David and the beautiful bather, played as a sex farce—and pretty tiresomely, too—by a large cast headed by James Mason. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This play about a drunken comedian doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as funny, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's first-rate performance. Jean Parker is very fetching as his principal assistant. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Craig's Wife—An almost too faithful reproduction of the Pulitzer Prize winner of 1925, which turns out to be more stilted of speech than you may have remembered it. The fine cast is headed by Judith Evelyn. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 12.)

The Eagle Has Two Heads—There seems to be no sound excuse for the presence on Broadway of this rococo romance by Cocteau except that it gives you a liberal helping of Tallulah Bankhead. Helmut Dantine is also in evidence. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl if she just chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. Helen Hayes is really superb at the head of a cast that includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—John Gielgud and his British company do extraordinarily well by this Oscar Wilde classic of the nineties. As directed and produced by Mr. Gielgud, it is one of the most successful comedies of the season. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Ingrid Bergman is altogether magnificent in Maxwell Anderson's piece about an actress who plays the Maid of Orleans and also seems to share a good many of her opinions. The rest of the cast is admirable, too. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

FLORIST
EASTER PLANTS
BOY WANTED
ECKE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Lady Windermere's Fan—The uptown branch of the current Wilde festival. This comedy, too, is in probably the most stylish revival it has ever had. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood help deliver the famous old epigrams. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Whole World Over—Some skillful performers in a lightweight but funny play about postwar Moscow by Konstantin Simonov. Joseph Buloff is the cast's top man, and Uta Hagen, Sanford Meisner, and Stephen Bekassy are also in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Ruth Gordon's loving and witty reminiscences of her days in Boston when she dreamed of being an actress. Fredric March is almost perfect as her eccentric father, and Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are very nice as the women in the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Paul Douglas, as a scheming junk dealer, gets crossed up by Judy Holliday, who plays a lady tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. With Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **life with father:** It goes on forever. With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) ... **o mistress mine:** Well, it has the Lunts, and that should be enough for anybody. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy almost becomes the Republican candidate for President. With Minor Watson and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) ... **the voice of the turtle:** A sergeant on a weekend pass. Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Tenting Tonight—A comedy by Frank Gould, produced by Saul Fischbein. Dean Harens, Jean Muir, and Jackie Kelk head the cast. Hudson Faussett is the director. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. With David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chocolate Soldier—A conventional revival of the Straus operetta, which was always a fairly good thing of its kind. With Billy Gilbert, Frances McCann, and Keith Andes. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 9, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, April 7, at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical piece about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast. With Ella Logan and David Wayne. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Street Scene—An operatic version of Elmer Rice's old war horse. Some of Kurt Weill's music is lovely and the singers range from good to wonderful, but the whole thing may be a little pretentious. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except April 9, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, April 7, at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to romp over, with loyal assistance from June Knight, Marjorie Gateson, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman

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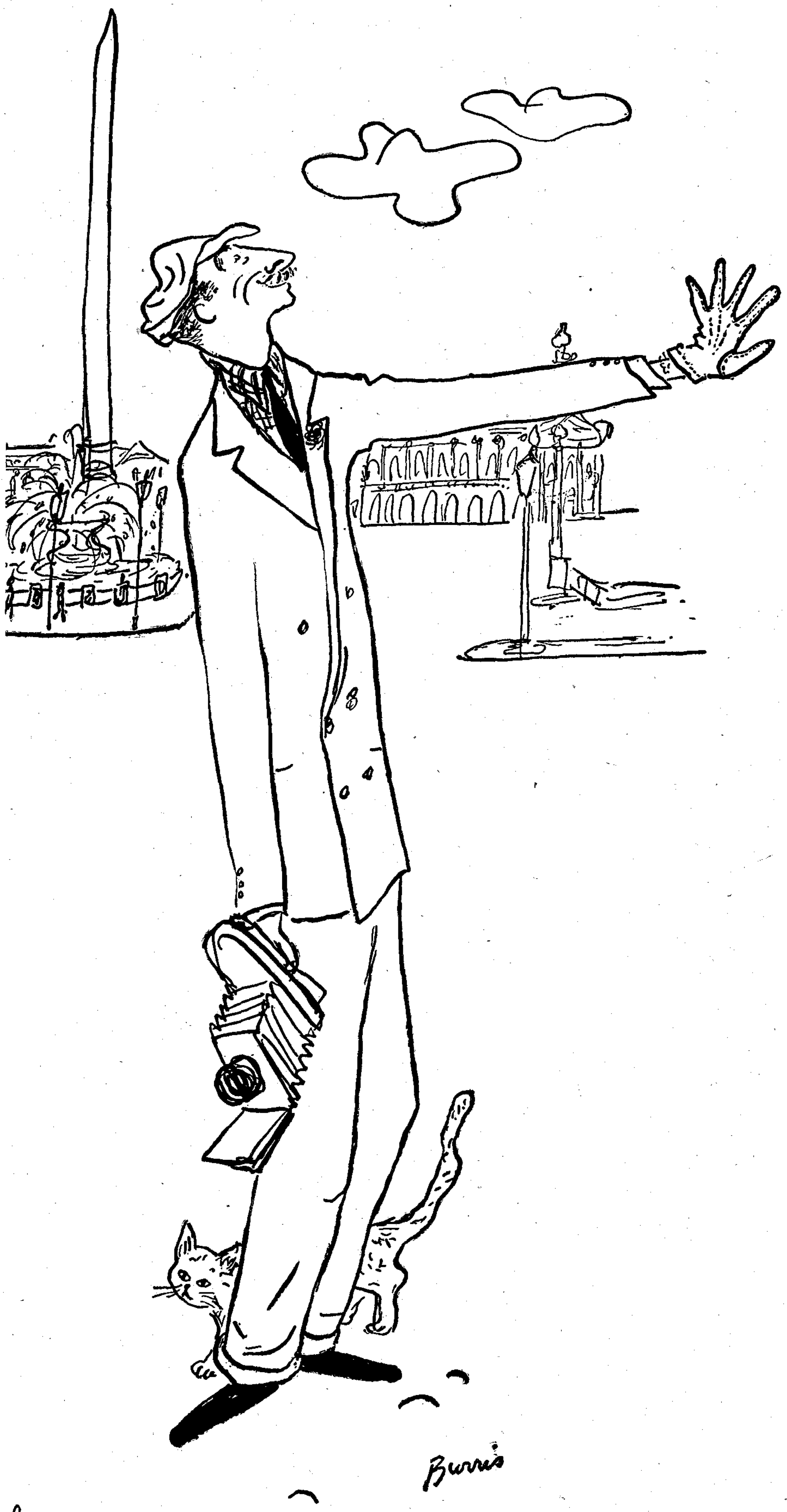
This is our Mr. Deeli

MR. DEELI, a stroboscopic photographer, lives with his cat in a l'il ole loft studio barely large enough to hold 300 congenial people. Once he asked us to come hear his cat imitate the cry of a sparrow, and we went prepared to scoff but remained to take spirits of ammonia. At parties there, when the cat is in full sparrow-voice, Mr. D. often practices *his* hobby of playing the oboe, and a hundred or so guests do stomping Slavic folk-dances. Between hobbies and global assignments, Mr. Deeli does fashion photography for a store whose facade is familiar but the name escapes us. (Memo to Saks Fifth Avenue's advertising manager: no fair hinting).

Recently Mr. Deeli was over in Paris and we asked if he'd photograph the Roger Faré salon and Faré gloves for which Saks is the rapt U. S. vendor. This he did, although there was a wee bit of pandemonium throughout Paris while Mr. Deeli was searching for the right lady model to pose. Seems they all had stubby hands or something. When Mr. D. flew back to New York and strode down the runway from the clipper, he was wearing his usual costume of mashed hat, checked flannel shirt, and corduroy pants, plus a new and rather arresting couturier touch: a pair of Faré gloves in sort of a burnt fawn. (This is a solicited testimonial.)

Mr. Deeli also brought back the program of a photographic exhibit he'd had in Paris, for which an Existentialist had written the commentary. It said that Mr. Deeli had tormented hair and the skull of an ant-eater. Coming from an Existentialist, that's quite a compliment.



Oh Mr. Deeli — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

impersonating Little Sureshot to an Irving Berlin score. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CALL ME MISTER:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CAROUSEL:** "Liliom," taken in hand by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Mr. R. and Mr. H. again. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(Before hailing a taxi to go to the theatre, you should be sure that there have been no last-minute changes in the dates and curtain times.)

BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK—Nancy Walker in a musical comedy produced by George Abbott. The book is by Max Shulman and the music by Sidney Lippman. Jo Mielziner designed the settings. Opens Thursday, April 3. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—An adaptation of the Lewis Carroll fantasy, with Eva LeGallienne, Margaret Webster, and Bambi Lynn, presented by the American Repertory Theatre. Miss LeGallienne is the director. Opens Saturday, April 5. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, April 6, and Saturdays and Sundays thereafter, at 2:30; special matinées on Tuesday, April 8, and Thursday, April 10, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their annual extravaganza. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Opens Wednesday evening, April 9, at 8:30. Daily thereafter at 2:15 and 8:30. The doors open at 1 and 7 P.M. for those who want to take in the sideshows and menagerie downstairs.)

BENEFIT SHOW—Ingrid Bergman, Set Svanholm, Lauritz Melchior, and others, in a program for the Associated Swedish Charities. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday evening, April 6, at 8.)

MAURICE CHEVALIER—In a one-man show. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

ICE SHOW—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sunday at 3; special matinées Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, and Thursday and Friday, April 10-11. Closes Saturday, April 12.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

CHILDREN'S CONCERTS—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, April 5, at 11.) . . . ¶ The American Youth Orchestra, Dean Dixon conducting. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday afternoon, April 12, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

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CHILDREN'S DRAMA GUILD—Tuesday afternoon, April 8, at 2:30: "Hansel and Gretel," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." . . . ¶ Friday afternoon, April 11, at 2:30: "Rumpelstiltskin," "Enchanted Spring," and "Little Red Riding Hood." . . . ¶ Saturday afternoon, April 12, at 2:30: "The Blue Bird." (Children's Center Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

CHILDREN'S MOVIES—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturdays at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) and at the Beacon (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132). Both start at 11 A.M., and the Beacon carries on until 5.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have *fill-in entertainers* on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so it's a good idea to phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—There are still honest, old-fashioned crystal chandeliers in the Trianon Room, and hardly a sign of Lucite. William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room has polite and civilized dance music by the orchestras of Phil Wayne and Ron Perry.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, as captivating as she ever was, which is plenty. Edmund Hall's orchestra.

EMBASSY, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—These are great nights for admirers of the Gallic tongue. Charles Trenet, the latest Parisian import, is the opposite number of Mlle. Boyer—fast, funny, and chipper. José Melis's orchestra and Ralph Font's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A fairly close approach to upper-bracket grandeur, with placid romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—A leading example of the jet-propelled, or untrammelled, school of interior decoration. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—In the stately Cotillion Room, you'll come upon an unpretentious show, Charles Reader's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays in the Café Pierre daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, singing, prattling, and turning the Persian Room upside down at both dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's orchestra plays all evening, with Mark Monte's lending a hand after the theatre.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, Larry Siry's string orchestra offers graceful, reminiscent music during the dinner hour; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an unassuming ice show, and Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras. . . . ¶ Two small dance orchestras play downstairs, in the Maisonette.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the lush music of Irving Conn's orchestra, plus Clemente's *marimba* band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

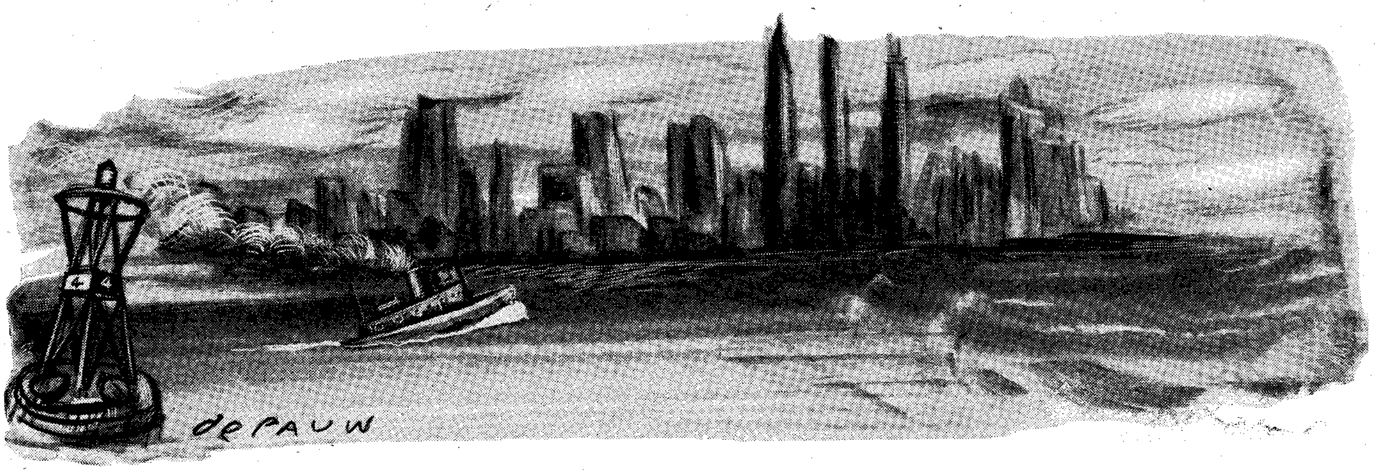
STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Brisson, a singer who still affects a top hat and a cane, and wouldn't dream of appearing before the microphone in a tweed jacket and a bow tie. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Tito Guizar and Fred and Elaine Barry; familiar faces, all of them, and nice to see again. Emil Coleman, at dinner and supper, plays nostalgic, deb-party music; Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): The subdued and elegant Drake Room has stylish piano playing at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley, and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns, furnishing a background of contemplative piano music for the customers' chatter; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Bilingual merriment from the real, original Borsch Circuit; dance music of all varieties. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, with dance music by the Dardanelle Trio until nine. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty in this agreeable cranny; no dancing. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Unexciting but comfortable, with dance music by Ford Harrison's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Lots of heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White is the chief attraction here; dance music by Gene Sedric's orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A populous, rococo old drawing room,



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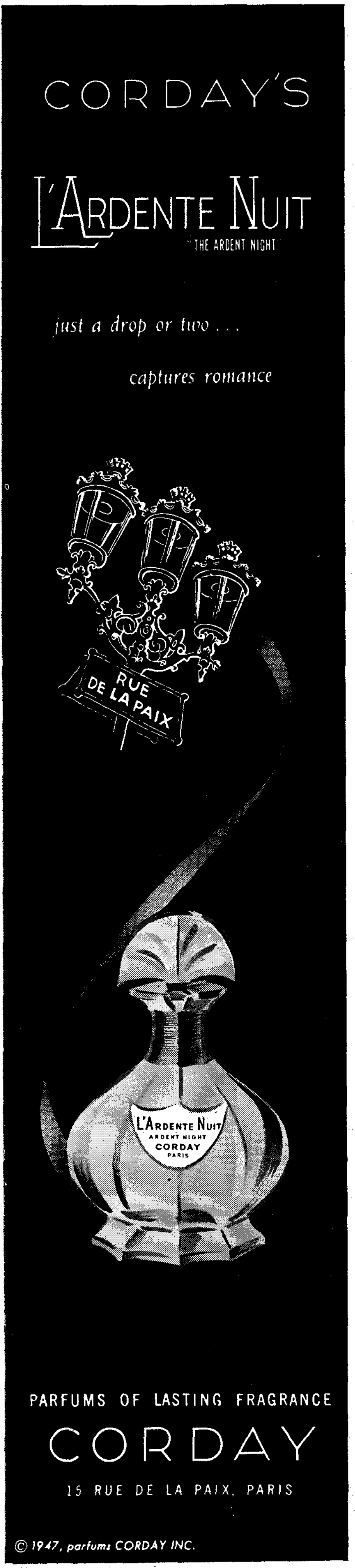


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

filled with East Side talky-talk, table visiting, and a thin but sturdy thread of piano playing.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson have taken over the place, and you know what *that's* like. Dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Ruth Etting, who once made "Ten Cents a Dance" as heartrending a recital as Lee's farewell to his soldiers, back again to work her spell on a new crop of misty-eyed customers. There are also a floor show, Michael Durso's orchestra, and a rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): John Buckmaster, Florence Desmond, and so many others that you are bound to run into something to suit your taste. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, Pete Seeger, and the Three Flames will all be holding forth through Saturday, April 5. On Monday, April 7, Richard Dyer-Bennet, Muriel Gaines, and a new trio take over; dancing. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): For a starter, you'll find Day, Dawn, and Dusk, and Josef Marais and Miranda. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A casual East Side hall, colorfully decorated and offering peace and quiet during dinner, and dancing to a trio after ten. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Late in the evening, Stella Brooks delivers herself of her husky musings, George Jason runs off a few feats of magic, and Spivy turns up with a few thoughts on the vicissitudes of city life. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright's sardonic mimicry of such standard victims as Hildegarde and Katharine Hepburn. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S EAST SIDE**, 55 E. 54th St. (EL 5-7845): This modest way station between the theatre and home offers invigorating singing by Bunty Pendleton.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Some of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them George Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, and Joe Sullivan. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distinguished visitors. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres, Miff Mole, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The Sidney Bechet Trio makes a very satisfying racket in this familiar standby. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon at five.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Jack Edwards' orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra until Tuesday, April 8, when Bill Cooper's takes over. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra will be replaced by Randy Brooks' on Monday, April 7. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

BEN-ZION—Abstract Expressionist paintings, with an effect of monumentality altogether disproportionate to their small size. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 19.)

CÉZANNE—Nearly ninety paintings and water colors by the post-Impressionist master, some thirty of which have never been shown here before. A sumptuous benefit exhibition for the New York Infirmary. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through April 26.)

JOHN STEUART CURRY—Memorial exhibition of paintings by a former leader of the Midwest school. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through April 12.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Oils and water colors of a desolate and ominous dream world. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Mondays, 8:30 to 11 P.M.; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through April 11.)

JOSEPH DEMARTINI—Small, simply composed, but imaginative landscapes. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 12.)

ENGLISH PAINTERS—A collection of lesser-known landscapes by Constable, Gainsborough, and others. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.; through April 14.)

MAX ERNST—A leading Surrealist shows some new paintings, which are less fearsome but more forceful than his earlier efforts. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through April 12.)

FRENCH PAINTERS—Works by Picasso, Vlaminck, Rouault, and other School of Paris artists, none of them ever shown in New York before. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through April 19.)

DAVID HARE—Modern sculptures, adventurous in style and forthright in concept. (Art of This Century, 30 W. 57th St.; through April 19.)

HANS HOFMANN—Tight, intense, and brilliantly colored symbolic abstractions. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 12.)

MYRON LECHAY—A retrospective (1921-46) by a landscapist of thin talent but of competent and graceful workmanship. (Valentine, 55 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

IRVING LEHMAN—Girders, traffic lights, and such, worked effectively into abstract conceptions of the city. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St.; weekdays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 5.)

NAN LURIE—First solo show of paintings, which are bright in color and delicate and wispy in style. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through April 9.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Work in all media by members of the Academy, adding up to a real welter of academicism. The second half of the hundred-and-twenty-first annual exhibition. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 13.)

WALTER PACH—Oils and water colors, by a critic whose style is not quite so advanced as his opinions. (Laurel, 48 E. 57th St.; through April 4.)

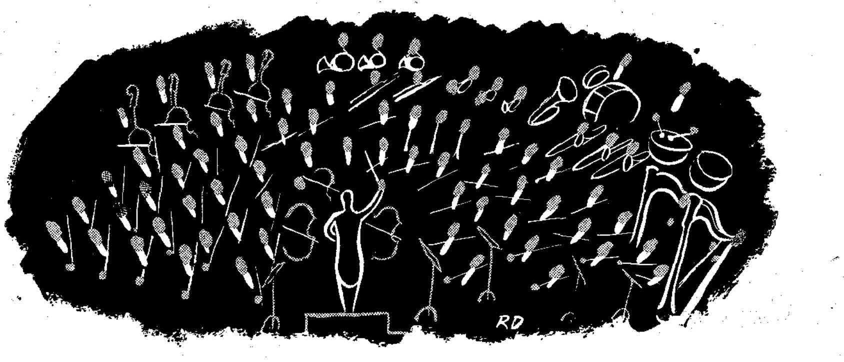
EDWIN AVERY PARK—Cape Cod landscapes, showing a pleasing reticence in line and color. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through April 5.)

FERNANDO PUMA—New paintings, very vigorous and bombastic. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

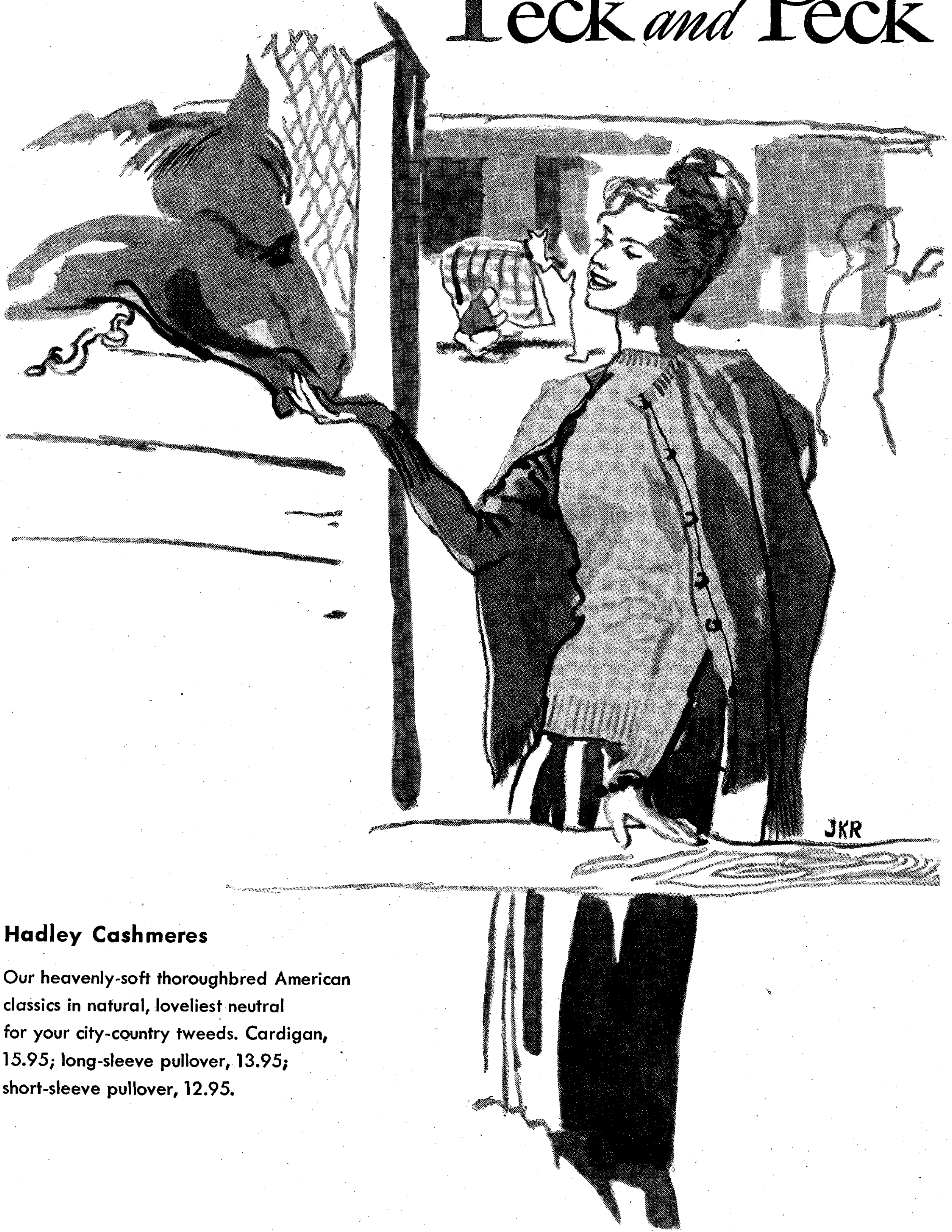
GEORGES ROUAULT—Thirteen paintings just arrived from France. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

JOSEF SCHARL—Religious drawings, done in a mixture of Oriental and symbolic styles that carries great conviction. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

HUGO STEINER-PRAG—A memorial exhibition of



Peck *and* Peck



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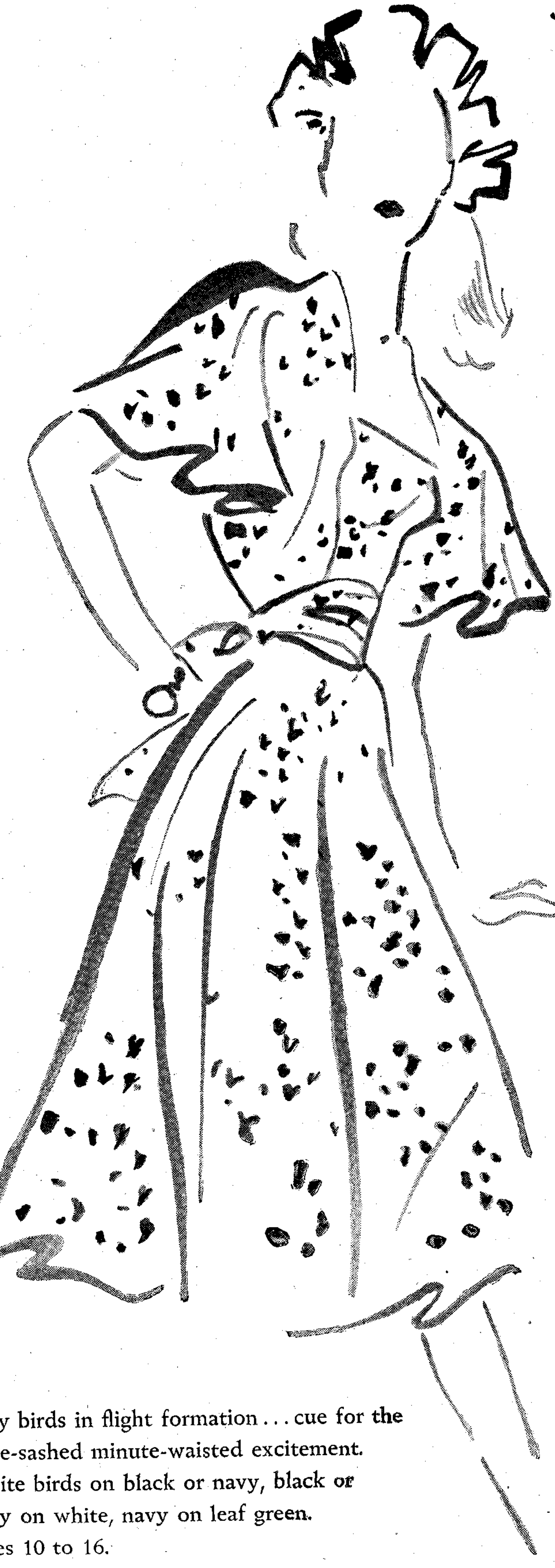

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this artist's work from 1880 to 1945. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through April 5.)

Still-Lifes—A really fine collection, both French and American, including a new Braque and two new Picassos. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

War Paintings—Sixteen battle scenes, commissioned by the Chrysler Sales Corporation. (Chrysler Building, 405 Lexington Ave., at 42nd St.; through April 30.)

Nina Winkel—Terra-cotta and stone figures, perceptively executed. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through April 19.)

Groups—At the PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Pleasantly contrasting paintings by Enrico Donati, Julio de Diego, and Margaret Stark; through April 5.... GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Paintings by Werner Drewes, John von Wicht, and five other abstract artists; through April 11.... PINACOTHECA, 20 W. 58th St.: Work by Mondrian and some artists who paint more or less like him; weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through April 12.

Some of This Week's Openings—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Corrado Cagli; through April 19.... AN AMERICAN PLACE, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.: John Marin; through May 1. ... BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Juan Gris; through April 26.... KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57th St.: John von Wicht; through April 19. ... BIGNOU, 32 E. 57th St.: Pierre Sicard; through April 19.... CHINESE, 38 E. 57th St.: Ralph Rosenborg; through April 18. ... NIERENDORF, 53 E. 57th St.: Harry Bertoia; through April 21.... MILCH, 108 W. 57th St.: John Whorf; through April 19. ... KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Charles Prendergast; through April 19.... AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56th St.: William Harris; through April 19.... JOHN LEVY, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by American artists, from Winslow Homer to George Luks; through April 19.... DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Felix Ruvolo; through April 19.... DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Edward Melcarth; through April 26.... A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: S. Lev-Landau; through April 21.... SALPETER, 128 E. 56th St.: Angus Smith; through April 12.... WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Herman Cherry; through April 23. ... NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Corrado di Marca-Relli; through April 17.... WILLARD, 32 E. 57th St.: David Smith; through April 26. ... ¶ Group shows at the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.; ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.; and MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A fiftieth-anniversary show of newly acquired paintings, prints, and sculptures; through April 6. ... ¶ The Museum's first annual print exhibition; through May 4. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and fifty photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, an able and discriminating man with a Leica; through April 6.... ¶ Recent lithographs by Picasso; through April 6.... ¶ Twenty-one large-scale American and European modern paintings; through May 4. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by twenty-six artists, including Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Contemporary Sculptures, Water Colors, and Drawings Annual. An exceptionally lively show. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 17.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's [illegible] and for the Metropolitan [illegible]

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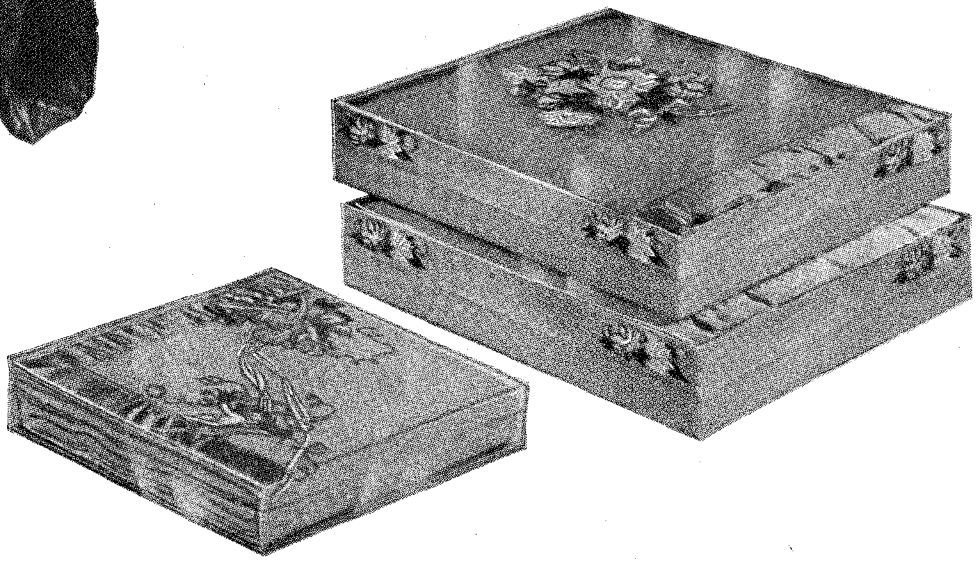

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Jennie Tourel and Raoul Jobin.... ¶ Friday matinée, April 4, at 1: "Parsifal," with Rose Bampton, Lauritz Melchior, and Dezso Ernster.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5, at 2: "Il Trovatore," with Daniza Ilitsch, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 5, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patrice Munsel, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Salvatore Baccaloni.

New York City Opera—Sunday evening, April 6: "Ariadne auf Naxos."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 9: "Andrea Chénier."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 10: "Carmen."... ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "La Traviata."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, April 3, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, April 4, at 2:30; Sunday afternoon, April 6, at 3; Thursday evening, April 10, at 8:45; and Friday afternoon, April 11, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday evening, April 12, at 8:45, with the Westminster Choir, Dorothy Kirsten, and others, in a benefit for the Pension Fund.

Jazz Concerts—Mildred Bailey, Mary Lou Williams, Dave Tough, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.)... ¶ Eddie Condon's monthly joust with the musical arts. Dave Tough, Max Kaminsky, James P. Johnson, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, April 12, at 5:30.)

Museum Concert—David Mannes conducting the third program in his annual symphonic series. (Metropolitan Museum. Sunday afternoon, April 6, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting, with Carol Brice, contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, April 9, at 8:45, and Saturday afternoon, April 12, at 2:30.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, April 11, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Arthur Mendel directing. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Thursday evening, April 10, at 8:45. For information about tickets, call CA 5-4171.)

San Francisco Symphony—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, April 11, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Muriel Rahn—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, April 6, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Ezio Pinza, Salvatore Baccaloni, Lucielle Browning, and others, in a program for the benefit of the Marianite Sisters of the French Hospital. (Waldorf-Astoria. Monday evening, April 7, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call DI 4-1445.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, April 8, at 8:30.)

Eudice Shapiro—Violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, April 9, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Wednesday evening, April 9, at 8:40.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday evening, April 8, at 8:30.... ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RH 4-1500, Ext. 33. Friday evening, April 11, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schumann—Soprano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Saturday evening, April 12, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Fencing—Metropolitan Open Championships: Team, Thursday, April 3, at 7 P.M.;

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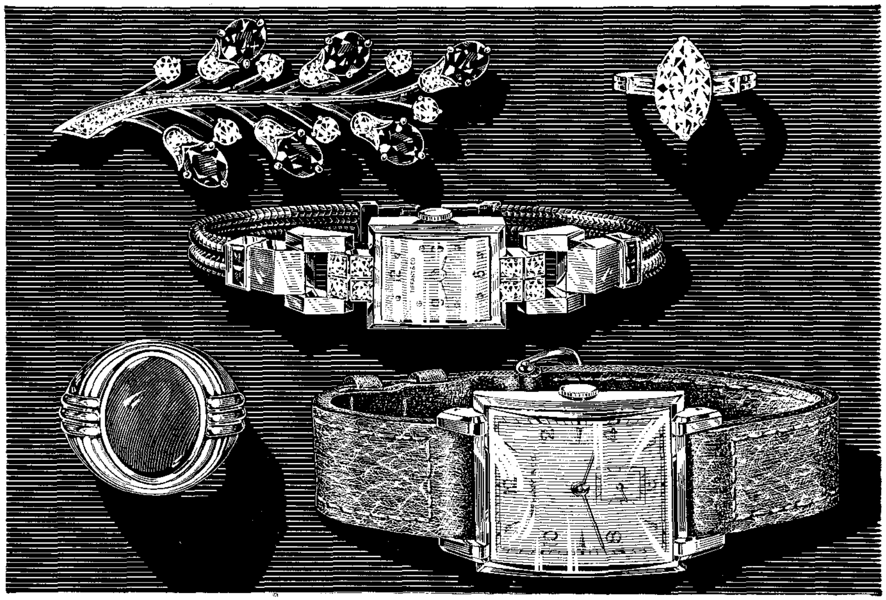

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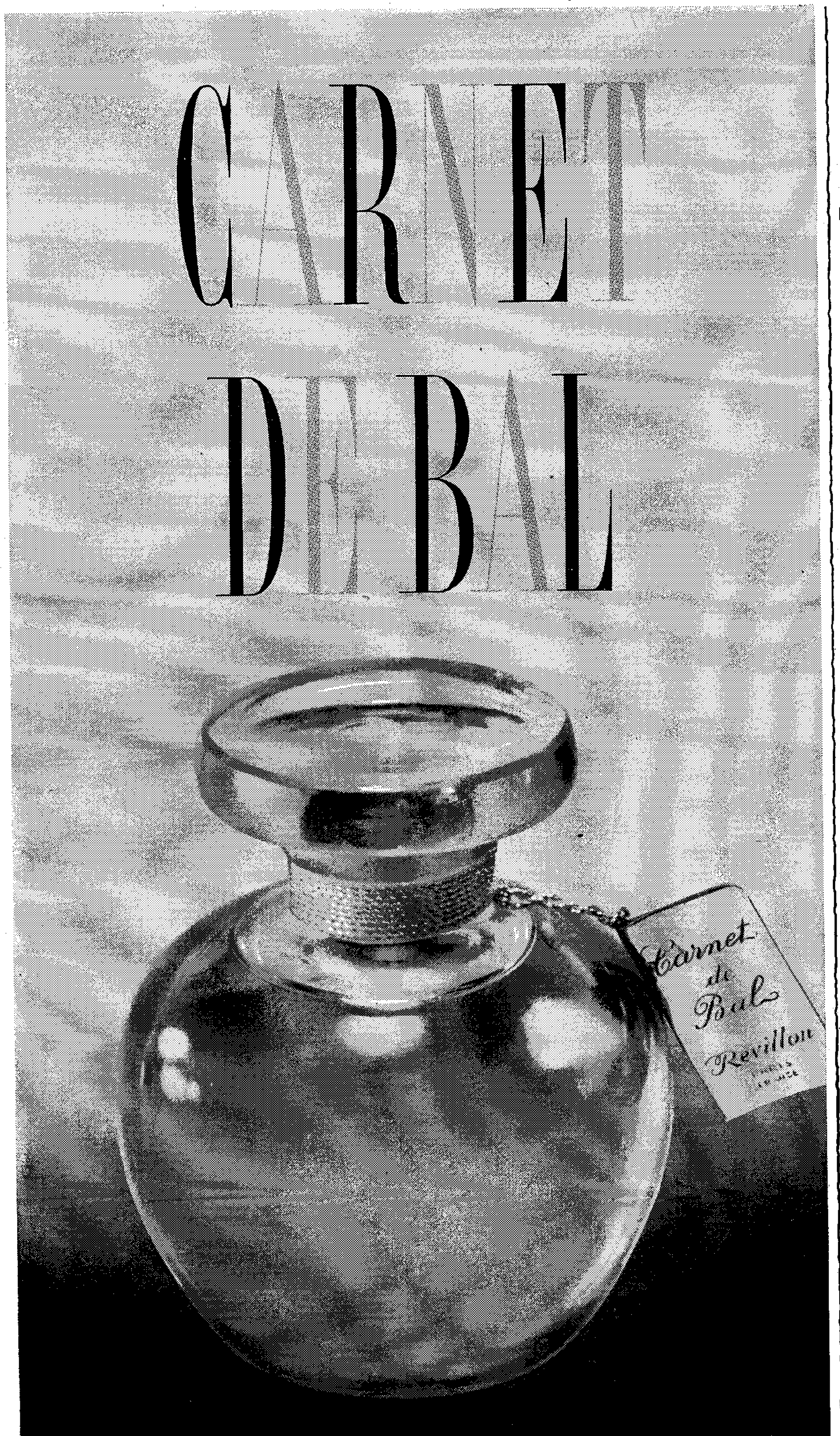

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Individual Foil, Saturday, April 12, at 2:30 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.) . . . ¶ Wilkinson Sword Tournament. (Waldorf-Astoria. Saturday, April 5, at 3:30 P.M.)

HUNT RACES—Deep Run Hunt Club. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 5.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 12.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 12.)

INDOOR POLO—Ramapo vs. New York A.C. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30 P.M.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; through May 3. Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, April 5; Experimental Free Handicap, Saturday, April 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 11:09 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:46 A.M. and 1:10 P.M.) . . . BOWIE: Weekdays, through April 12. (A race train leaves Penn Station for Bowie at 8:30 A.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS MEETING—Two hundred and fifty unofficial spectators are admitted to the open meetings of the Security Council and the same number can be accommodated at meetings of the Trusteeship Council. If you are thinking of attending any of these sessions, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next one is to be held. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Park W. at 76th St.—Woodcuts of famous news events, which were used before the day of the flash bulb to keep gazette readers up on such matters as the Johnstown flood, the death of President Garfield, the burning of Barnum's Museum, and the firing on Fort Sumter. . . . ¶ There is also a side exhibit of old hospital records, medical treatises, tooth extractors, and such Hippocratic memorabilia, going back to the American Revolution. (Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

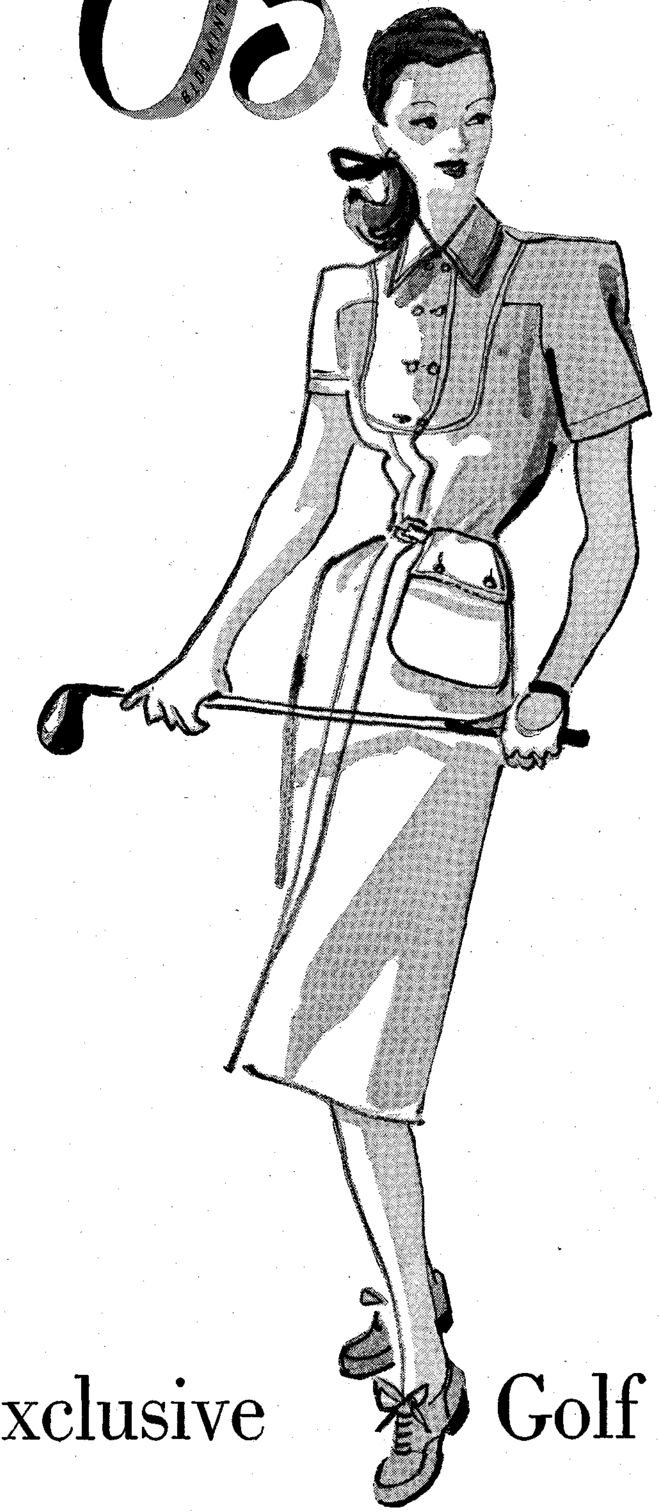
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A medical exhibit put on by the Army, showing the progress made in plastic surgery, malaria control, and neuropsychiatry during the war. . . . ¶ Paintings and handcrafts done by children in New York settlement houses. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

PLANETARIUM—The current demonstration is "The Easter Star Parade." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; special showings Monday through Friday, April 7-11, at 11 A.M., 2, 3, and 4 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

EASTER IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER—All the appropriate trimmings for the holiday: Easter lilies in the flower beds (after April 4), music by the Salvation Army band (3:30 P.M., April 6), and choristers in the lower plaza (5:30 P.M., April 7).

ARMY DAY PARADE—The annual big do on Fifth Avenue, starting at 95th Street, at 2 P.M. on Saturday, April 12, and breaking up at 62nd Street. Among the marchers will be the West Point Corps; a number of bands, one of them on loan from a woollen factory; a contingent of First Army men; a gaggle of Marines; and some units from the Forty-second Infantry Division of the New York National Guard.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—English eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, from the collections of the late Bernard Voss, the late Mrs. Walter B. James, and others. (Thursday, April 3, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French and Viennese furniture, owned by Mrs. Leny M. Glaser. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, April 5, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ First editions of Thackeray, Galsworthy, and others, from the



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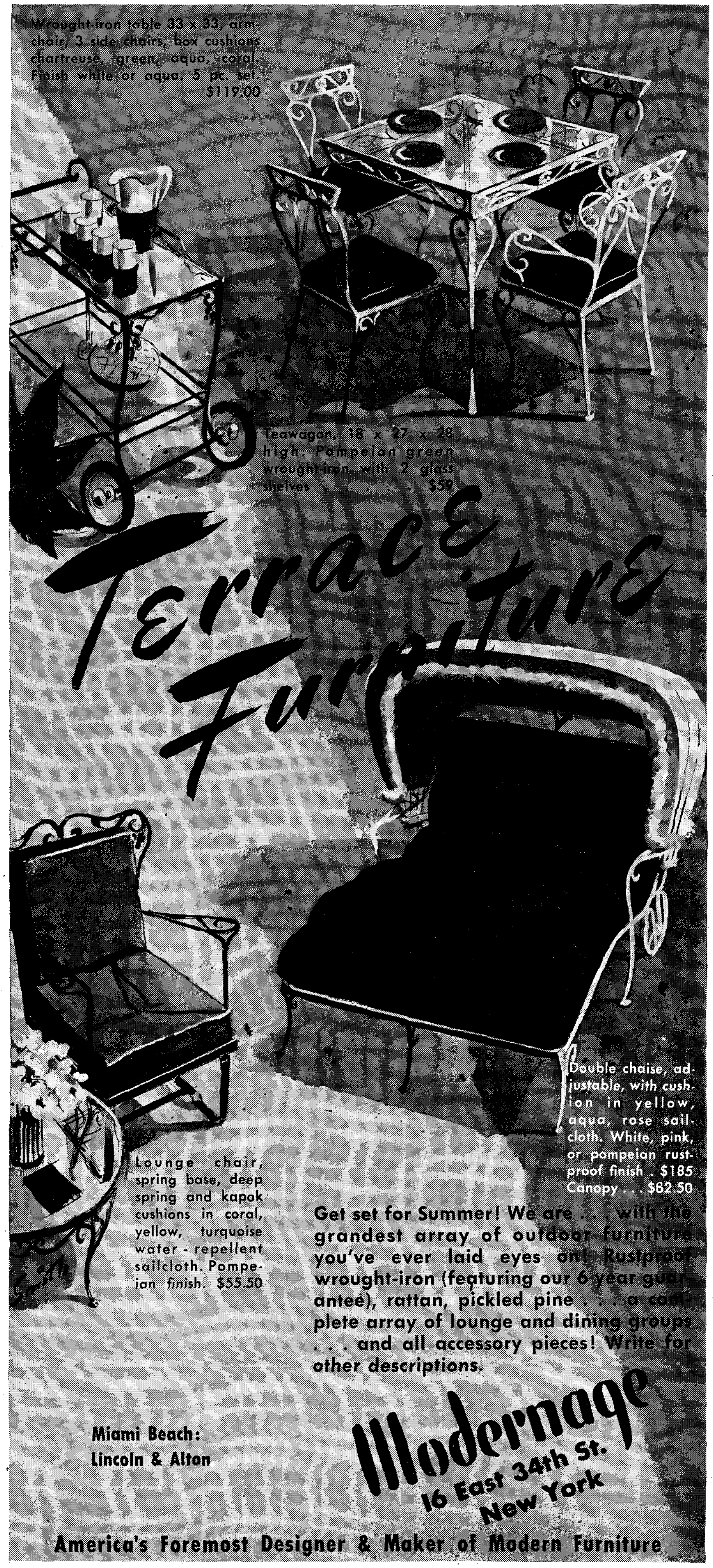

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ON THE AIR

President Truman—Jefferson Day address from Washington, Saturday, April 5, at 10:30 P.M., WJZ, WNBC, WOR.

United Nations—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, April 6, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, with Rose Bampton and Set Svanholm, Sunday, April 6, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, April 5 and 12, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, April 8, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Oklahoma Symphony, Victor Alessandro conducting, Saturday, April 5, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Maggie Teyte, soprano, Monday, April 7, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

Sports—Racing: The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, April 5; the Experimental Handicap, Saturday, April 12; both at 4 P.M., WOR, WJZ.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ. . . . ¶ Howard K. Smith, from Moscow, Sundays at 1:45 P.M., WCBS.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—Opening games of the season: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, April 15, at Yankee Stadium; Dodgers vs. Boston, April 15, at Ebbets Field; Giants vs. Dodgers, April 18, at the Polo Grounds.

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Hunt Club. (Scarsdale, N.Y. April 19-20.) . . . ¶ New England Horse Show. (Boston, Mass. April 25-27.)

Hunt Races—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 19.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 26.)

Racing—At Jamaica, through May 3. . . . ¶ Havre de Grace, April 14-26. . . . ¶ Pimlico, April 28-May 10.

Music—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** The Philharmonic-Symphony season ends on April 13. . . . ¶ Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, April 20. . . . ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, April 18. . . . ¶ National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, April 21. . . . ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, April 28. . . . ¶ Pop concerts start May 1. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Ramon Vinay, tenor, and others, April 27. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, April 27. . . . **OPERA:** The San Carlo Opera Company, Center Theatre, April 23-May 4. . . . ¶ The New York City Opera season ends April 27.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next four or five weeks: Miriam Hopkins and Mady Christians in "Message for Margaret," a play by James Parish, directed by Elliott Nugent. . . . ¶ "A Young Man's Fancy," a play by Harry Thurschwell and Alfred Golden, with Lenore Lonergan in the leading role. . . . ¶ Bela Lugosi in "Three Indelicate Ladies," a comedy written by Hugh Evans and directed by Jessie Royce Landis. . . . ¶ A new play by Ferenc Molnar, "Miracle in the Mountains," with a cast headed by Julie Haydon, Fredrick Tozere, and Victor Kilian.

Ballet—The Ballet Theatre, April 28-May 18.

Other Dates—Metropolitan Modern Homes Show, Grand Central Palace, April 19-26. . . . ¶ State Income Tax returns due Tuesday, April 15.

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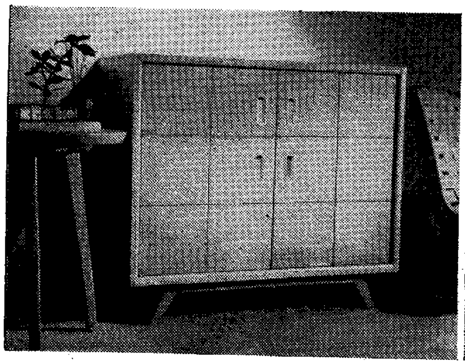
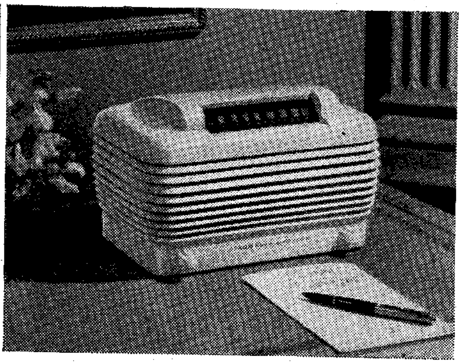
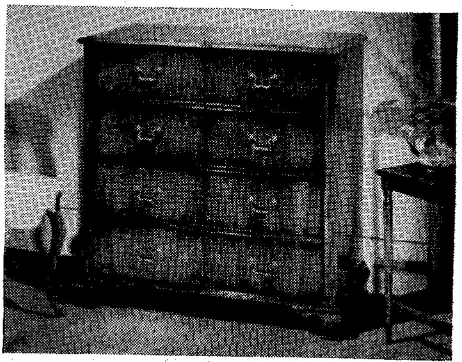


THE SMART "NEW WORLD"...



THE AMAZING "DYNATOMIC"...



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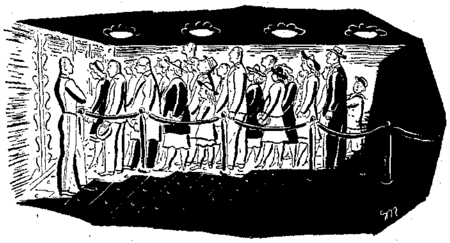
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—Some good dialogue by Robert Sherwood and some good acting by Fredric March, but not enough to warrant your taking this three-hour epic as seriously as it takes itself. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—An adaptation of a *Reader's Digest* piece about a Connecticut trial, which turns out to be first-rate entertainment. Dana Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, and Lee Cobb head a cast that includes some talented amateurs the producer picked up in Stamford, where most of the picture was shot. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 6.)

Brief Encounter—The Noel Coward story of an affair between a respectable British matron and a doctor. With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—George Bernard Shaw's conception of the conqueror. Shaw's wit, Claude Rains' skill, and Vivien Leigh's beauty combine, in Technicolor, to make a film that is diverting, if long. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3.)

A Cage of Nightingales—A kind of Gallic "Mr. Chips," in which an actor cheerfully called Noël-Noël plays a gentle instructor at a combined reform-school-and-orphanage full of tough French kids. There is a lot of excellent singing by the latter. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Henry V—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sundays at 3 and 8:40 P.M.)

Ivan the Terrible—The massive first part of what Sergei Eisenstein intends to make into a cinematic trilogy—wind and politics permitting—about the fierce old Czar. Pretentious and lethargic, and about as sprightly as a high-class funeral. In Russian, with music by Prokofieff. (Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st, WI 7-9686.)

Lady in the Lake—Robert Montgomery, the director and hero, lets the camera serve as the eye of the protagonist, and appears himself only as narrator. A small step toward originality, rather wasted on a confused Raymond Chandler story. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through April 6.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 7.)

The Late George Apley—A once-over-lightly of the Marquand novel that stands up quite well. Ronald Colman is a satisfactory movie Apley, and he is assisted by Percy Waram, Richard Haydn, and Mildred Natwick. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Open City—A deeply moving film, made in Italy, that describes the functioning of the Italian underground. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Raider—A spirited and handsome English combination of documentary and adventure story that deals authoritatively with the activities of Allied merchantmen during the war. Knowingly enacted by a cast of seamen, who reproduce the roles they once played in earnest. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; starting April 4.)

Rendezvous with Annie—A modest, moderately funny comedy about an Air Forces corporal who gets caught in a mixup involving a three-day pass and the paternity of his child. With Eddie Albert, William Frawley, and Wallace Ford. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 6.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck in an adaptation of the play, which, while largely made up of foolishness, does have moments of grim excitement. (Hollywood, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545; starting April 5.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—A French film proving that seduction and its consequences are not always as grim as they are made out to be. The late Raimu and his associates make it one you probably will want to see. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

The Years Between—This has a threadbare plot about a lady who mistakenly thinks that her husband is dead, but the actors go about their chores in convincing fashion. The dialogue is very good. With Michael Redgrave, Valerie Hobson, and Flora Robson. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through April 4.)

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. With Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 4.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—The life of a professional British soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 8.)

Having Wonderful Time (1938)—A screen version of Arthur Kober's play. Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting April 8.)

Hymn of the Nations (1946)—Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Hymn." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 4.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; April 6-8.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 9.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories dealing with Greenwich Village life. With Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 8.)

Portrait of a Woman (1946)—In French, with Françoise Rosay playing four parts. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 4.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Superior music and a dash of psychiatry. James Mason and Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through April 6.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 3.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; through April 4.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd, CI 5-8900) is showing movies from its collection on the following schedule. April 3: "Camille" (1936), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor.... ¶ April 4-6: "Swing Time" (1936), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.... ¶ Starting April 7: "The Texas Rangers" (1936), with Fred MacMurray. Showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through April 9: "It Happened in Brooklyn," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Jimmy Durante.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Johnny O'Clock," Dick Powell, Evelyn Keyes.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Through April 4: "The Red House," Edward G. Robinson.
From April 5: "That's My Man," Catherine McLeod, Don Ameche.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Through April 4: "Angel and the Bad Man," John Wayne, Gail Russell.
From April 5: "Tarzan and the Huntress," Johnny Weissmuller.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
Through April 4: "Nora Prentiss," Ann Sheridan, Kent Smith.
From April 5: **THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"The Locket," Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, Brian Aherne.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"My Favorite Brunette," Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Farmer's Daughter," Loretta Young, Ethel Barrymore, Joseph Cotten.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Carnival in Costa Rica," Dick Haymes, Vera-Ellen.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through April 9: "The Mighty McGurk," Wallace Beery, Dean Stockwell.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
April 3: "Pursued," Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum.
From April 4: "Stallion Road," Ronald Reagan, Alexis Smith.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"The Adventuress," Deborah Kerr, Trevor Howard.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), Arletty.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
A CAGE OF NIGHTINGALES.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
A CAGE OF NIGHTINGALES.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through April 4: **THE YEARS BETWEEN.**
From April 5: "Time Out of Mind," Phyllis Calvert, Robert Hutton.

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
Through April 4: "Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.
From April 5: "Kit Carson," revival, Jon Hall, Lynn Bari; and "The Last of the Mohicans," revival.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.

Stroll...

Stop...

Look!

Linger!

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This modern synthetic fabric is woven of Celanese Fortisan, that marvelous new textile yarn, one of the strongest and one of the lightest! Treated for water-repellency, it sheds water like a duck. Out-of-pocket styles like the ones shown here are wonderful, on or off. The coat, the jacket, even the two-piece rain-suiter can be folded and tucked away in their accompanying Fortisan envelopes (which are not much larger than a good-sized wallet and as easy to carry). Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

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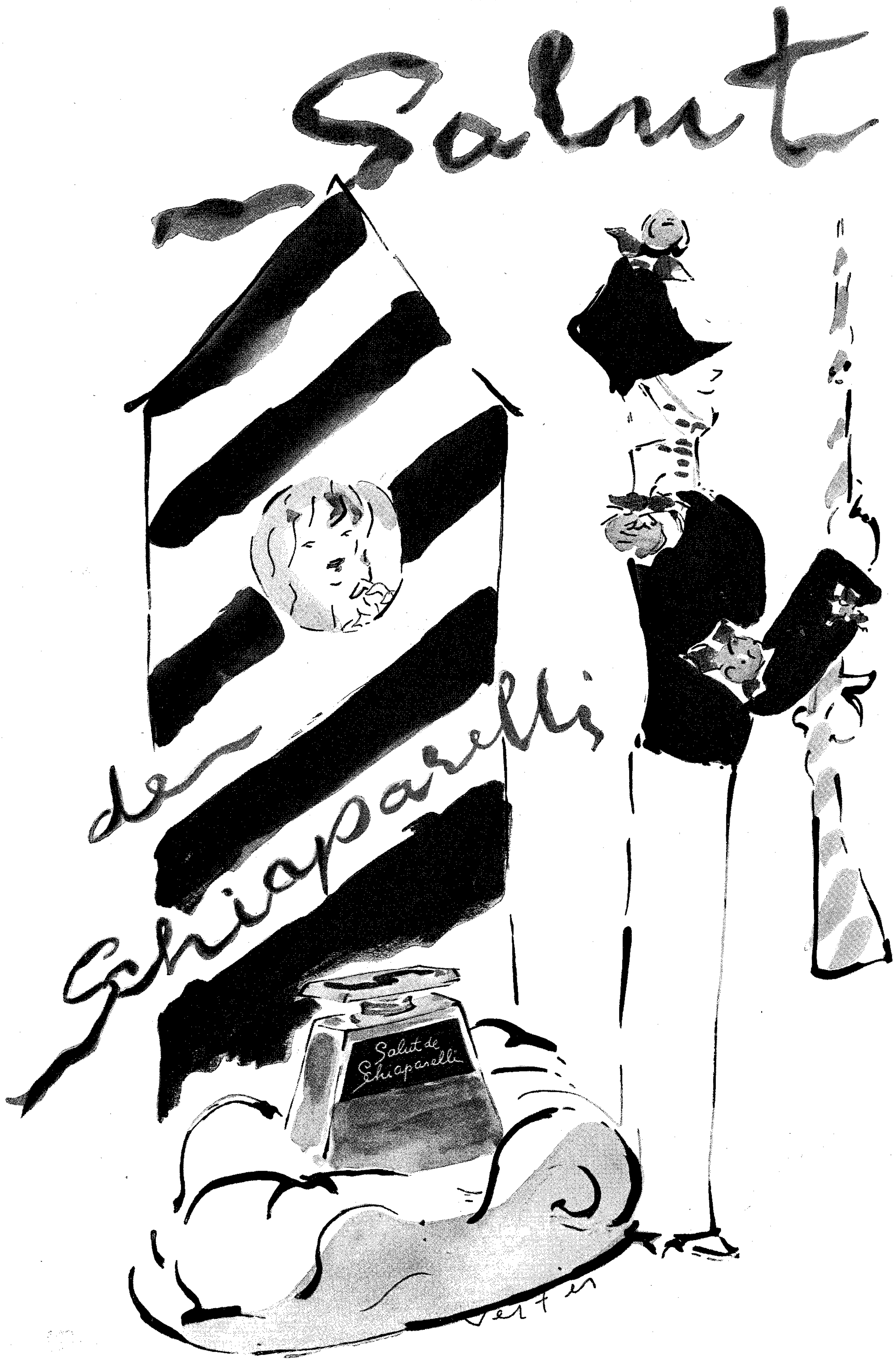
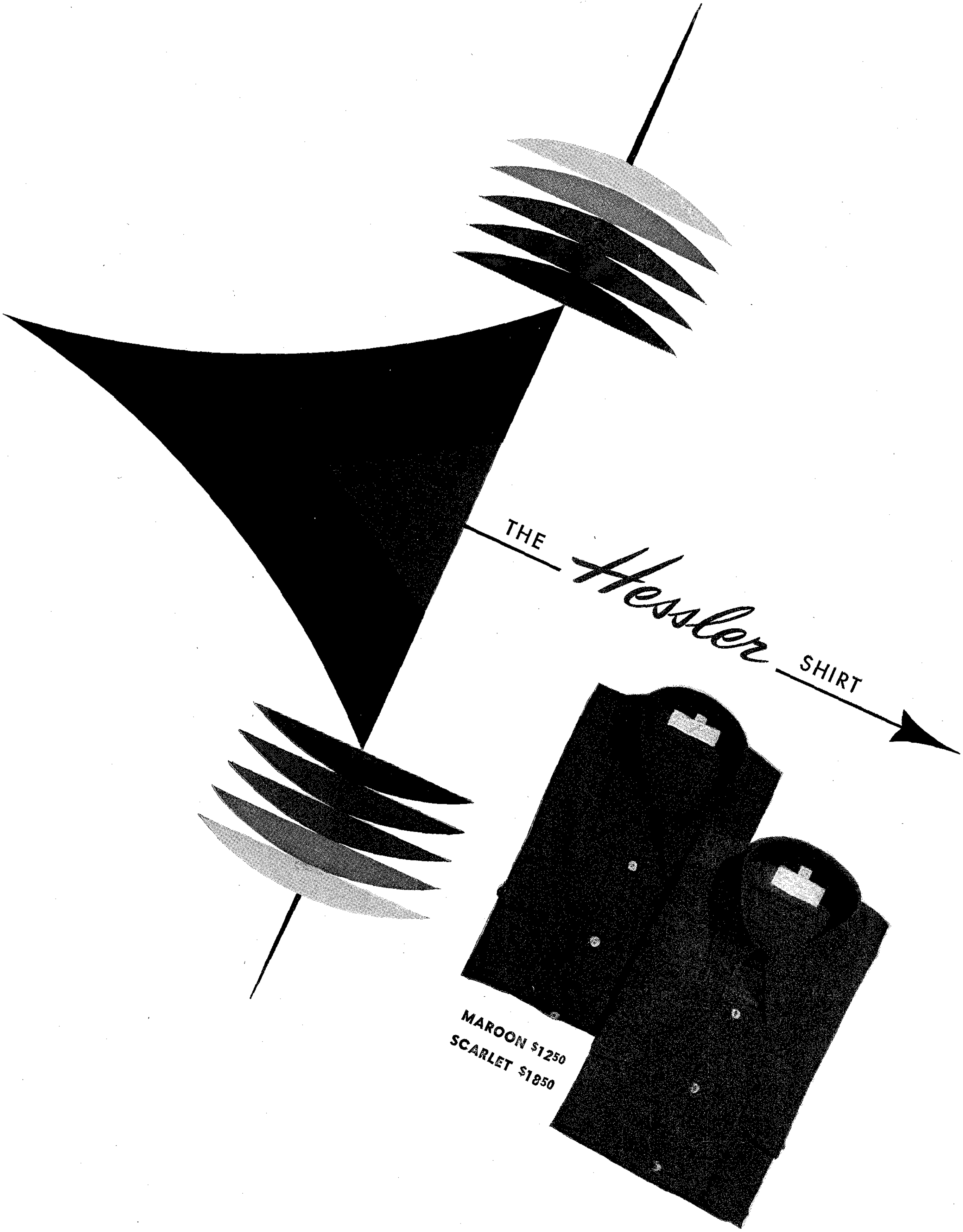

Salut
de
Schiaparelli
Salut de Schiaparelli
Vertès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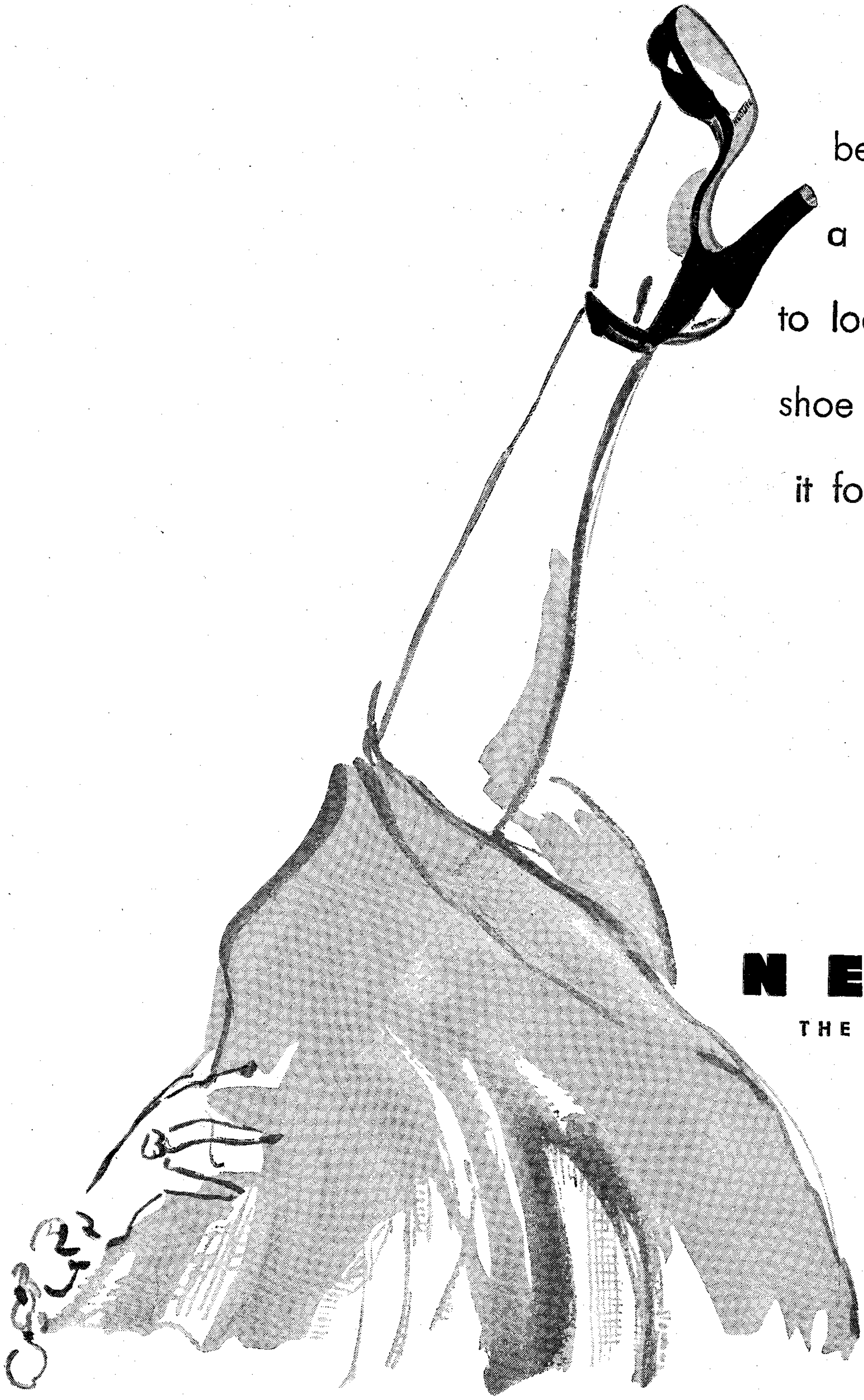

NEOLITE

THE SOLE OF FASHION

THE RED ROUNDABOUT IS A SWINGING WOOL GREATCOAT BELTED IN THE BACK, BELTED IN THE FRONT, OR BELTED NOT AT ALL. AN ALTMAN ORIGINAL. ALSO IN BLACK, NAVY, ROYAL OR BEIGE. SIZES 10 TO 16. AT 89.95. COATS, THIRD FLOOR

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

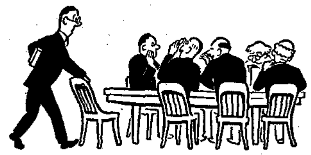
Notes and Comment

Therapeutic Note: A seasonable and compelling sign has appeared in the window of a mariners' resort in Hoboken: "Fight the Flu with Whiskey."

Middle of the Road Note: The *Nation* had an article from Stockholm the other week making it clear that Sweden still represents a compromise between the Russian and the American ways. The economy is entirely planned, prices are fixed, and so are wages, and *Expressen*, one of Stockholm's big dailies, is adding "Li'l Abner" to its roster of comic strips.

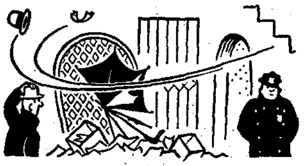
Footnote to Matthew x:34: F. A. O. Schwarz has on display an Easter egg containing a toy gun.

The publishing firm of Alfred Knopf has sent us a copy of "Our Vichy Gamble," by William L. Langer, along with a note that winds up, "We hope . . . you will find it a welcome addition to your library." Well, we do, indeed, but damned if we know what to make of this passage in the letter: "Dr. Langer is the Coolidge Professor of History at Harvard University, and was a Number One O.S.S. man during the war. 'Our Vichy Gamble' is the whole complex story, written in a vigorous and unprofessorial style, of our relations with France from the date of its collapse to Darlan's assassination." We detect here an implication that it is wrong for a professor to write like a professor. We disagree with this, and we also feel that it puts Dr. Langer in a box. Going behind the scenes with him in the pages of *Who's Who*, we find he belongs to the American Association of University Professors and has been a professor of history (assistant, associate, or full) since 1923 and a member of the editorial board of the *American Historical Review*, the quarterly organ of the American Historical Association, a veritable hotbed of professors. The Knopf estimate of Langer's style is a crack not only at the Coolidge Professor himself but at the men with whom he has been associating daily for twenty-four years, and we hate to think of the averted gazes, the sarcastic asides, and the doubtful expressions with which he is in danger of being greeted at faculty meetings. To forestall these, let us come to his defense. We opened his book at random and read, "If Rommel were actually to reach Alexandria, the Germans would *ipso facto* come into possession of a strong naval force unless the ships were got away beforehand." *Ipso facto*, the defense rests.



No. 2078 Fifth Avenue, the home of the Collyer brothers, is a three-story-and-basement building on the northwest corner of 128th Street. The Fifth Avenue front is of brownstone veneer, with exuberantly incised lintels, a high stoop, and the number "2078" worked out in amber-and-scarlet stained glass on a transom over the front door. The opulent cast-iron balustrade that once adorned the stoop and areaway has been replaced by a cheap iron railing, flimsily attached to the crumbling steps. There is a hole in the stone at the right-hand side of the door to accommodate a brass bellpull, but there is no bellpull. On the 128th Street side, the house is faced with light-red brick, and a shoulder-high iron fence encloses the narrow alley of beaten dirt that serves to connect the front areaway with a twenty-foot-square back yard. Cantilevered out from the first-floor level is a handsome oriel window, so placed that the long, high-ceilinged parlor behind it catches—or was designed to catch—the sun all day. Since, unlike most New York houses, the Collyer house opens to the east, south, and west, every one of its rooms, in fact, must have been exceptionally sunny and cheerful until the Collyers sealed the broken windows with old boards, blankets, and stacks of newspapers. Between the slate sidewalk and the 128th Street curb, there stood, until the Department of Parks removed it early last week, the tall, soot-covered stump of an elm tree judged from its rings to be at least a hundred and thirty years old. When the Collyer house was built, there were, by all accounts, many other old trees in the neighborhood and an agreeable prospect, past cobbled streets and green lawns, to what is now Mount Morris Park. Even today the neighborhood is not wholly a slum; the rest of the houses in the block are adequately kept up by their owners and their Negro tenants, and the only building as dilapidated as the Collyer place is its twin across the street, which the brothers once owned and which is now unoccupied and condemned.

The search for Langley was still going on when we went up to inspect the Collyer house. The police had earlier tossed from the windows ten thousand pounds of old newspapers, magazines, cartons, tin cans, and assorted junk but at the time of our trip had stopped throwing things out and were burrowing through the contents of the tightly packed rooms. Much of what they had got rid of had been carted off to an incinerator by the Department of Sanitation, but the areaway was still filled with refuse. The wind lifted tattered remains of umbrellas and old striped collars and blew them against the rusty grille of the basement entry. A



high-crowned derby suddenly launched itself from the top of a mound of miscellany and rolled away down Fifth Avenue, and at the same moment an envelope caught under the sole of our shoe. We saw that it was addressed to the Collyers' father, Dr. Herman Collyer, and that it had been postmarked at 11:30 A.M., but on what day of what month of what year it was impossible to tell before the wind picked it up and sent it flying over the police cars and into the crowd of silent onlookers. It occurred to us then to note down what we could see from the edge of the areaway. The following list is not complete; it is just a conscientious sampling:

The *Electrical World & Engineer* for May 20, 1899.
A drum of Everseal plastic roofing compound.
A kitchen chair.
The chassis of an automobile.
A ten-foot length of B-X cable.
A walnut radio cabinet.
The Sunday *News* for December 10, 1933.
Two Victorian side chairs, upholstered in red satin.
The brass face of a clock stamped "Ansonia Clock Company."
A silver spoon.
A bicycle saddle.
A painted top.
Two wooden-spoked automobile wheels.
A draftsman's stool.
A coil of barbed wire.
A large can labelled "Thompson's Malted Milk."
An automobile headlight.
A broken parasol.
A large mechanical potato **peeler.**
A cherrywood cane.
A feather duster.
A wicker baby carriage.
Two pairs of high-topped button shoes.
Van Norden's Magazine for July, 1906.
A cigar box labelled "García Fama."
A child's paint set.
A Campbell's-soup carton.
A dozen stair rails.
A booklet entitled "Two Sermons on the Resurrection of Christ Our Lord, Preached in Trinity Church, New York, April 29th and May 6th, 1906, by Morgan Dix."
A metal-framed mirror.
A "Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1904."
A large, unframed photograph of Mickey Rooney.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The somewhat unsettling slogan that heads the menu of the Lenox Diner, in Somerville, New Jersey, is "Don't be discouraged—the real failure is the man who never attempts anything."

The cable address of the Council for Social Service of the Church of England in Canada is Inasmuch.

Among the works on a shelf marked "Pets" in Macy's book department is "The Black Widow Spider, the World's Most Poisonous Insect."

The Durham Auto Court, a motel near Durham, North Carolina, is, according to a notice at its entrance, "Morally Clean."

Answer Man

HOW much does a sixty-five-foot whale weigh? Are hippopotamuses born in the water? How long can a pig live? Does a deer have a gall bladder? What causes the wrinkles in a chimpanzee's face? Does a cow have upper teeth? Does a female pronghorn have prongs on her horns? The answers to these questions follow, in order: about sixty-five tons; yes; around twenty years; occasionally; action of the endocrine glands; yes, but not in front; no. The questions are samples of the thirty or forty that Mr. George G. Goodwin, Associate Curator of Mammals at the Museum of Natural History, is called upon to answer daily by telephone and letter. All mammalogical queries go to Mr. Goodwin, a patient repository of knowledge, and the Museum's telephone operator also routes to him inquiries that defy departmentalization. These have recently included such daisies as does "bottle-nose" have a hyphen (yes), what kind of refrigerator is most useful on a trip to Africa (kerosene-burning), and "I am interested in becoming a hunter; what books shall I read and what courses shall I take?" (too long for us to go into here).

We called on Mr. Goodwin the other day and came away the wiser. A giraffe has the same number of vertebrae in its neck as a man; elephants don't kiss each other, or anyone else; the gestation period of a porcupine is sixteen weeks; some of the noises bats make are too shrill for the human ear to catch; tigers can live in temperatures as low as sixty below zero; white-footed mice haven't anything against common house mice, or, if they do, they keep it to themselves. "If someone calls up to settle an argument, I reply offhand," Goodwin told us. "If it's to settle a bet, or has to do with something for publication, I consult a reference. A woman once phoned that a llama in a zoo had just spat at her, and asked whether its spit had a toxic effect. I told her that the saliva of all ruminants contains starch-digestive enzymes, which are not injurious to the flesh. She may have been thinking of a cobra, which can spit nine feet and whose saliva will cause temporary and sometimes permanent blindness."

Mr. Goodwin's replies at times lead him into fields of unsedentary activity. Last spring, after advising the management of the St. Regis that three duck hawks, or peregrine falcons, nesting outside Olivia de Havilland's apartment were protected by law in this state, he assisted in removing them from their aerie, under the supervision of two state game-conservation agents. Another time, equipped with a carton and the experience of a lifetime, he collected a swarm of bees on Columbus Avenue and settled them in a rural hive. "Out of my department," he said, "but a museum man must be ready for emergencies. I've been answering questions twenty-five years—authors call to corroborate facts, sculptors ask for the lengths of limb bones on various animals, publishers often request body measurements, so as to check on artists. Bob Ripley's office is on the wire a lot." Two questions that come up so often Mr. G. can answer them in his sleep are "Is the giraffe mute?" and "My house is full of bats, which I understand are infested with parasites. How can I get rid of them?" Well, the giraffe is not mute, just reticent. When sufficiently moved, it bleats. As for bats, they eat flies and mosquitoes, and are therefore good to have around. "Their parasites don't trouble humans," Goodwin said. "You can discourage bats with mothballs or tar, but personally I would be only too pleased to have some live in my attic. They don't get in people's hair. I don't know how this superstition got started, unless it was by a bat's once getting into someone's hair."

Where was Mr. Goodwin born? England. When did he join the Museum? In 1921. How many expeditions has he been on? Seventeen, covering 124,800 miles, 27,000 of them by air. How many new animals has he described? Fifty, including a Quebec shrew and a Costa Rican bat. Whom does he resemble in appearance? Humphrey Bogart.

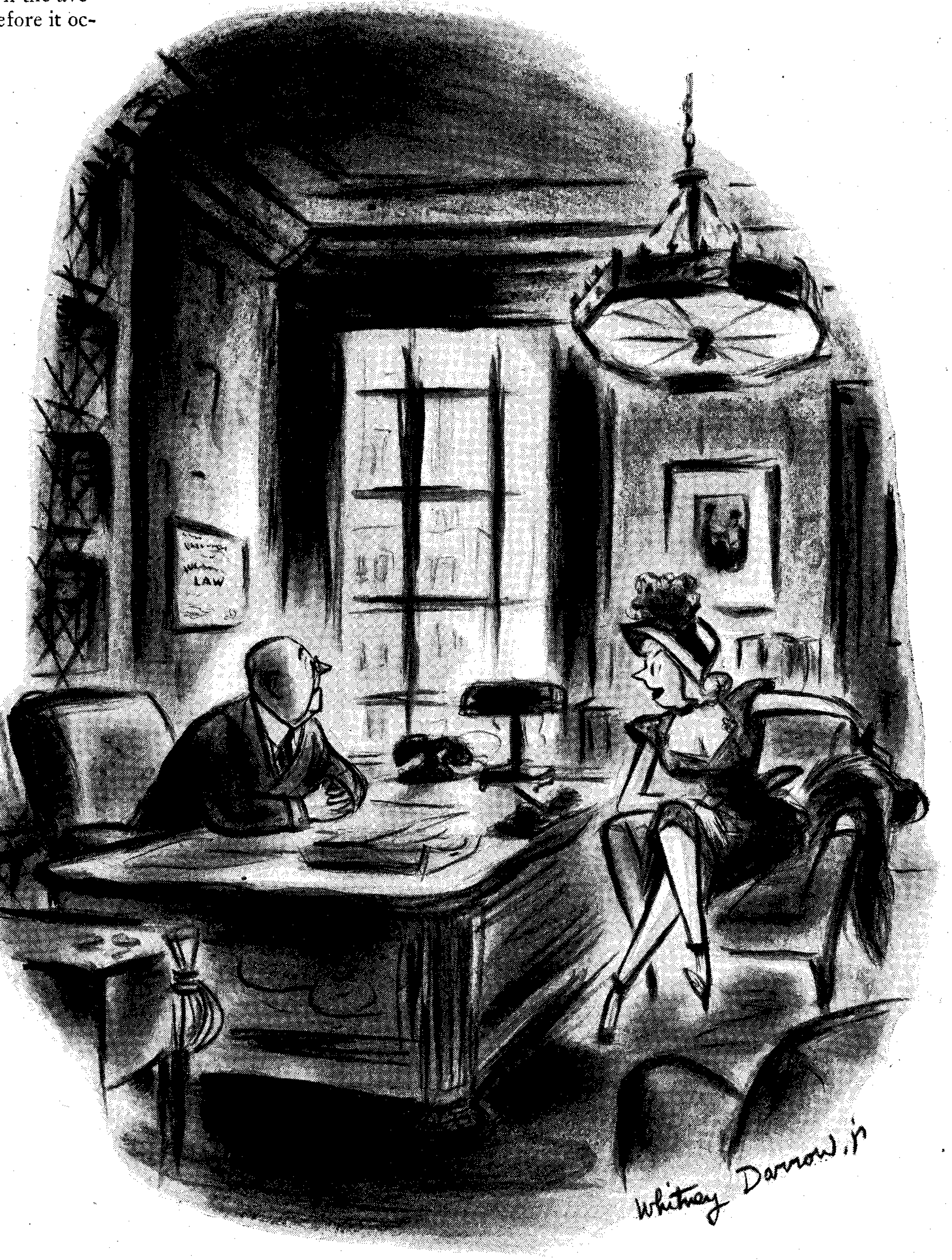
Lost

A FRIEND tells us of having been stopped at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fiftieth Street the other evening by an excited little man in evening dress, who begged, in a powerful foreign accent, to be directed to the "vonderful store." Our man said a number of stores claimed to be wonderful; couldn't he be more specific? "Ah, no, no, no," the little man said desperately. "You do not comprehend. The *vonderful* store, the *vonderful* store!" After trying to get to the bottom of the mystery for several minutes, and failing, our friend said he was sorry and continued down the avenue. He'd gone two blocks before it occurred to him that the little man had been standing directly across the street from the object of his search, the Waldorf-Astoria.

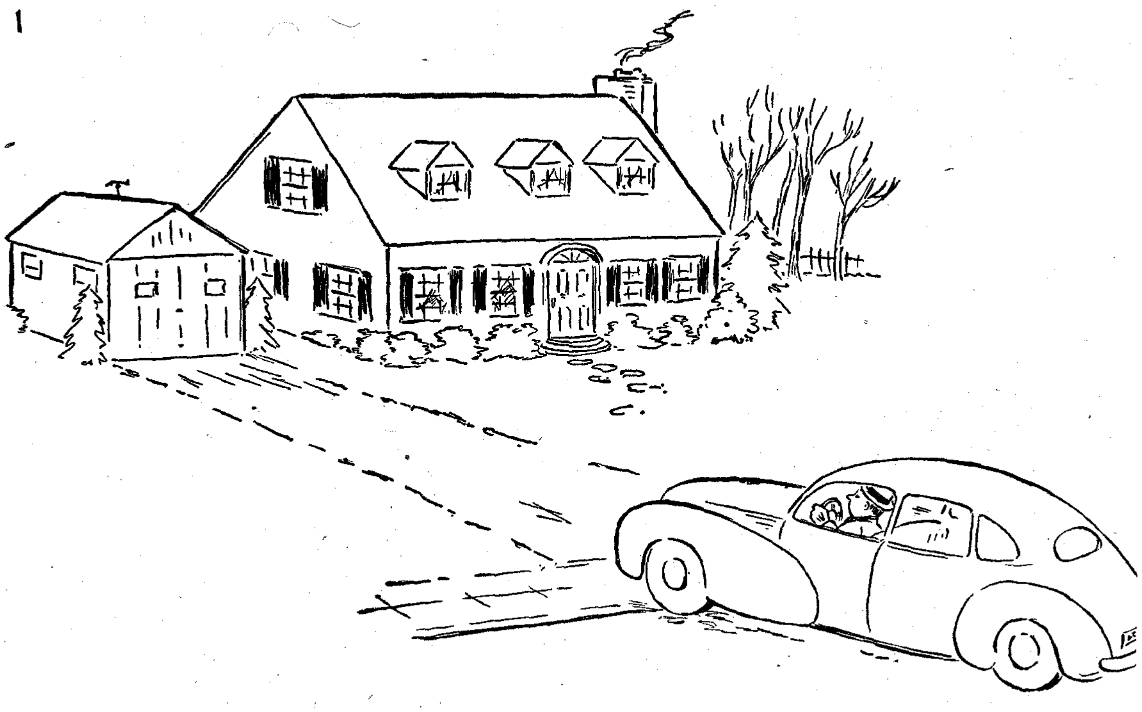
Incursion

THE first new motion-picture studio set up anywhere since the war, so we're told, and certainly the country's only vertical one—eleven stories—is right on Park Avenue, in New York City, at 106th Street. It occupies the former temple of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The Odd Fellows, hit by the depression, were forced in 1932 to let the building go to creditors, who sold it to the Diesel Electric Company, which sold it to some odd fellows from Pathé Industries. They, in turn, have rented it on a long-term lease to R.K.O. Pathé (no kin), which has spent a million dollars converting it into this town's only completely equipped movie studio—three sound stages, twelve film vaults, cutting rooms, dressing rooms, makeup parlors, music-scoring room, commissary, chemical-mixing room, machine shop, paint shop, carpenter shop, air-conditioning plant, magnates' offices, and a seventy-seat preview theatre. You can make a movie there for around four hundred and fifty dollars a day without Pathé's facilities (cameras, rain-effect equipment, lights) and personnel (gaffers, grips, juicers, sound men, clapper boys, assistant directors, makeup men, wardrobe women, hairdresser, etc.) or for twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars with them. A current twenty-two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar tenant is David O. Selznick's Vanguard Films, Inc., which is using the main stage and considerable other space for three months while shooting "Portrait of Jennie." This picture calls for an East Side-restaurant set, which R.K.O. Pathé is throwing in, along with a snow scene, done with cornflakes. Money talks.

We visited the new studio last week and were shepherded around by Lee Charles, its assistant manager. He told us that the main stage measures ninety-seven by seventy-four feet and is thirty-two feet high, and that thirty pounds of



"We've always been incompatible—like now I want a divorce and he doesn't."



silver a month are reclaimed from developed film and sold. "Thanks to our over-all thermostatic control," he said, "you don't roast to death under the arc lights the way you do on the Coast. Air-conditioning is something you don't generally get in Hollywood. Moreover, there's real rock wool in the doors of our soundproofed rooms. I know, because one day when the lock was off one of them, I stuck my finger inside it and had an itchy finger all day." The R.K.O. Pathé people, who opened for business in their new home last November, have installed a retired policeman to shoo away job hunters and an ex-fireman to shoo away fires. They recently completed a documentary on the premises—a life of Alexander Graham Bell, commissioned by the Bell Telephone Company—and at the moment they are using the preview theatre to fix up the old film "King Kong" with dialogue in Mandarin Chinese. Mr. Charles told us that the kissing scenes are being left in. "You used to have to leave them out," he said, "but the Chinese have got accustomed to that sort of thing now."

Mr. Charles presented us to the R.K.O. Pathé president, Frederic Ullman, Jr., a Buffalo-born man, who remarked that the place resembled a deserted ant hill when his company took over. "The Odd Fellows' Grand Goblin, or whatever they call him, had had it soundproofed—ideal for us," he said. "We had to rip out a twenty-five-thousand-dollar bowling alley, but we managed to salvage six Wurlitzer organs. We sold them to churches. We've set up a studio here in addition to what we've got in Hollywood because there wasn't enough available studio space there—plenty of land, but no construction for a long time—and also because New York's the distribution center of the world and has a pool of acting talent second only to Hollywood's. Furthermore, radio performers and stage actors can make a film here and still hold their regular jobs. Some of them are doing that right now. People in this city don't get as excited about watching motion-picture shooting as in other towns—Buffalo, for instance. There's another thing about New York: You can spend the evening with a bricklayer or a mathematician. Here, picture-making is just one of hundreds of industries. In Hollywood, it's all they do."

Long Way Around

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following self-explanatory letter from her mother:

DEAR SHIRLEY:

Thank you so much for the lovely birthday present. The slippers were exactly what I wanted, only they were a trifle too small, so I'm sending them back to you. Now, if you could get them in another style and color, that would be all right, too. That is, if it wouldn't be too much trouble. Or, as a matter of fact, a blouse would be very nice instead. Size 36, fuchsia, with long sleeves.

Thanks again for your thoughtfulness.

Love,
MOTHER

Ecce Puer

WE met up with James Joyce's grandson, a blue-eyed, red-cheeked fifteen-year-old, in an apartment on Central Park West the other afternoon. He bears the name Stephen, as did a famous character of his grandfather's before him. Young Stephen was spending his Easter holidays from Andover with his uncle, Robert N. Kastor, treasurer of the Camillus Cutlery Company, who has been supervising his career since he arrived here from Zurich in December. With a lilt that almost hid the merest hint of a Teutonic accent, Stephen told us right off that he hadn't read any of his grandfather's works except a handful of poems, among them "Ecce Puer," in which Joyce sang of the death of his father and the birth of Stephen. "I don't think I'm old enough to read James Joyce," Stephen told us, "and anyhow English is my worst subject. I think mostly in German now, because I've been studying that language in Switzerland. In English, I like Wild West stories by Zane Grey. My favorite poem is 'Sohrab and Rustum.' When we were in St. Gérand-le-Puy, near Vichy, before the Germans came in 1940, Grandfather lived quite near, and he used to drop in before breakfast to talk to me about Greek mythology. I'm afraid I've forgotten most of it now." "Do you remember who Dedalus was?" we inquired. "Wasn't he a Greek in a big battle with somebody?" said Stephen. "More or less," we said tactfully. "Grandfather told me a lot of old Irish stories, too," young Stephen continued. "There was one about two giants—an Irish giant named Finnegan and an English giant—and they got into a fight and one pulled up a piece of Ireland and the other pulled up a piece of England and then they threw the pieces at each other, and the pieces made the Isle of Man. Grandfather was always buying me candy, which made my father scold, but Grandfather went on giving it to me anyhow. Grandfather had a hard time living in France before the Germans took all of the country, and it was only the money he got through the American Embassy that made it possible for us to get to Zurich. My father, you know, is Giorgio Joyce, who has a good bass but isn't known to the world, so I guess we all depended on

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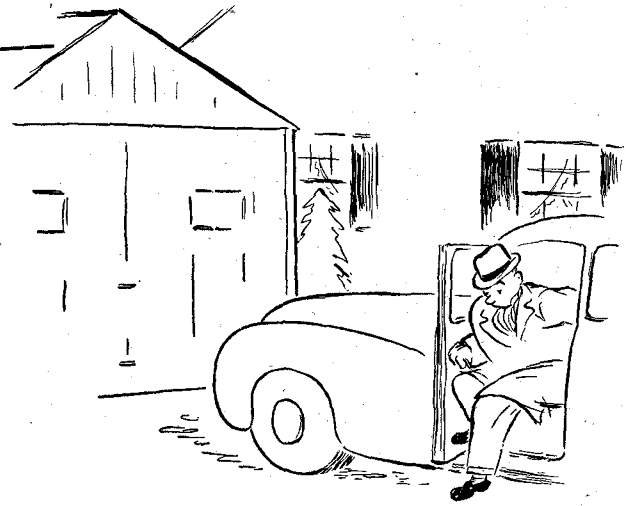

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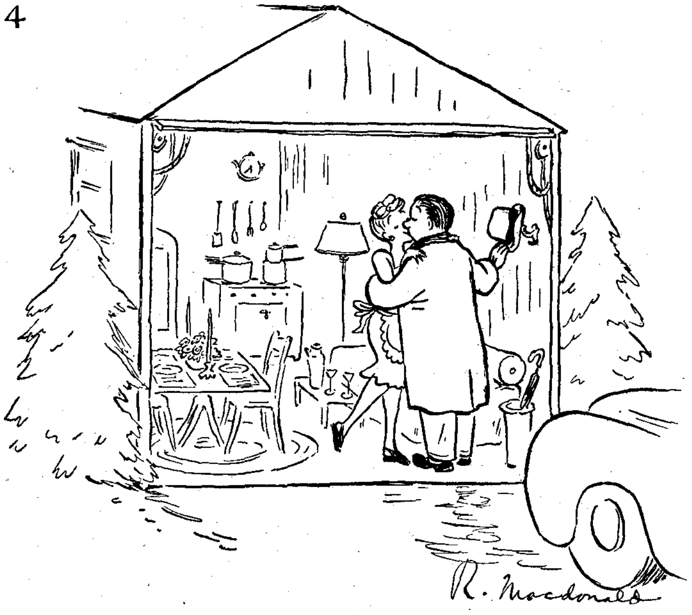

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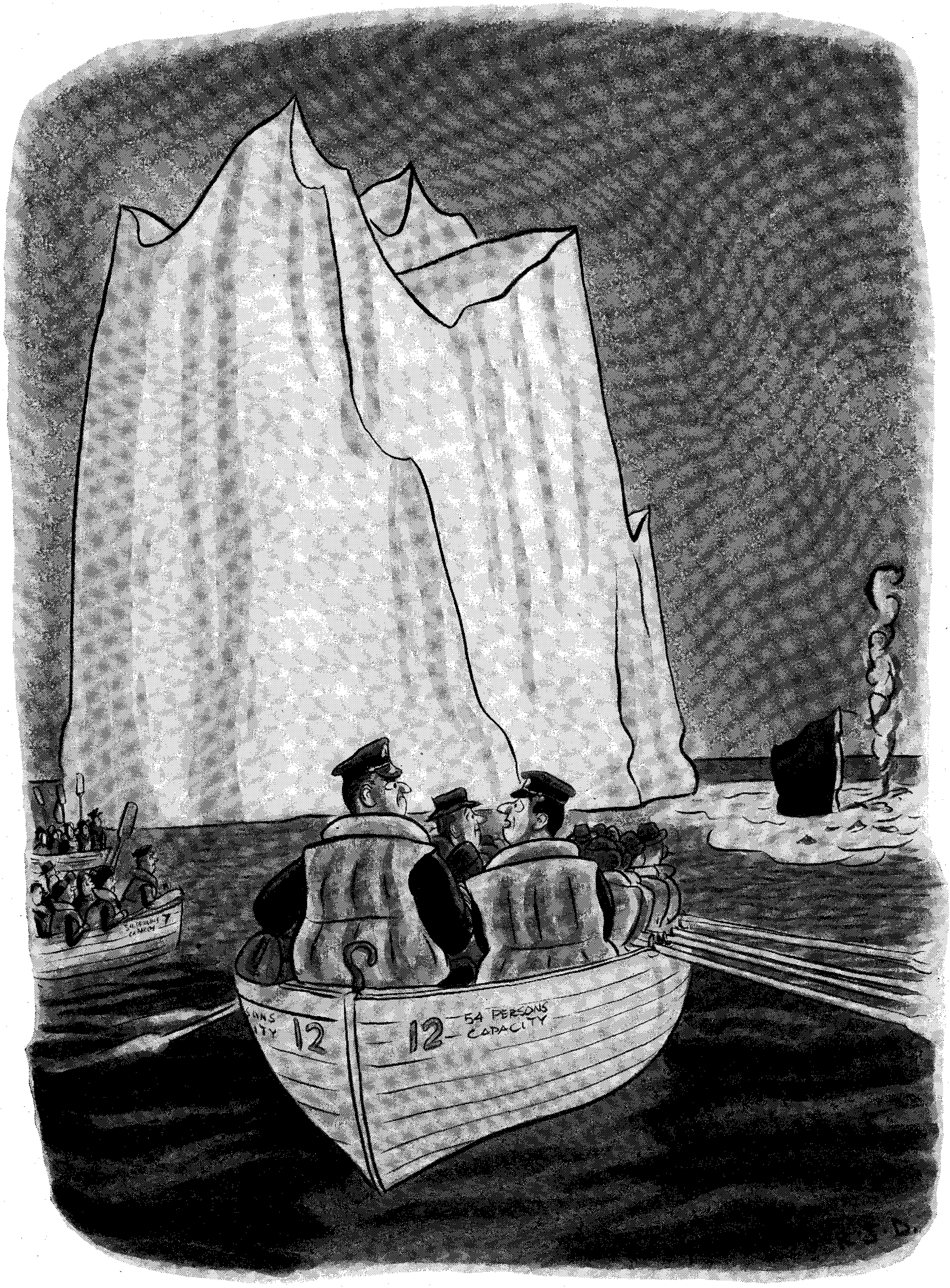
Grandfather. He had a fine tenor himself—he didn't know whether he wanted to be a writer or a singer when he was young—and you can find out what I say is true if you listen to his records of 'Finnegans Wake.' " Stephen's father, who was given an Italian name because he was born in Trieste, is a professional concert singer.

Stephen, we discovered as we went along, could, from a hereditary standpoint, stroll right into "Ulysses" without feeling very much out of things. He's Irish on his father's side, Jewish on his mother's, and a Catholic, although his father isn't a churchgoing man; neither was his grandfather, for that matter. In Zurich, to which the Joyces repaired just before the Nazis moved into Unoccupied France, and where James Joyce died when Stephen was going on nine, Stephen attended a Catholic school—apparently a more attractive one than the Jesuit establishment described by Joyce in "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." "I must say," said Stephen, "I liked Zurich better than I like America, but perhaps that's because I've only been here a short while. I was on the soccer team of my school there," he added with a note of satisfaction. "I've learned it's soccer, not football, since I came here."

Mr. Kastor arrived at the apartment at this point and reached full oral spate on the subject of James Joyce almost before he had removed his coat. "He was a simple man," said Mr. Kastor, "never excited, and I still like to think of the times at my sister's house when he would sit there with a glass of white wine in his hand and a smile on his face listening to Maria Jolas play the piano. His diction was as easy as yours or mine, but he had six or seven languages at his beck and call. He always wrote with a shelfful of dictionaries, putting everything down in longhand, and often splattering his pages with ink because of his poor eyesight. His eyes, though, weren't nearly as bad near the end of his life as they were in his middle years, and when Stevie used to take walks with him, he didn't even wear the patch over the left one, as he did when I first met him. He was bitter only about the reception of 'Finnegans Wake,' which he expected to cause a lot more excitement than it did. He was sure both 'Finnegans' and 'Ulysses' were fine material for Hollywood movies, and he even made an outline for a movie of 'Finnegans Wake.' His royalties, I suppose you know, were tied up in England and the United States by the war, and even now his widow is trying to get funds released from England to support herself in Zurich. All Joyce's American royalties go to his executors in London, and they are promptly frozen on arrival there." "All Grandfather's actual writings seem to have gone," Stephen interrupted. "Daddy possibly still has a copy of 'Finnegans Wake' in Grandfather's own script—good handwriting, too—but all the others, except a poem to my grandmother, on parchment, were probably taken by the Germans." "Would you like to hear a recording Joyce made of 'Finnegans Wake'?" Mr. Kastor asked. We said we would, and the Irish tenor on the phonograph sounded sweet indeed as it told of Anna Livia Plurabelle.

Dividend

A LADY in the wilds of Fairfield County recently called her local crossroads grocer and asked for, among other things, a box of the breakfast cereal called Cheerios. The grocer informed her that if she ordered two boxes, she would get something with them. The lady said fine, she'd take two boxes—what was she going to get? "I think it's an atomic bomb," the grocer said. "Just a minute, I'll ask my wife." Following a consultation, the grocer announced, "No, I'm sorry, you only get a pair of goggles with Cheerios. The atomic bomb comes with Kix."


12
12
54 PERSONS
CAPACITY

"I started to say something, sir, but I supposed you saw it, too."

THE LIGHT ACROSS THE HILL

MY point is not that the universe is under some special obligation to me, Constance Joachim. I don't recall ever believing that a good time will be or even should be had by all. I'm a doctor's daughter, and I've passed through my father's waiting room too many hundreds of times to have remained ignorant of "undeserved" suffering. But because my father was what he was, and because my mother was what she was, I seem to have grown up with the assumption that the world, or at least the familiar part of it, provides almost fair returns for services rendered. Now I wonder if my failure has been in not rendering the services or in not recognizing the fairness of the returns; possibly in both. Possibly it's my time of life. I'm on the verge of becoming thirty, and this, I'm told, is the moment when many women of my station in life begin to ask the same old, insufferably banal question: Is this all there is to it?

I think of how a woman in Poland, say, or on Okinawa would regard my situation and I'm properly abashed. But what good is thinking of that? I'm not a Pole or a—whoever inhabits that island. I'm an American, born in the city of New York, and I now inhabit the town of Edgerton, seventy-eight miles from my birthplace. My husband's name is Mark. He's a fine man and I love him. My daughter's name is Aggie, she's four years old, and I love her, too. We own a six-room house and ten acres of attractive land, which has a wooded hill on it. Two years ago, Mark bought the practice of the second-best dentist in Edgerton, so now he has nearly as much work as he can handle. It is not a very lucrative practice, but we get along. We can't afford a maid or a new car, but we've been paying off the mortgage on our property.

Aggie is lovely. She's in the basement now, and Mark is teaching her to roller-skate on the concrete floor. They're such precious people.

About once a month, Mark and I get a sitter and we go in to New York to spend the day. Sometimes we hear an afternoon concert at Town Hall, have dinner with a married couple we know, and see a play. It's usually three-thirty in the morning when we get back to Edgerton, but it's worth it. And once a week we drive to the county seat to see a movie. There's little by way of entertainment in Edgerton. It's not much more than a place where the neighboring dairy and chicken farmers come to do their shopping.

Yet I suppose for its size Edgerton is a substantial enough community. It is clean. There are several pretty houses and two big ones. The biggest belongs to Harbig, the older of the town's two doctors. In local terms, he's a rich man, and for all I know he made his money here. I once had the presence of mind to put the watch on his wife; she talked for eighteen minutes, straight, about the price of butter. Her husband is the kind of general practitioner for whom my father used to reserve his most sonorous invective. I doubt if Dr. Harbig has ever so much as removed the wrapper from a medical journal. I wonder how as conscientious and skillful a dentist as Mark can be so indulgent about him.

Have I guessed what you're thinking? About my comparing Mark to Father? That's not it. I think Mark's fine. And I'm not protesting too much, either.

There's this about him: I wouldn't say he was especially sensitive to moods. And in his profession, and with me in the house, it's just as well he isn't. He's so beautifully adjusted himself, so manlike (I have an unaccountable distaste for the word masculine), that he doesn't readily sympathize with arbitrary malaise. This hardness, which I've never seen lapse into cruelty, was what first really attracted me; still does when I encounter it.

Mark is contented here in Edgerton. He likes his work at the office and does a great deal around the house and grounds. It's the house he was born in, and he's very much part of it. All the time I've been here, we haven't had to resort to a single electrician, mechanic, or plumber. Mark has his meals home, and he hasn't been captious about my too simple cooking. After six years of married life, I can recall no serious quarrels that weren't quickly and understandingly resolved. Neither of us is given to bickering. Mark was called into the service before Pearl Harbor and we made a go of living at a series of Army posts, some of them quite primitive. Aggie was born in a station hospital and weaned in a Quonset hut. I can't tell you how we looked forward to a place of our own. After Mark's mother died and left us this house, we spent most of our evenings making plans for it. We saved our money to buy the practice.

And now, in retrospect, it seems we had a good time. In retrospect, it seems I always, with the exception of my fourteenth year, had a good time. Father lectured in neurology at Columbia; we lived near the school, and our house was filled almost daily with people who interested and amused me and whom I interested and amused—at least, I thought I did, which was just as satisfactory. And, unlike many wives, I didn't find Army posts dull or filled with too many frustrations. People came and went; friends were promoted or not promoted; bright new fiancées arrived, eager for advice. And Aggie presented no very real problems. She was a marvellously happy baby. She flourished then and she's flourishing now. I find her enchanting. But she and Mark, however dear, are only two people. Apparently, I need more—and not elderly ladies who can talk about the price of butter eighteen minutes at a stretch.

THE time I fully grasped what the nullity of Edgerton had done to me was a year ago, when I found I had begun to follow a whole string of those unspeakable soap operas. Appalling enough. But then "came a day," as the radio narrators say, when I walked into a drugstore and heard myself asking for a product plugged by one of the programs; I heard myself asking for a product that would beautify my hands.

Something else happened. Our neighbors, the Craigs, moved in. Their name is not Craig. I will have to call them that because their real names are familiar to you and to several million others. The Craigs are a theatrical couple. They do not occupy quite the position that Lunt and Fontanne do on the legitimate stage or Clark Gable and the late Carole Lombard did in pictures. For all that, they are famous. They have done a few pictures, but mostly they've appeared in plays together. They're famous and very good. I have never sat through one of their plays without thinking that they must be not only gifted performers but intelligent, likable people, a shade too clever, perhaps, but in the nicest possible way. Onstage, Marcia Craig has a special quality of gay detachment that doesn't seem to disrupt her identification with the role. And Robert Craig, who still can't be much over forty, was already a kind of matinée idol to those of us who, at college, made a great point of not swooning at the sight of the pretty boys.

In the only interview they granted to the county press, the Craigs said that for a long time they'd been meaning to take a full year's rest. Robert Craig explained their choice of Edgerton. He said they'd taken a fancy to the house, which I must say is extremely attractive. Its graceful drop roof is visible across our little hill. Seventy-eight miles from New York was just right for them, he said. Only their best friends, people they really wanted to see, would come that far. Their Connecticut and Long Island acquaintances would have still further to travel, and the Bucks County folk, too, were at arm's length. Besides, his wife added, Robert had just inherited exactly the right kind and amount of furniture for a nine-room country house.

"Truly," she said, "we're not putting on the dog. But during our first week here we had forty or fifty children stopping by for autographs. Some of them came three or four times. And they don't show any signs of letting up. We'd be terribly grateful if they would. Is there any way you could phrase that without making me sound objectionable?"

The newspaper printed the request verbatim. She had made her point tactfully and for everyone to see. But the children kept coming, and the old Negro couple who ran the house didn't seem to be able to handle them. Marcia Craig asked the coöperation of the P.-T. A. in what I thought was a friendly and appropriate letter, and although it occasioned some criticism (what doesn't, in Edgerton?), it did the job. After that, the Craigs were left pretty much to themselves, by, at any rate, the local people.

They assuredly did not lack visitors. There were sometimes as many as four or five cars parked under or near their porte-cochere. The cars looked expensive, and so, from what I could observe in passing, did the people. More often than not when Mark and I returned from our trips to New York, the Craigs' lights were still on, and I don't mind saying I wished we had spent the evening there rather than with our own friends in the city. I didn't envy the cars, or the outside paint job that the Craigs could afford and we couldn't, or the old Negro couple, who managed to keep the place in such excellent shape. But our monthly trip had begun to assume a character both too eager and too perfunctory. We—or at least I—tried to crowd too much into it, tried to see too many shows, recapture too many old and irretrievable associations. The Craigs sat in their country house, and their world, or such representatives of it as they cared to receive, came to them.

Many of their doings, decisions, and plans turned up in the gossip columns. After a season in London, a long tour, and a picture engagement in this country, the Craigs were rusticating. They were reading somebody's script. They were considering a revival of Shaw in the fall. Korda wanted them for this or that. And what Marcia Craig, at the age of seventeen, had said to George M. Cohan—garbled, I'm sure, or apocryphal.

My preoccupation with the Craigs was, of course, a commentary on my own life. In the middle of the night, I'd get up to adjust the blankets over Aggie; the Craigs' lights would still be blazing across the hill. In the supermarket at Edgerton, I would follow the Negro cook's progress along the shelves and notice what she bought. I let a roast burn on the Sunday that Marcia Craig interrupted her year's rest to appear on a broadcast.

Once, she came to the supermarket herself. She's a strikingly beautiful dark woman, not so tall as she looks on the stage. She bought two jars of olives and a loaf of bread. Among the people who recognized her was a hideous, toothless old man who lives off the fact of his being a veteran of the Spanish-American War. Before that day in the supermarket, I had seen him only in front of Iversen's saloon, wearing a soiled V.F.W. cap and staring at passersby with that deadly, vacuous, yet inclusive small-town stare. At the market, I was behind him when he recognized Marcia Craig. He turned to young Freddie, the clerk, and in a voice that certainly carried to Mrs. Craig he said, "Maybe she ain't good enough to eat, but she's good enough. You know what I mean?" And he actually nudged Freddie with his elbow. Freddie pursed his thin mouth with much the same delicate air that the Cardinal de Retz might have assumed in response to a dangerous but amusing sally of La Rochefoucauld. The generations of Edgerton had met on common ground and seen eye to eye.

In another five years, Mark had told me only the night before, his practice ought to be solid and dependable. Five years in Edgerton, and perhaps ten years after that, or twenty. Or forty.

Nothing could have better defined the enormous gulf between Edgerton and Marcia Craig than that incident with the old man. Naturally, she ignored him and walked past us without change of expression. If she had noticed me at all, it would have been as part of a group of Edgerton people. And isn't that, when you stop to think, precisely what I am? Edgerton is to be my home for years to come. In a way, it's her home, too. One difference is that when she gets tired of it, she will go to London or California. When I get tired of Mrs. Harbig and the price of butter, I can go across the road to Mrs. Quinn's and talk about the price of kerosene.

TWO weeks ago today, in the middle of breakfast, Mark said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you last night. The Craigs asked us over for lunch next Monday."

"They didn't," I said.

"Yes, they did. Anyway, he did."

"How did that happen? Had you spoken with him before?"

"No. He passed by as I was locking up the office and he asked if I was Dr. Joachim and why didn't we come over for lunch Monday. Just being neighborly, I guess. What's so extraordinary about that? We have no communicable diseases that I know of."

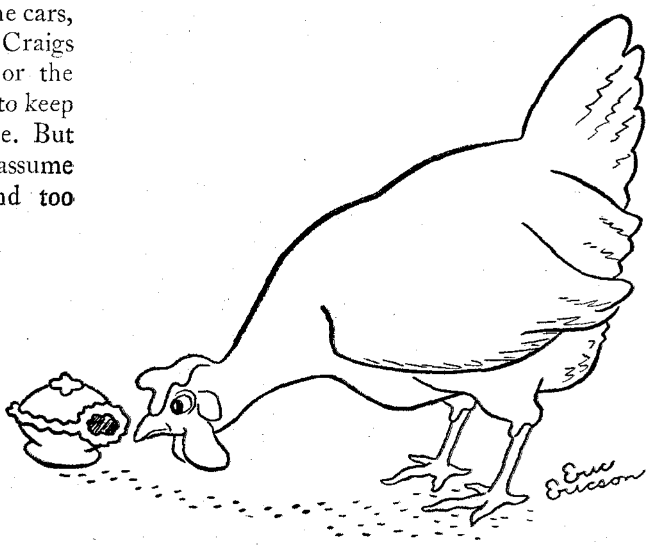
"But after all this time. How did it occur to him? I mean why?"

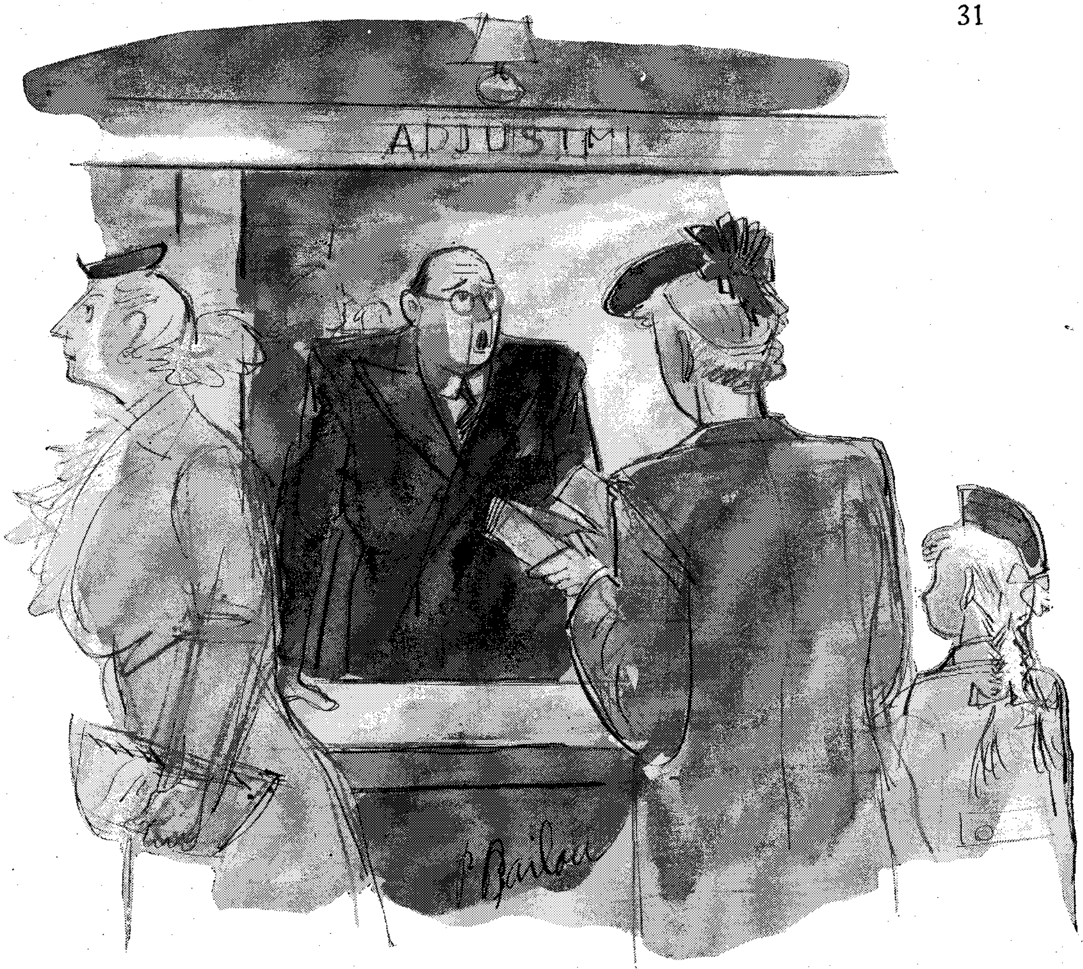
"Why not?"

"My God," I said. "What will I wear?"

"Slacks or something? That's what she always has on around here. Don't take it so big, dear. He was just being neighborly. Nothing to get fussed about."

"But I am fussed." And I was. Even after I had thought about it, I felt elated and apprehensive by turns. If Robert and Marcia Craig had visited at my father's, I would have been very much interested, but that's all. In Edgerton, the land of Mrs. Harbig, I was grateful and happy. I thought up things to say and replies to make as if I'd been going to my first dance. I wondered how soon we ought to return the invitation. I promised myself I





"Now, Madam, what seems to be the outrage?"

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wouldn't talk too much about Aggie. We'd have to leave her with Mrs. Quinn.

Robert Craig had said one o'clock, and I'm afraid we rang their bell exactly on the minute. No one answered, and we had to ring again.

"Are you sure he said one o'clock?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm sure he said one o'clock."

After we had waited a few minutes, Robert Craig came to the door in a dressing gown over his pajamas.

"Mrs. Joachim—Doctor," he said, "will you ever forgive me? Can I disarm you by confessing I forgot? I always do these idiotic things. I rely on William, the colored man, to remind me, but he and his wife are gone to a funeral in Schenectady—some such unlikely place. Left us to our own obviously meagre devices. *Will* you be charitable and forgive me?"

"Gosh," Mark said, "we don't want to put you out. Why don't we all drive over to Forest Valley for a snack? I don't have an appointment until three o'clock."

But Craig led us in. They had an unexpectedly large living room. Craig kept saying how chagrined and foolish he felt, and Mark tried to revive the Forest Valley project. Marcia Craig, I gathered, was upstairs.

"We were up till all hours last night," Craig said. "A couple of young Navy officers came to see us. We hadn't seen them since a U.S.O. trip we made to Hawaii. They brought some bottles of champagne and insisted on killing every last one. That's another reason I feel as fuzzy as I look. Will you excuse me while I put on a vast pot of coffee?"

He went out to the kitchen and returned with some halves of grapefruit for us. Later, he brought some cheese, jam, crackers, guava jelly, and the coffee; we had our lunch. We talked about Edgerton. Mark said we were sixty feet higher above sea level than Forest Valley. Craig told us about the number of false alarms turned in last year to the local volunteer fire company, which had elected him an honorary member.

He came to the point. He said, "Marcia and I have been thinking of making you an offer for your little hill. It would be the ideal place for a guesthouse we might build. Not so much for guests as for ourselves. One or the other of us starts acting all over this house, and the victim ought to have a refuge of sorts nearby."

"Well—" Mark started to say.

Marcia Craig came down the stairs. She wore a green, floor-length hostess gown, and she looked tall again, as she does on the stage. She said how do you do, Mrs. Joachim—Doctor.

"I had just got around to asking them about the hill," said Robert Craig.

"Not before I drink two cups of coffee in quick succession," she said.

We talked about the regulars who sat in front of Iversen's saloon. Mrs. Craig had seen Aggie on the tricycle. What a sweet child. Then Robert Craig asked about the hill again.

"I'm afraid not," I said. "The odd thing is we've planned to build on that hill ourselves. Not this year, perhaps, or next, but later on, when seasoned lumber is available."

I could feel Mark looking at me.

"In the meantime," I said, "it's a good place for Aggie to play around. It's away from the road."

"I hope you'll reconsider," Robert Craig said. "Marcia has her heart set on the location, and we'd pay a very fair price."

"Not under any circumstances," I said.

We stayed on for maybe ten minutes longer. I don't remember what anybody said; doesn't matter. I believe Mark knew vaguely how I felt. Nevertheless, when we were alone in our car, he asked if I had really thought of building on the hill.

"No," I said.

I drove him to the office. After we parked, he lingered in the car awhile. He said, "*I* forgot about a lunch date once. I stood up Colonel Perrin and he made me pull O.D. out of turn. That's a big living room they got there. What'd you think of her?"

"Not good enough to eat. But good enough. You know what I mean?"

Mark thought I meant something about the food. He said, "I could have eaten the rest of that guava jelly without any trouble, but the crackers ran out. You know, I'd bet you six cents half those teeth on her are capped. Maybe she'll break a few and we can make back what you lost us on that real-estate deal. Or were you being a shrewd little customer?"

"No," I said. "I just don't want them to have that hill."

—Edward Newhouse

APRICOT PIE

AT breakfast, Mrs. Page said she was going to make an apricot whipped-cream pie for supper. She said it because she was happy, and because it was a morning that made anything seem easy.

The rainy spell had cleared in the night, leaving them the first good day of the season, and sunlight poured into the room through a lace of flowering branches; it made a wavering pattern on the faces of the two little girls and sparkled in the peach fuzz on the boy's upper lip. Mrs. Page resisted an impulse to lean across the table and stroke the fuzz with her finger. The boy was home at last for his spring holiday.

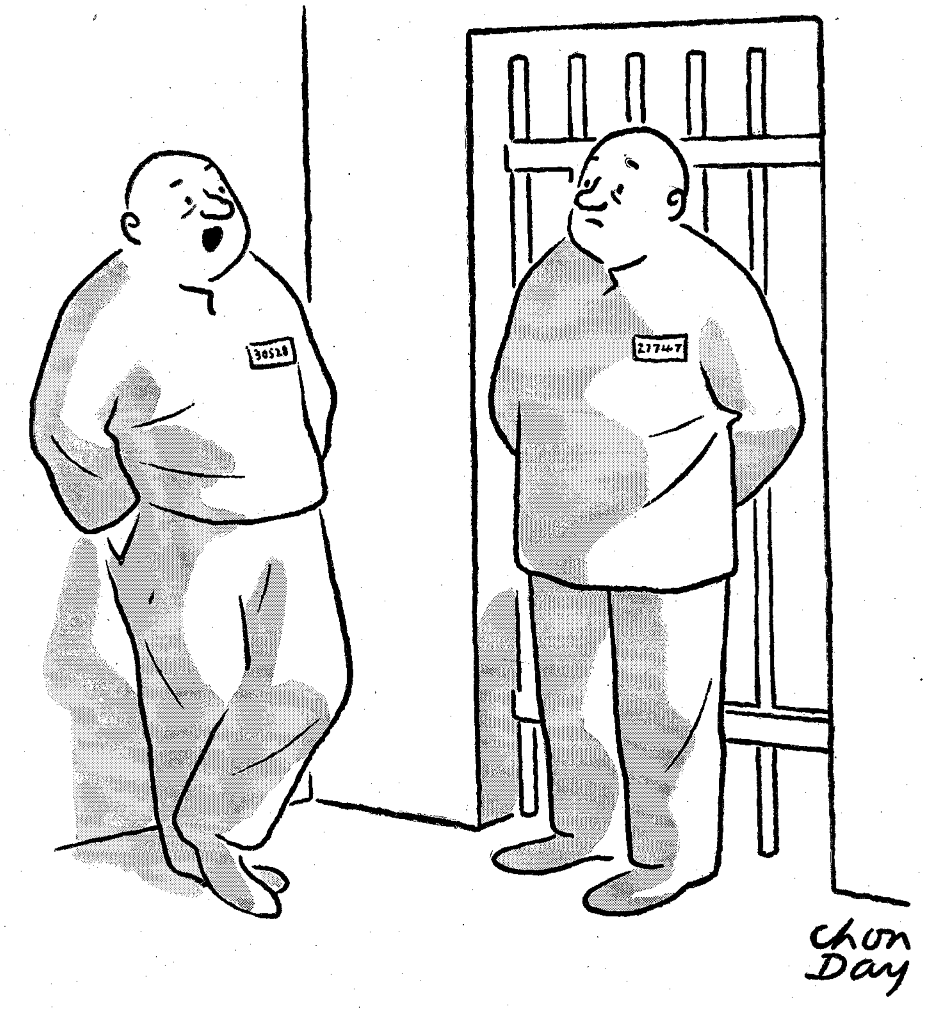
"I'll put the apricots to soak for you," said Lucy. "Can I have two or three to chew on the way to school?"

"Not even one," said Mrs. Page. "I mean to make a big pie."

"Did you hear that, Alex?" asked Jane, after Lucy had gone into the kitchen. "Mama's going to make a great big apricot pie for supper."

Alex, who was reading the comic strips and drinking his third glass of top milk, wore nothing above his pajama pants and he jerked his bare shoulders in time to "Morning Jive," which twitched down from the radio in his bedroom. Mrs. Page knew she ought to make him turn the radio off and that she oughtn't to let him come half-naked to the table, but she couldn't bear to cross him, because he went to a New England boarding school where the boys weren't allowed radios and had to wear coats and ties most of the time. Besides, his torso was wonderfully big and handsome, and his father, whose sense of decorum was stricter than hers, was safely out of the house, breakfasting with a client at the hotel.

Alex stretched and ran his hand complacently down the V-shaped valley between his ribs. He looked at his sister and wrinkled his brow in a fashionable adolescent frown. Then, as the meaning of her words reached his mind, he dropped back into childhood and smiled. "Swell," he said.



"They say there can be no good without evil, so the way I figure it, it's guys like us that sort of keep things in balance."

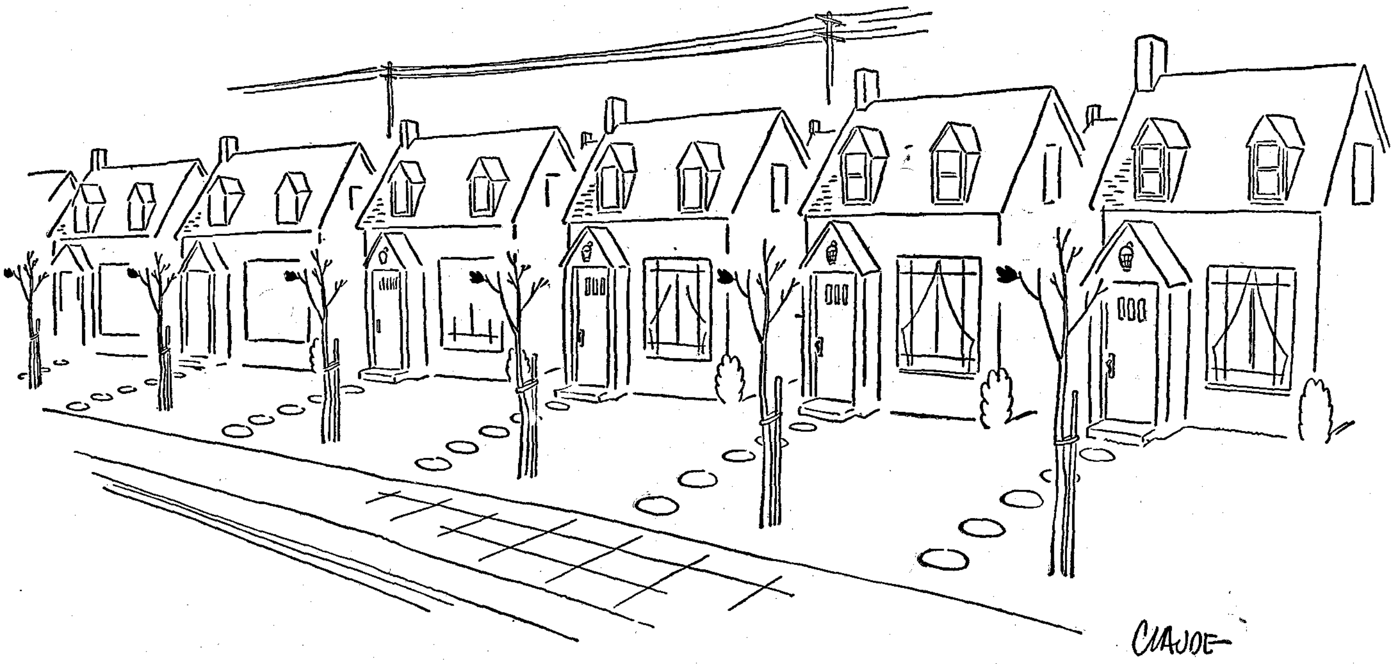
Mrs. Page melted with tenderness at the sound of his voice. Alex, like all his family, had been born and raised there in North Carolina, but he was working hard now to lose his Southern accent and he rarely trusted himself to say anything more than "swell," because that was the one word he could pronounce to his entire satisfaction. He produced it, somehow, in the bottom of his mouth; then he made a play of swallowing it, caught it on his uvula or his back teeth, and rolled its final consonants around on his tongue. It was a far cry, Mrs. Page knew, from standard Boston English, but it sounded jaunty to her, like all schoolboys everywhere, and she found it indescribably engaging.

The girls went off to school and Alex retired to his room to count the guppies that had been born in his fish tank since Christmas. But the pie never got made. In the middle of the morning, the maid said she didn't feel so good and would have to leave. She had fried the chicken for supper, she said, because she knew Mrs. Page was a poor hand at frying, and besides, the children liked it cold. She said she'd fried two chickens because Alex was home.

That left Mrs. Page with the dusting to do before she started anything else, but it was not dust—it was pure happiness—that got in her way and, like love or a low-grade infection, slowed her down. She wandered through the house with a rag in her limp hand, forgetting what she meant to wipe next. She would stop to smoke a cigarette or to stand at a window and watch the fruit trees snowing in the wind, and once she caught herself dancing to the music of Alex's radio. At last, she went so far as to take a pie pan and a mixing bowl out of the kitchen cupboard, but the very thought of making pastry and stewing fruit and mashing it through a sieve seemed to drain the marrow out of her bones. Anyhow, it was lunchtime.

She ate a few scraps and carried milk and sandwiches on a tray up to Alex in his room. Then she decided that if she had a nap she might feel more energetic.

IT was nearly four o'clock and the girls were chattering up the path when she awoke. Now they're here to help me, I can get that pie made in no time, she thought. But just then Western Union phoned her a telegram, which was signed "The Taggarts." The message said they would be driving through town that afternoon with their two children and that they planned



to stop by and say hello, and they hoped she still remembered them. It took her a long moment to be sure she did.

"Get dressed right away," she said to Alex, who had come to the head of the stairs at the sound of the telephone bell. "Comb your hair and sort of pretty up the living room," she said to Jane and Lucy as they came in the front door. "Some old friends of mine are stopping by. I used to be crazy about them in school at Chapel Hill. They got married the day they graduated and I was a bridesmaid, and I haven't seen them since."

The girls bounced; they loved company.

"Who are they, Mama? Where do they live?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Taggart," said Mrs. Page, "and their two children. I think the boy is rather young, but the girl must be twelve or thirteen—I know she's about your age, Lucy. They live in New York. Tag was in the Army—a colonel or something—but I don't know what he's doing now."

"A chicken colonel?" asked Alex.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Page. "But I want everything to be real nice. You girls be cordial to the children. Don't stand around and gape."

"Oh, Mama!" said Lucy. "Listen, Mama. Since that girl's from New York, can't I put on some of your lipstick?"

"Heavens, no!" said Mrs. Page. "Nice people in cities wouldn't dream of such a thing."

"Children in the North know how to behave," said Alex loftily. "They're not like the provincial hicks down here. She probably still curtsies."

"If she does, I'll spit on her," said Jane.

She and Lucy ran into the yard to pick jonquils for the living room.

"We have some gin and vermouth," Mrs. Page said in a worried tone.

"Do we have any olives?" asked Alex.

His mother looked at him with respect. That struck her as a remarkably sensible question for a fifteen-year-old boy to ask.

She found half a bottle of olives in the refrigerator, but even so she felt uneasy. She remembered, of course, that she had once considered the Taggarts marvellous people, but that had been long ago and she had only the sketchiest recollection of what they'd really been like then, and no inkling at all of what they were like now. And how, she wondered, would she seem to them? Dull? Drugged with domesticity? She noticed the apricots soaking peacefully in their saucepan and was thankful she hadn't messed herself up with dough and fruit pulp. At least, they wouldn't catch her, after all these years, with flour on her nose. She heard a car on the gravel drive. The girls rushed in the kitchen door.

"It's a 1947 green Buick convertible!" cried Lucy.

This information did nothing to raise Mrs. Page's spirits. But the instant she saw the Taggarts, she knew everything was all right. Mary Taggart was still big and pretty and untidy, and she still had the endearing look of not knowing how pretty she was. As she got out of the car, she fussed anxiously with the veil on her overblossomed hat. Tag, although he had the bearing of success, still had the serious eyes of a country boy. The only thing very different about them was that they looked tired. Mrs. Page winced when she noticed this fact, and then she realized that they looked just the way she and her husband and nearly everyone they knew did; they showed the human, accumulated fatigue of twenty years.

The Taggart children, Barbara and Jack, were nice, but they had a carsick pallor and they lacked the bloom that Mrs. Page admired in her own children. Barbara didn't curtsy, and little Jack, who was only five, had to be coaxed to shake hands.

"He's darling," Mrs. Page said generously. Wait till you see my boy, she thought.

Barbara and Jack and the Page girls eyed one another dubiously; then, with a deep breath, they became bosom friends and ran outdoors, confiding their life histories against the wind.

Alex came downstairs. He wore checked trousers, a fawn-colored jacket, and a polka-dot bow tie. His upper lip was scraped pink and there was a dab of iodine no bigger than a freckle at the corner of his mouth. When Mr. Taggart asked him how he liked his school, he said, "Swell, sir," in a muffled, manly tone.

Mrs. Page was about to go and mix Martinis, a drink she neither liked nor understood, when Mr. Page came home with a bottle of Scotch, given him by the client with whom he had breakfasted.

THE afternoon drifted away upon what Mrs. Page, who had written poetry in her youth, felt was a timeless, golden wave. This meeting between her family and her old friends was a warm, beautiful thing; it pulled the edges of her life together and gave her a sense of continuity, a sort of—but what was the point in trying to find a word? She leaned back and enjoyed her drink and listened to the conversation. Mr. Page had some lively stories of his day in court, Mr. Taggart (who, it turned out, had been only a major) talked well about the war, and Mrs. Taggart had the amiable knack of asking the right questions. Sometimes their voices came to Mrs. Page from far away, for happiness buzzed in her ears. She said little more than Alex did.

Alex sat on the piano stool drinking Pepsi-Cola from a bottle, looking ornamental, and saying nothing. This is the way a boy learns to talk, thought his mother—by listening to people who know how.

When Mrs. Page got near the bottom of her second highball, she began to feel important. She thought that everybody kept glancing at her with admiration and as if they wanted her approval. She felt her own personality spread its wings and she became gracious, radiant, gifted beyond the ordinary. Mrs. Page wasn't an egotistical woman, so her charming fancy had the extra charm of novelty.

"You-all must stay for supper," she said. "We have two chickens."

The Taggarts didn't protest very long. Mrs. Taggart rose with an offer of assistance, but Mrs. Page pushed her down. "You sit still and entertain the boys," she said.

"Well," said Mrs. Taggart, "there's nothing I'd like better."

She took off her rose-covered hat, and her shiny hair spilled down the back of her neck, and she laughed with the airy sweetness of her youth. She didn't look tired any more.

Mrs. Page, alone in the kitchen, made plenty of hot biscuits and a big mixed salad and piled the cold chicken on her best silver platter. The chicken was rather skimpy, she was afraid. What would have done well for five people didn't promise much for nine. They must have been very young chickens indeed, she thought, for their little leg bones had a pitiful look.

But when she sat down at the end of the long table, she stopped worrying. Conversation still flowed, and even the Taggart children looked pretty in the candlelight with cherry petals in their hair.

"I'll help the kids first," said Mr. Page.

"Fine," said Mr. Taggart. "But I'm going to have one of these handsome old-fashioned biscuits right now."

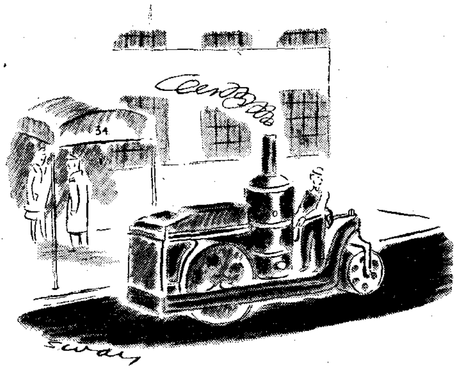
"So am I," said Mrs. Taggart. "They make me feel as if I'd never left home."

They each took one and ate it quickly, without even waiting to butter it.

Suddenly, without warning, little Jack Taggart began to cry. He just pointed at his plate and let his tears splash into it.

"Why, Jackie!" cried his mother in fond dismay. "Don't be a baby!" She smiled helplessly at Mrs. Page. "He hasn't got the drumstick," she explained.

Mr. Taggart, who had been interrupted in the midst of an anecdote, calmly took Barbara's drumstick and gave it to Jack. Barbara opened her round mouth and released a series of short, sharp yelps, like a locomotive whistle when a cow is on the track. "Because he's a boy," she cried. "Just because he's a boy."



Alex spoke. He made the longest speech he had made since he had come home. It was clever and almost epigrammatic, and his enunciation was natural, too; it had just the edge of crispness that one hoped a Southern boy would acquire in a Northern school. "My sympathies are with Barbara," said Alex. "Of course, I believe in the superiority of the male, but even a woman has a right to protest when her leg is snatched off her plate." He bowed and presented his drumstick to Barbara.

The company laughed with delight and astonishment. Alex looked astonished, too, and flushed with success.

"And everybody take heart," he said. "This meal is not as meagre as it looks. We have apricot whipped-cream pie for dessert."

The Taggarts all stared at Mrs. Page with expressions of rapt devotion. They looked, she thought, like a Bisquick advertisement, and any moment she expected to hear them chorus, "Gee, Mom, you're great!"

"No," she said regretfully. "Alex is mistaken. There isn't any pie."

"You *made* a pie, Mama," said Jane.

Mrs. Page shook her head. "I'm

UNION NOW

Moscow, March 6—Jackdaws, doves and sparrows have been catching the dickens for their political aloofness from Galina Morozova, a poet.... In one poem she said she did not like the idea of being a sparrow but had nothing against being a pine tree.—*The Times.*

Arise, you birds! You daws and doves, unite!
You grackles, gird and gather for the fight.
Assemble, sparrows, in a mighty host;
Put down this ribald rhymester's rowdy boast.
Not be a sparrow? Rather be a pine?
Is this the Party or the Timber line?
In exaltation gather, meadowlarks;
Throw pickets round the poetaster's parks.
You pride of peacocks, siege of herons, bolt
Your peonage in the poet's heath and holt.
The grove, the mead, the virgin forest cease
Till scornful singers make a separate peace.
You watch of nightingales, you band of jays,
Keep silent while she pens her feeble lays.
Deceits of lapwings, knobs of widgeons, rise.
For party and for poetry, unionize.
Revolt, you charms of finches—that's the ticket;
Defy the chauvinism of the thicket.
Eschew the covert, the bosk and coppice shun,
Strike out for equal rights in Fancy's sun.
Awake! Declare your ideologies,
Keep pace in politics with forward trees.
You herd of curlews, is the tree preferred?
Take up the cry! Galina gets the bird.

—William Lawton Maner

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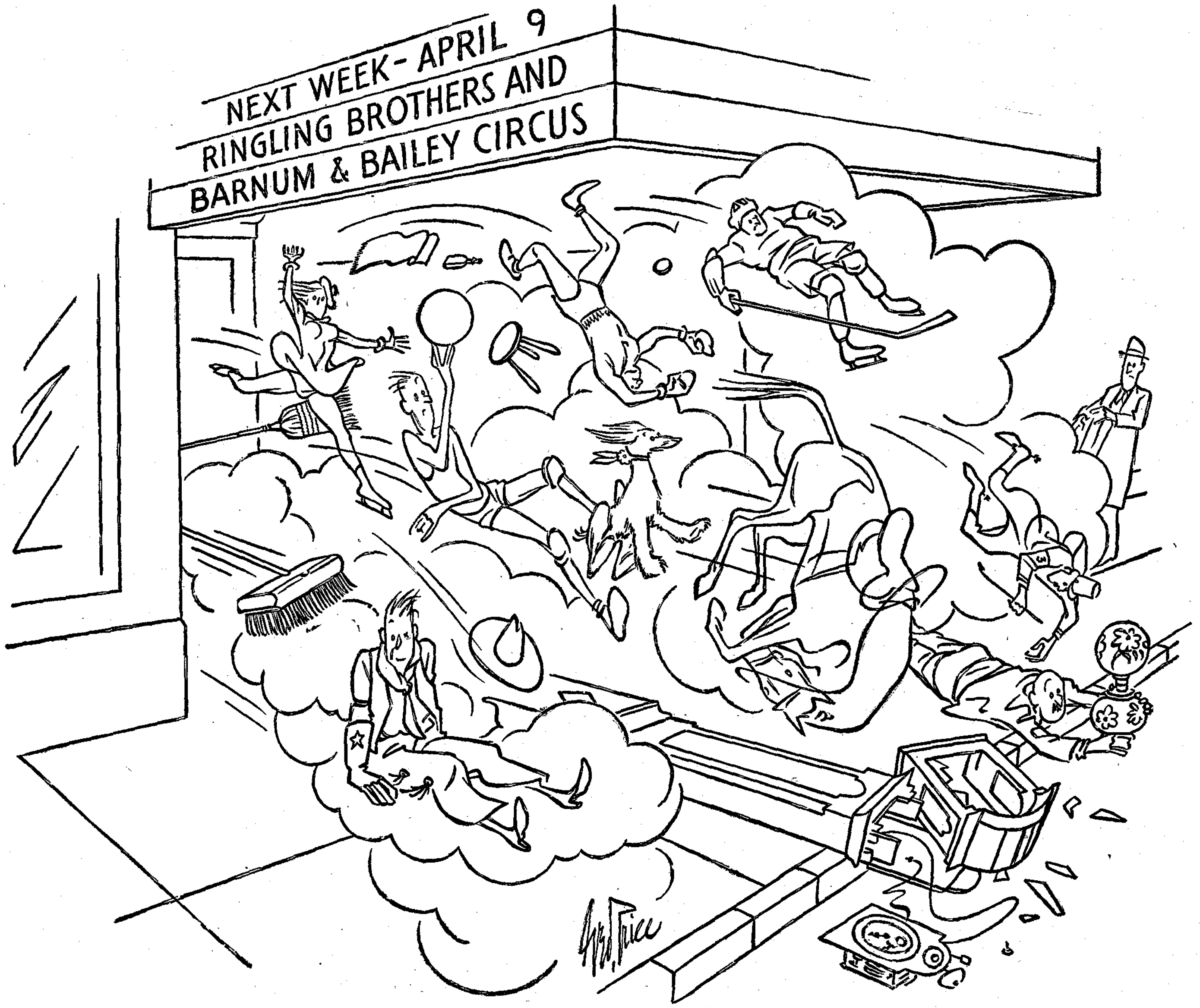

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sorry," she said. "I wish I had, but I didn't."

"Yes, you did, Mama," said Lucy. "Don't you remember? A great big pie. I put the apricots to soak for it."

"I didn't make the pie," said Mrs. Page.

"You said—" began Alex.

"You heard your mother," said Mr. Page. "There isn't any pie."

The Page children exchanged glances. The Taggart children moaned. Mr. Taggart's eyes grew liquid and melancholy, like the eyes of an old hound dog that has been chased away from the kitchen door. He took his chicken breast in his fingers and sucked the meat off the tiny wishbone.

"I'm sure I don't know where we'd put any pie," said Mrs. Taggart, "after this bountiful supper." Her voice shook.

THE Taggarts left soon. They said they hated to eat and run, but they had reservations for the night in Richmond and they wanted to get there in good time. In time to eat, thought Mrs. Page.

"I suppose they'll always believe it of me," she said sadly when they had gone. "They'll always think I had an apricot pie in the icebox and just held it out on them."

"I thought you did," said Mr. Page.

"I thought so, too," said Alex. "I thought you were waiting for them to leave, so we could eat it all."

"Isn't there any pie?" wailed Jane and Lucy.

"I told you there wasn't," said Mrs. Page. She felt as misunderstood as a girl in her teens. "You shouldn't have thought that of me."

Alex switched on the living-room radio. "When gas bloats after overeating," a cultivated voice announced, "it's handy-dandy to have a—"

"Turn that damn thing off," snapped Mrs. Page.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Alex. His voice squeaked.

"Those race-track pants are awful," said Mrs. Page. She felt better. The haze of the day had lifted and she felt fresh and like herself again, the way she did when she had shaken off a long head cold.

The three children stood close together, like sheep huddling in a chilly wind, and they looked so feckless and hungry that Mrs. Page laughed. "I'll make the pie tomorrow," she said.

—FRANCES GRAY PATTON

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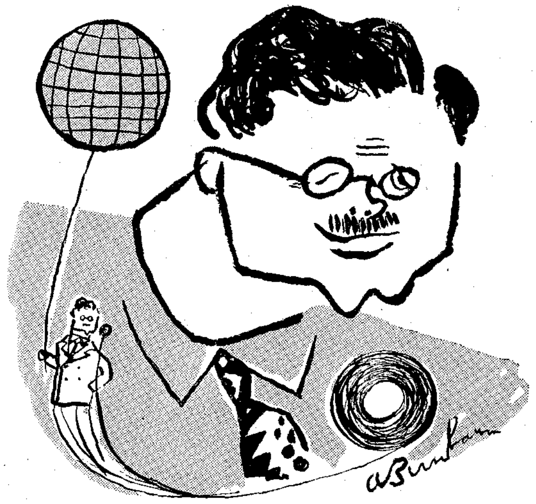
Occasionally non-sexual actions are incorporated in courtship. Grebes often give a useless (one might say "ritual") imitation of preening their wings during courtship, and swans behave somewhat similarly. The psychological explanation of this is not easy.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Well, getting up an encyclopedia was *your* idea, not ours.

PROFILES

THE ODYSSEY OF THE OBLONG BLUR

(A SCRIPT FOR A RADIO DRAMA)



Norman Corwin

NARRATOR: Hark!

(*Music: Introductory cue; violins super-agitato.*)

NARRATOR:

Leave us rip our cerebellums
From the skull itself
And fly as on a carpet magic
To Boston, Massachusetts.

(*Music: Reminiscently sentimental; with schmalz.*)

NARRATOR:

May 3, 1910!
Lincoln dead, Garfield shot, McKinley gone.
The carriage has lost its horse!
The lamp no more drools dripping wax!
Cyrus Field has long since laid his cable!
Aye! The Wright Brothers, silent and alone upon a sandy spit at Kitty Hawk,
Have some time previous sent skyward the fatal instrument of winged flight.

(*Music: Full orchestra; a tremendous paean.*)

NARRATOR:

We're starting out this way,
Since it's a festive day.
A child is being born
As from a golden horn.
And Heaven sings and sings
As Stork a Poet brings!

LITTLE GUY (*interrupting*):

Hey, Mister, this isn't clear.
Just *what* is going on here?

NARRATOR:

Hold on, Little Guy, and you will see
How Norman Corwin came to be!

(*Music: Orchestra up; opening bars of "America the Beautiful" blended with "Battle Hymn of the Republic," sustaining under.*)

NARRATOR (*solemnly*): Tonight, and any night when ribs of God's own air cannot be sold to soups and soap, the Columbia Broadcasting System presents "Corwin Presents Corwin." We are here directly concerned—and mark ye well, for 'tis a lesson for freemen everywhere, from the Monongahela to the Ganges—with the influences brought to bear upon a child hospital-born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 3, 1910, a date to clip out, paste up, and press between the leaves. We are concerned with how this child, from humble parents springing, grew; his limbs full strength achieved; his body rising six feet into the air. His weight today: one hundred seventy pounds. Complexion: dark. Temperament: turbulent. (*Wind.*) What of the night, Messenger? How stands the boy now, at age thirty-six?

MESSENGER (*muffled, yet forceful; almost deific*): He is generally considered America's most prominent radio playwright. Some think him poet, some prophet. I have evidence so to prove. Norman Corwin has himself penned, produced, contrived, created, architected, lucubrated, and germinated near to one hundred radio plays since 1938. The finer filaments among them have been brought together between the covers of books, thus preserving for alltime and the eye what fleetingly was audited by the ear. Allow me to cite "Thirteen by Corwin" (Henry Holt, $3), "More by Corwin" (Henry Holt, $3), and "On a Note of Triumph" (Simon & Schuster, $1.50). Permit me to mention some prizes, awards, honors, and emoluments: the first award of the Institute for Education by Radio, the Bok Advertising Medal, the Peabody Medal, the award of the American Schools and Colleges Association, the first citation in radio of the National Council of Teachers of English, and—

(*Music: A universal theme, oscillator beneath denoting pain of the world and bigness thereof, fading.*)

MESSENGER: —and the Wendell Willkie "One World" Award, and I quote: "For his inspired writing for radio and other media . . . contributing to the concept of 'One World,'" and I unquote. Shall I continue?

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED LITTLE GUYS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD:

Do not tease.
Continue, please!

MESSENGER: O.K.! Sit back! Relax! Exhale! Listen! Listen to a letter from Saroyan! Written to Corwin in 1939.

LETTER FROM SAROYAN: You, Corwin, have revealed what radio can and should be.

MESSENGER: Listen to a letter from Sandburg! Written to Corwin in 1944.

LETTER FROM SANDBURG: I am proud to have known you, and I hope and pray your health and strength keep.

MESSENGER: Listen to an item from the Toledo *Blade*!

ITEM FROM THE TOLEDO "BLADE": Top of the heap.

MESSENGER: Listen to the competition itself, a telegram from a fellow-worker on the airwaves, yet another man who has written drama for the radio—Arch Oboler.

TELEGRAM FROM ARCH OBOLER: Deepest congratulations. I say deepest because your work moved me deeply.

MESSENGER: Overwhelming? Do the veins pound? Are the tendons taut? Listen to a publicity release from the Columbia Broadcasting System!

PUBLICITY RELEASE: He has made history . . . dramatic virility and brilliance . . . perfection of writing . . . most "decorated" man in radio . . .

MESSENGER: Want more, Sons of a Sun spinning sadly through space?

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED LITTLE GUYS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD:

Da!
Ja!
Oui!
Sí!
Yes!

MESSENGER: But remember this! Fair skies oft have clouds. Elsewise, how account for the report negative? Mmm, let me see. (*Sound of papers being shuffled, reluctantly.*) Ah! I've happed on one in the New York *Times*, in connection with the opera "The Warrior," libretto by Norman Corwin, from a radio play of his own, "Samson;" music by Bernard Rogers;

produced, with preliminary fanfare unprecedented, at the Metropolitan Opera House in January, 1947, the Year of the Maximum Sootfall. I quote: "No particular use beating the bush . . . a singularly weak and ineffectual opera, so weak and ineffectual, so strikingly without inspiration or dramatic—"

(*Music: Interrupting, with dark grumbling by the bassoons.*)

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED LITTLE GUYS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD:

Boo, hiss, and zounds!
That's Olin Downes!

MESSENGER:

Hold fast, hold fast.
No tempers, please!
Don't be aghast
When critics sneeze.

(*Music: Glissando on the oscillator, denoting a poet's disdain for philistine lack of appreciation.*)

MESSENGER: One more, perhaps too painful to bear, from *Harper's*. Concerning "On a Note of Triumph," a Corwin drama broadcast on the day of victory in Europe, rebroadcast the following Sunday, and subsequently made available in a Columbia album, twelve sides, $6.50. I quote: "Cheap . . . pretentious . . . a mistake from the first line . . . bastard form of speech . . . bargain-counter jauntiness . . . no distinction . . . bad writing . . . no, definitely no . . ."

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED LITTLE GUYS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD (*tempers rising, Vicksburg to Natchez*):

The man sounds like a dodo.
Must be Bernard DeVoto!

MESSENGER: DeVoto it is, indeed! But patience! He who speaks last speaks best in radio.

(*Music: Orchestra sweeps swiftly through tense passage, broadens and matures into rich, appreciative melody.*)

VOICE (*Massachusetts accent*): This is Norman Corwin. May I quote myself? (*Decent pause.*) As I said in the New York *Sun* on March 10, 1942, "I have a terrific sense of the dignity of a half hour of God's time. I feel that anything that smutches that time is inexcusable."

(*Music: Clap of thunder, followed by steady downpour and the sound of leaves getting wet, fading into weird, aristocratic cacophony.*)

REIGNING MONARCH OF THE LAND OF WHIMSY-WHAM:

Attend! The quality of imagination is not strained.
In men and wood sprites both, it's deep ingrained.
Likewise, today's poet of our airwaves and our earth
Finds in common things about him an appalling, dismal dearth.
Being King of Whimsy-Wham, I now decree: Proceed posthaste
To summarize the crowded years of Corwin to my taste.
In other words, by edict royal, give your facts a qualitee
Of boiled, bubbled, double-troubled, distilled fantasee!

CORWIN: I'll buy that, Sire. (*He is faded.*)

NARRATOR:

On with the play,
As the sages say!
We work our way backward through time and space
To Winthrop, Massachusetts, the place
Where Norman spent his boyhood days.
Let us talk to the city itself
And find out about this poetic elf.

WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS (*feminine, as befits a jewel*): Yes, indeedy. I knew the family well. You'll get no complaints from me, Mister. Nice, quiet people, the Corwins. Lived in a modest frame house. Three boys—Norman's the youngest—and a sister. His pa, Sam, is seventy and retired, and not a gray hair on his head. Used to be foreman in a big printing plant. In charge of special plate printing on a hand press. His ma, Rose, likes to paint pictures for fun. When Norman was a boy, he'd fuss around with chemical sets in his basement, just like any kid, mixing things. Sometimes he'd smell up the neighborhood pretty bad, and once he cooked nitroglycerine in a double boiler and like to blew up the Corwin place!

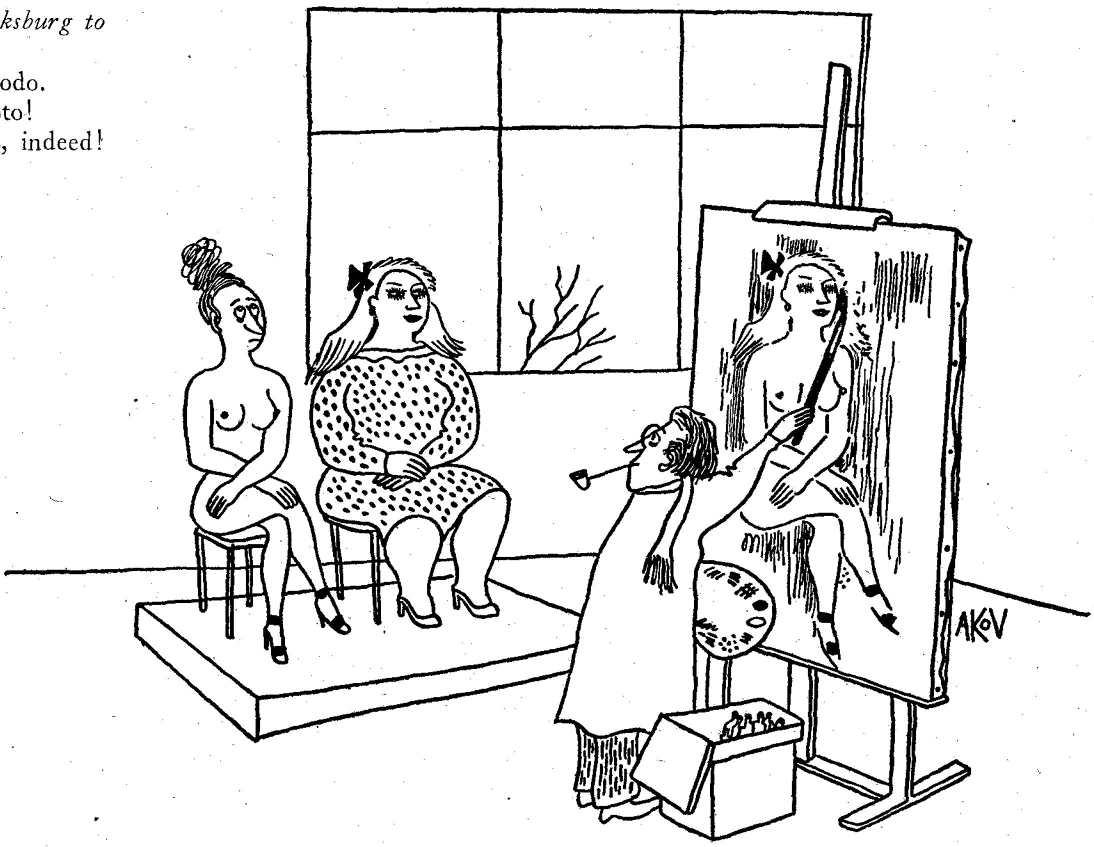
(*Music: Gentle, juvenile explosion, tenderly fading.*)

CORWIN (*on filter mike, softly*): Ah, memory! Bitter, yet sweet! Chemistry I liked. It came close to the secrets of life. It dealt with the substances and essences of the earth.

WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS: He weren't too scholarly. Emma Bates Harvey taught him in elementary school, and once she assigned the children to write book reviews. Most reviewed "The Wizard of Oz" or "Doctor Doolittle." Not Norman. He reviewed "The Black Cat," by Edgar Allan Poe. Emma Bates Harvey read his review and said, "Norman, you write well." Affected Norman pretty deep. Sort of knocked out chemistry for him, I reckon.

CORWIN (*on filter*): I owe much to Emma Bates Harvey. Her interest was above and beyond the call of duty.

WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS: Dur-



ing the first Great War, his father gave him a big ledger filled with blank pages, and bedanged if Norman didn't write "The Adventures of John Ransford," an original story of a sort of Superman in the American Army. Mother and Father Corwin laughed a good deal over the stories, especially the part where the bridges blew up and Ransford captured all those Huns singlehanded.

Corwin (*on filter*): To me, the blank pages of the ledger were like an empty wall to a muralist. The urge to fill the pages was irresistible. Still, it was a child's work—a child's work.

Winthrop, Massachusetts: In high school, Norman was associate editor of the *Echo*, class orator, class poet, and chairman of the Class Day Committee. He wrote a right humorous take-off on his fellows and demonstrated his now famous ability with the Pun. In the class was a boy named Sinatra—no relation to the crooner fellow—and Norman called him Moonlight Sinatra. When Norman was about fourteen, his brother Al built a crystal radio set from a Quaker Oats box. The Corwin boys gathered about to listen. (*Fades.*)

Al Corwin (*amidst tense sounds of twisting knob*): Brother Norman, we shall now undertake the experiment.

Corwin: A splendid opportunity to enlarge our horizons, eh, Emil?

Emil Corwin: Indubitably. (*Sounds of whee-swish-wah-wahwoo-wooo, etc.*)

Al Corwin (*amidst fraternal ad libs*): Hold fast, men! It's coming through. (*Heavy breathing.*)

Crystal Set: This—waaooh-wee-swoo—is KDKA, Pittsburgh!

(*Music: Sock cue, up, and out.*)

Winthrop, Massachusetts: All us folks think that was a pretty big day in Norman's life, seeing as how it was his first contact with the great big world of radio. Thanks, Mister.

Narrator:

We fly ahead for several years.
Norman has shed his youthful fears
And hopes, has dried his tears.
He's read some verse and writ some stories.
Alas! No trace remains of these early glories.
They've gone to dust, are scattered far,
As many a village Milton's earliest works are.
But now he's seventeen and very rash.
He's even grown a black mustache.

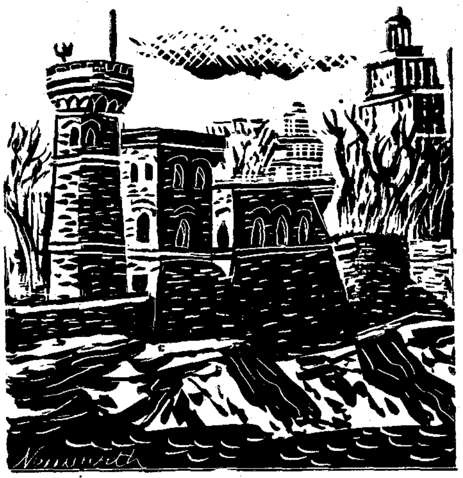
Corwin (*on filter*): Yes, the same mustache as I wear today. Mustaches! Hair above the lip! Signposts of the face! Hirsute bugles of character!

(*Music: The consommed sounds of literary sirens, ever calling Young Hopefuls on.*)

Narrator: Back to the chronology, the facts, the figures, and the first, faltering fumbles toward fame. Oh, he was young and ambitious! He wanted to be a journalist. He wrote sixty letters to newspapers throughout the great Bay State of Massachusetts. He confined himself to his umbilical state—one forty-eighth of the vast, four-dozened panorama of the big, rough names (the Californias and the Pennsylvanias) and the small, soft names (the Iowas and the Utahs)—because he wanted to test his arm by pitching a short distance. Sixty letters! And two offers of a job, one from the Greenfield *Recorder*, circulation four thousand, published daily by immortal compact with the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This offer he accepted. For the initial time, young Corwin had severed the hearthstrings of home. The boy did everything but set type. He covered sports, even an occasional murder—when passion long unspent spent itself. *And who is to say who is guilty, unguilty? The sick sparrow seeking bread midst plenteous bounty? The lover unrequited?* Young Corwin became the motion-picture critic. Long he thought for a title to his department, settling upon "Seeing Things in the Dark." Three years swiftly passed!

(*Music: Nostalgic songs from 1927, 1928, and 1929.*)

Narrator: Young Corwin felt the pull of the outer horizon, felt the need to change his working place, followed the early-morning sun south thirty-eight miles down the Connecticut River Valley, past Deerfield, past Whately, past North Hatfield and the pond at Hatfield, past South Hadley, South Hadley Falls, the range known as Holyoke, past Willimansett, the junction of the Chicopee, and the Chicopee itself, to Springfield. Tired was he from the journey, and weary, too, but withal he accepted a reporter's post on the Springfield *Republican.*



Corwin (*on filter*): Seven lean years. The years of the locust!

Narrator: Yes, the years were bitter. Young Corwin received thirty-five dollars a week. Depression! Young Corwin was reduced to thirty-two dollars and ten cents a week. This left a permanent mark—unlocked his optic nerve, opened his auricle, exacerbated his ventricle. Although today earning twenty-five to thirty-five thousand dollars per annum, he feels himself irretrievably mated to the Common Man everywhere! As reporter, Corwin saw the breadlines of Springfield, watched the apple sellers, wrote news stories concerning the welfare agencies of the city.

Corwin (*on filter*): I saw much misery. It led to my first speculations on the philosophy of economics and the economics of philosophy.

Narrator: Like unto that other burdened man, from another Springfield, in an earlier time, the lighter side was not neglected. Corwin, both within and without his humble room, kept alight the flame of the Muse—wrote fantasies, composed jocular songs by ear (we have some titles still: "Of Countries I Have Never Seen," "Conveyor Belt," "Drunken Hit-and-Run Driver Arraigned for Manslaughter"), forayed on occasion into the Field of the Feature Article.

(*Music: Guitar slur, rapid.*)

Voice (*matter-of-factly*): How do you do? I am an early Feature Article by Norman Corwin. My first paragraph starts, "The camera is a cross between a practical joker and a poet. It can make man's noblest work look like a clothes-pin, or invest with cosmic implications a portrait of ham and eggs."

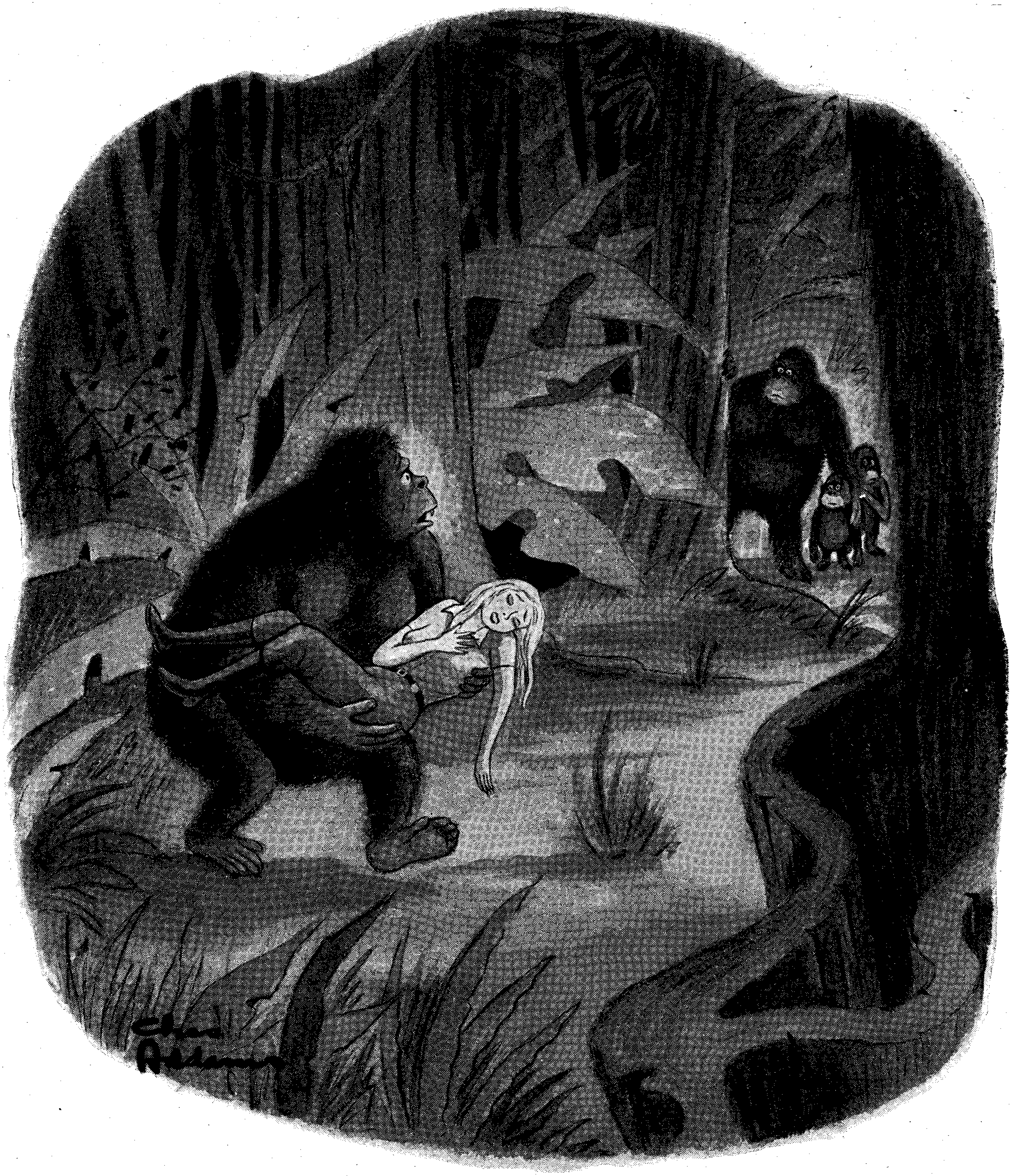
(*Music: Full-bosomed phrase, finishing abruptly.*)

Narrator:

Thus concludeth the Springfield period.
Like the outward-flowing ripples of a pebble in a pond,
Young Corwin heard the clarion call of Megalopolis beyond
In '36—his brain afire with ideas myriad.

(*Music: The hymn "Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float."*)

Narrator: Corwin came to New



"Oh, oh!"

• •

York. He accepted employment with the publicity department of Twentieth Century-Fox. His spiritual hunger went unassuaged. So it was that in addition to his work with the motion-picture firm, he executed and narrated a program, "Poetic License," over Station WQXR. Once weekly, for fifteen-sixtieths of an hour, Corwin read verse that pleased him muchly, followed by interpretive remarks. Oft he would fashion a gem of his own. One such, original variations on "Mary Had a Little Lamb" (a representative variation: "As the *Daily News* would say it, BEAST TRAILS TOT, Story on Page 2"), was overheard by sensitive ears. An invitation to repeat it on the "Magic Key" program of the National Broadcasting Company brought forth still another invitation. One William Lewis, then a vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, home fever-racked with la grippe, heard the offering, recognized the talent and the potential, and offered Corwin a job at C.B.S. He was hired to make radio literature palatable, and to direct. Fie that he had never directed before! The stars assigned to guide the fate of Corwin found happy juncture in that spring of '38. For the rest is large writ, deep etched, and hard soldered in the caldron of the history of human brotherhood!

(*Music: Tremendous universal booming, ségueing into transitional sweep denoting passage of time, growth of a mind, increase in fame, and a young man's grasp of his own importance.*)

Narrator: In 1938: fameless. In 1947: visitors to the C.B.S. Building on New York's Madison Avenue see in the lobby a triptych of photographs of three of radio's great. One is the face of Norman Corwin. The residue: Red Barber and Arthur Godfrey.

(*Music: Slow, reverential theme, with interlarded flourishes now colorful, now gay, now full of questioning.*)

Narrator: What has he done and what is he like today, this boy from Winthrop, Massachusetts, who has within nine years achieved his picture in the lobby? (*Rising voice.*) *Is he still the kid who mixed the chemicals in the basement of the old homestead? Is he still the boy who, faced with the blank pages of a ledger, felt an urge elemental? Is he the same lad who journeyed from Greenfield to Springfield?* THIS IS WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW! THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS!

Chorus of One Hundred Little Guys from Everywhere in the World (*chanting*):

Historian, executive, technician,
friend,
Now to you our ears we bend!
Speak!

(*Music: Virile roll of drums; timpani allegro vivace.*)

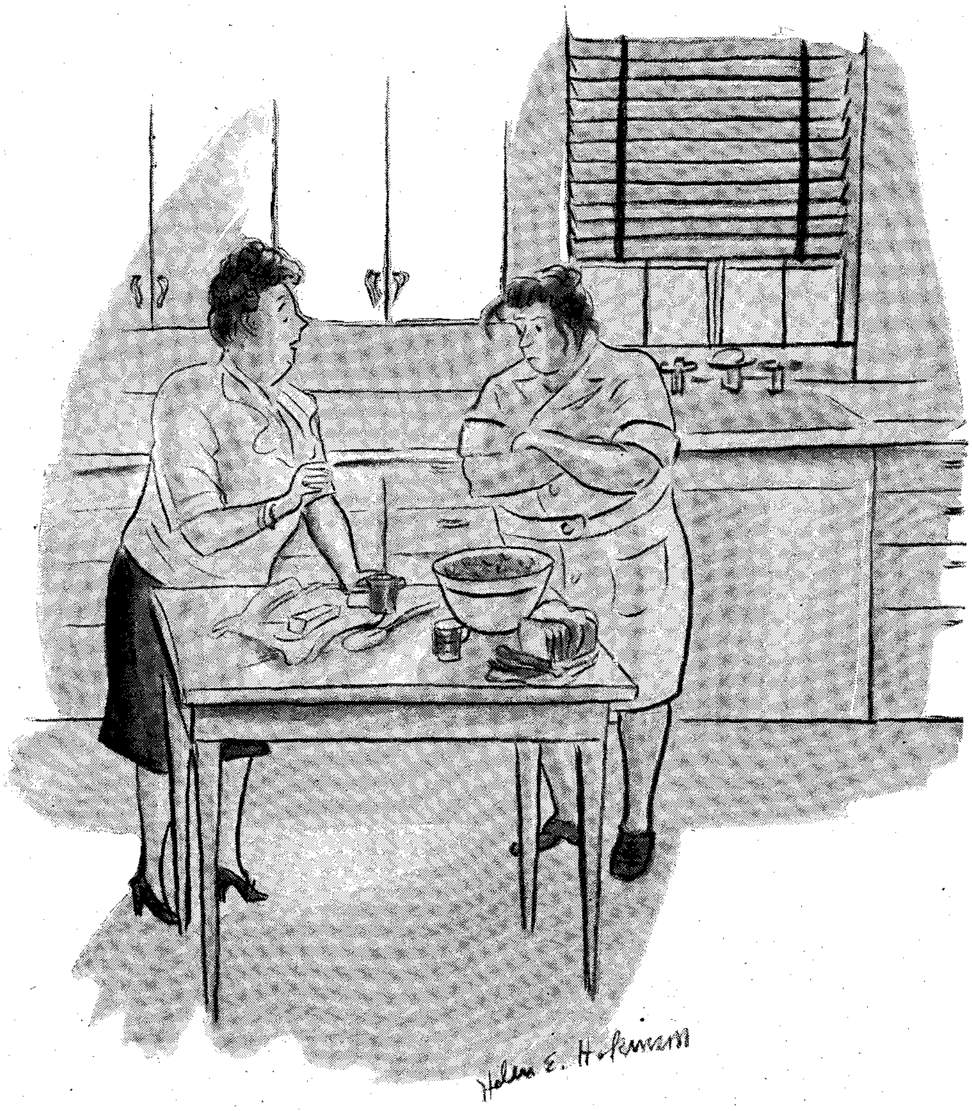
Historian (*drily*): Present! I am a historian. History's my business. I refer you to many of the major Corwin works—to his fantasy "The Odyssey of Runyon Jones," the story of a small boy, himself dead, seeking his dead dog; to "They Fly Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease," written in indignant memory of the fall of Guernica and dealing with the sadistic joy experienced by Fascist fliers while bombing innocent civilians; to "Daybreak," the narrative of an airplane flying westward with the rising sun (an excerpt: "Death Valley comes to life. Mount Whitney yawns and stretches. Ancient redwood trees look up with boredom at another day. An owl screams"); to "We Hold These Truths," written for the United States Government to celebrate the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Bill of Rights (opening words: "One hundred fifty years is not long in the reckoning of a hill. But to a man it's long enough"); to "Samson" (and Samson's thoughts when told that peace has come: "No more the bleeding bowel and the broken back"); to "Ann Rutledge" (". . . not a phantom or a legend or a folktune. She was a girl—and she was happy"); to Corwin's reports on his trip to England in the summer of 1942; to his preëlection program in honor of Franklin Roosevelt in November, 1944; to "On a Note of Triumph," a sombre toast to V-E Day, the composing of which began the previous November but was delayed by the Battle of the Bulge and the subsequent push through Germany (I quote: "Meanwhile: unfinished business in Asia: Killing to be done among the archipelagoes").

Chorus of One Hundred Little Guys from Everywhere in the World (*chanting*):

Historian! Thanks for the learned
asides.
Who here can say where the Poet
resides?
Speak!

(*Music: Glockenspiel.*)

Apartment House: Present! I am the building in which Norman lives. I am situate on Central Park South, a few steps west of the Hotel Plaza. I am a comfortable old building. (*Chuckles.*) Norman lives quietly on the ninth floor. One enters a long, dark hallway—bottles, jars, and tubes, lotions, gargles, aspirin, salves, sulfas, pills, and poultices are scattered every which way. Although strapping to the eye, young Corwin fears the onslaught of sickness, permitting his mind to dwell upon the simple sniffle until by dint of deep and constant thought the sniffle is compounded into Germ Incarnate. Left to this hall is a small bedroom, and I report in all faith that until just recently,



"I forgot to tell you, Ingeborg. Bread pudding is something Mr. Conklin won't even discuss."

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The right thing in everything men and boys wear

when he plighted his troth to Katherine Locke, the actress, it bore unmistakable signs of bachelorhood—an undershirt here, some socks and shoes there. The living room is long, with windows northward-looking over the Great City, lying stretchward toward the aurora borealis. The room itself is rumpled and dimly lighted. Two long, low sofas are replete with soft pillows. On a small desk in one corner lie sheaves of paper, a typewriter, and young Corwin's black Homburg. At one end of the room stands a huge turntable suitable for the playing of records. From thence stretches a wire connecting with a loudspeaker across the room. Ofttimes, Norman invites his friends to spend long evenings filled with the sound and fury of his work. Gathered about are radio actors, executives, musicians, sound engineers, and technicians. Norman enthralls with ear-shattering recordings of his playlets; when one is finished, another is placed upon the turntable. Nicotine is not in the house, nor the grape, but scattered about in small bowls are Ritz crackers, accompanied by dried prunes and figs. Thus is preserved *corporo sano sano corporo mens sano.* Whilst composing, he may work eighteen hours as the clock ticks. The product of an all-night vigil is left without his door, for his secretary to garner in the morning. Diversion? A small stroll northward through the greenery of Central Park or, during the winter solstice, the bleakery of the Park.

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED LITTLE GUYS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD (*chanting*):

Willa-wa willa-wa hi diddle diddle,
Send us some friends to unravel the riddle!
Speak!

(*Music: An avalanche of Gemütlichkeit.*)

FIRST MAN: Present! I am a friend. I know his positives, his negatives. The man has in him no jealousy toward fellow-craftsmen. His social conscience: admirable, and often cloudy, followed by showers. He mingles but seldom with any excepting a small, admiring coterie. Of reading there is little but the newspaper *PM*—the *Times*, the *Tribune*, and all the rest swimming into his ken only when he the night before has delivered an address or produced a program. I recall his preparing a program, "New York: A Tapestry for Radio." Out into the Great City, Corwin sent researchers. "I seek the essence of the Bowery," he said. "Bring back the odors of mysterious Chinatown and the Fish Market, the hawkers' shrill cries, the rumble of the 'L'!" Once the sights and sounds had been captured for him, he wrote the program (with the assistance of the W.P.A. "New York City Guide"), and the original manuscript is e'en now lodged in the Museum of the City of New York.

SECOND MAN: I am a friend, too. I remember once that a script of Norman's called for a hurdy-gurdy, and, fortuitously hearing one on the street, he drew from his pocket a scrap of paper and on it instructed the organ grinder to bring his quaint instrument to the studio at an appointed hour.

FIRST MAN: Well, well. Glad you're here. Is it not true that Norman merely signed the slip "Norman Corwin," handed it, carefully folded, to the man, and went his way?

SECOND MAN: It is.

FIRST MAN: And the larrikin unfolded the paper, perhaps expecting a nickel or mayhap a dime, or perhaps he had never heard of Norman, for he never showed?

SECOND MAN: That's right. And his wit is famous. Remember what he said to the dinner hostess who told him, "Norman, I hope you won't mind eating borscht"?

FIRST MAN: He said, "Mind! I was born in Borschton!" (*First Man and Second Man laugh uncontrollably and fade.*)

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED LITTLE GUYS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD (*chanting*):

We like it fine, we like it fine!
And now for a guy hep to heterodyne!
Speak!

(*Music: Cool, efficient, well oiled.*)

TECHNICIAN: Present! I am a technician. Take the business of sound effects. Virtually impossible to reproduce the sound of a revolver shot inside a studio. Shoot off a real pistol and someone might get hurt.

NARRATOR: We are here to speak of Norman Corwin. Pray tell!

TECHNICIAN: Take it easy, Narrator. I am getting there. Authenticity of sound is a veritable passion with him. He's a master of effects. I remember a Corwin playlet called "The Log of the R-77." About a submarine trapped on the bottom of the sea. We got hold of a chief petty officer who had twenty years in the submarine service and had once hit bottom himself. He worked in the studio two days, helping us simulate the pulling of Kingston levers, the sounding of collision alarms, the exploding of depth charges, the

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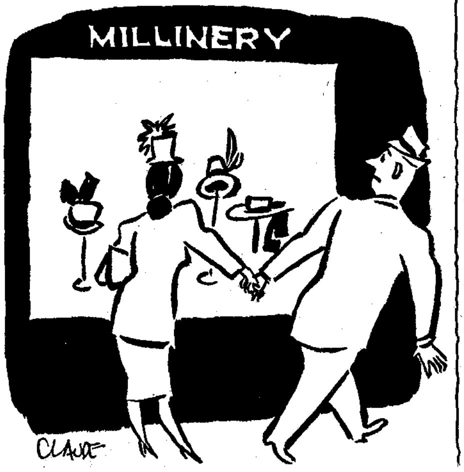
opening and closing of vents, the blowing of ballast, and finally touching bottom at four hundred and twenty-five feet. It was extremely noisy. Often, a Corwin effect requires the playing of many records at one time through the control board. In "The Plot to Overthrow Christmas," we mixed records of a Chinese gong, a generator, a Corliss engine starting up, an automobile skidding, and a crash noise. Satisfied the script's demand for "an elevator going to Hell." Corwin won't take any old kind of thunder. Ditto for train noises. Some writers will take choo-choo, but not Corwin. He'll say, "I want a train that isn't quite a train, expressing itself, followed by an explosion filtering into an echo, with the effect of a big room and an ethereal sound." Should his script call for people running down stairs, Corwin places microphones along a stairway and his actors run down. They get tired, too.

CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED LITTLE GUYS FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD (*chanting*):

Lippity-lop, clippity-clop,
How about hearing from a Man
at the Top?
Speak!

(*Music: Snatches of "Coronation March."*)

EXECUTIVE: Present! I am an executive and I'm just blowing smoke rings, thinking out loud. I should say that Norman's sockeroo between the eyes, but sometimes his words rush past so fast you might call him an oblong blur. I've been very moved. On V-E Day, I lay down on my office couch and drew the Venetian blinds (the victory having taken a good deal out of me) and listened to "On a Note of Triumph." I instantly picked up a phone. "Run that program again next Sunday," I cried. Great phrasemaker, Corwin. I once admired his wristwatch, and some years later, when I



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"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

moved up the corporate ladder, he sent me the watch with a note reading, "I take off my watch to you!" People accuse us of using Corwin as a sort of model genius or high-class fall guy, an intellectual totem pole, to make a showing, but who can say?

(*Music: Snatches of "Siegfried's Rhine Journey."*)

Chorus of One Hundred Little Guys from Everywhere in the World (*chanting*):

Summer is icumen in, lhude sing
cuccu.
Great Globe, we would have a
word with you.
Speak!

(*Music: Exquisite theme, containing all.*)

Great Globe Itself: Present! I am the world. Terribly busy. *So* many people flying around me these days. But I remember Corwin starting on his historic thirty-seven-thousand-mile flight through seventeen countries. Never seen so many drugs! Mosquito nets and bug bombs in abundance. But he forgot the aspirin and bicarb. He was accompanied by Lee Bland, a C.B.S. production supervisor; a wire recorder, several converters, and a microphone. His object: to see if the postwar world was One World. His method: to record what he heard on wire four-thousandths of an inch in diameter. In all, he recorded one hundred hours, or approximately seven hundred and eighty thousand words of schmoose. The highlights have been told on his Tuesday-evening program, "One World Flight": the interviews with Clem Attlee and Pan Nehru, with the Italian widow who had lost virtually everything, with sheepshearers, workers, the Common Man, of whom he asked over and over and over again, "Will there be another war?" and "What of the atom bomb?" I saw other aspects. Saw him arrive at Dum Dum Airport, in Calcutta, a bare few days after the great riots of last summer. The world outside desperate for news. No escort into town. Terribly hot. Monsoon rains. Dusk, and a caravan into town. Past terrible scenes of slaughter: bodies lying in the streets, sacred cows with their feet in the air, fires burning everywhere, a stench unimaginable. To the Grand Hotel, where Norman ran into rats, bugs, mice, roaches, but no one who could be interviewed. Indeed, there was nothing for a man trying to find reactions to One World, seeking the thoughts of the Common Man. Three days later, he and Bland pulled out. Not a word recorded. . . . Corwin could catch cold in a hermetically sealed room. Terrified he'd run out of Squibb's toothpaste. Would wire back home to C.B.S. to send Squibb's ahead to some place like Cairo. Seemed to feel that in Czechoslovakia there was a happy amalgam of East and West, both sides getting together. Certainly hope he's right. Gotta go now.

Chorus of One Hundred Little Guys from Everywhere in the World (*chanting*):

Rip rah ray, rip rah ray,
What's the Poet got to say?
Speak!

(*Music: Repeat "Rhine Journey" snatches.*)

Corwin: Present! As director and writer of radio plays, I am the coördinator of multiple dynamic elements, the conductor of a symphony orchestra on a complete canvas. My interest is in the brushes and pigments. I have a sense of manipulation and delivery, like an obstetrician. As *Coronet* once said, I have made the Common Man America's No. 1 Radio Star. And as I myself once said:

Lord God of test-tube and blueprint
Who jointed molecules of dust and shook
them till their name was Adam,
Who taught worms and stars how they
could live together,
Appear now among the parliaments of
conquerors and give instruction to their
schemes.

Why should I want sponsors? I will be myself. Heifetz may play a great piece of music, but the permanent thing is the music itself. I am the creator. I am interested in myself! Would not Old Walt Whitman be proud? Walt! Walt Whitman! Give tongue, Walt!

Walt Whitman (*on filter*):

Enough! enough! enough!
Somehow I have been stunn'd.
Stand back!
What are you doing, young man?
O my rapt verse, my call, mock me
not!
O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.

(*Fades.*)

(*Music: Symphony of confusion—timbers falling, bricks crumbling, sneak cuing into simple folk melody on guitar, faintly at first, growing louder.*)

Common Man: I'm the Common Man, Mr. Corwin, and I want to thank you for all you've done in my behalf. I don't have so many friends in high places these days and it looks as if there are less and less every day, so I am grateful for those I do have, and I know you're one of them. So thanks. But if you'll excuse me, I'd just like to say a thing or two myself. I *am* the Common

Man, but sometimes I wish you'd forget it and just call me a man, or a human being. I'm common, all right, but I'm also different from every other man on earth. Also, I *am* a little guy, but I'd just as soon you wouldn't address me as "little guy." I wouldn't address you as "little guy." I'd call you Mr. Corwin, or maybe Norman. One more thing. Those words like "Brotherhood" and "Freedom" and "Democracy"—those are very important words, so they shouldn't be used lightly. I guess they're about the most important words we've got, and all sorts of people use them for all sorts of purposes. That's why good fellows should use them seriously and thoughtfully, and with understanding. The same goes for all the fancy words you use—the poetry. You ought to think about what the words mean before you use them. My granny used to tell me, "Don't play fast and loose with words." So long, Mr. Corwin, and thanks again.

CORWIN: What ho! Have I contrived these words? Is't an interloper from the backmost reaches of my brain?

NARRATOR: Could be. . . . But hark! (*Tick tock.*) Discussion needs must fade before the clock, now signalling that our time is up.

CORWIN: Ah, yes. (*Tick tock.*) To time (*tick tock*), the inexorable (*tick tock*), I bow.

(*Music: The symphonic clatter and confusion groweth. Earth and U-235 have mingled in a great stew, fading into a hymn like unto nothing ever heard before or since.*)

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

This operation is known as the prefrontal lobotomy, and should not be attempted without a doctor's prescription.—*Randolph Field* (*Tex.*) *Wingspread.*

Oh, nuts, give us that knife!

•

The work was expressive as Mr. Milofsky played it. Obviously he has a sensitive ear and within its small dynamic frame there was much delicate phrasing. It was dark in color, grave, and very serious.
—*The Times.*

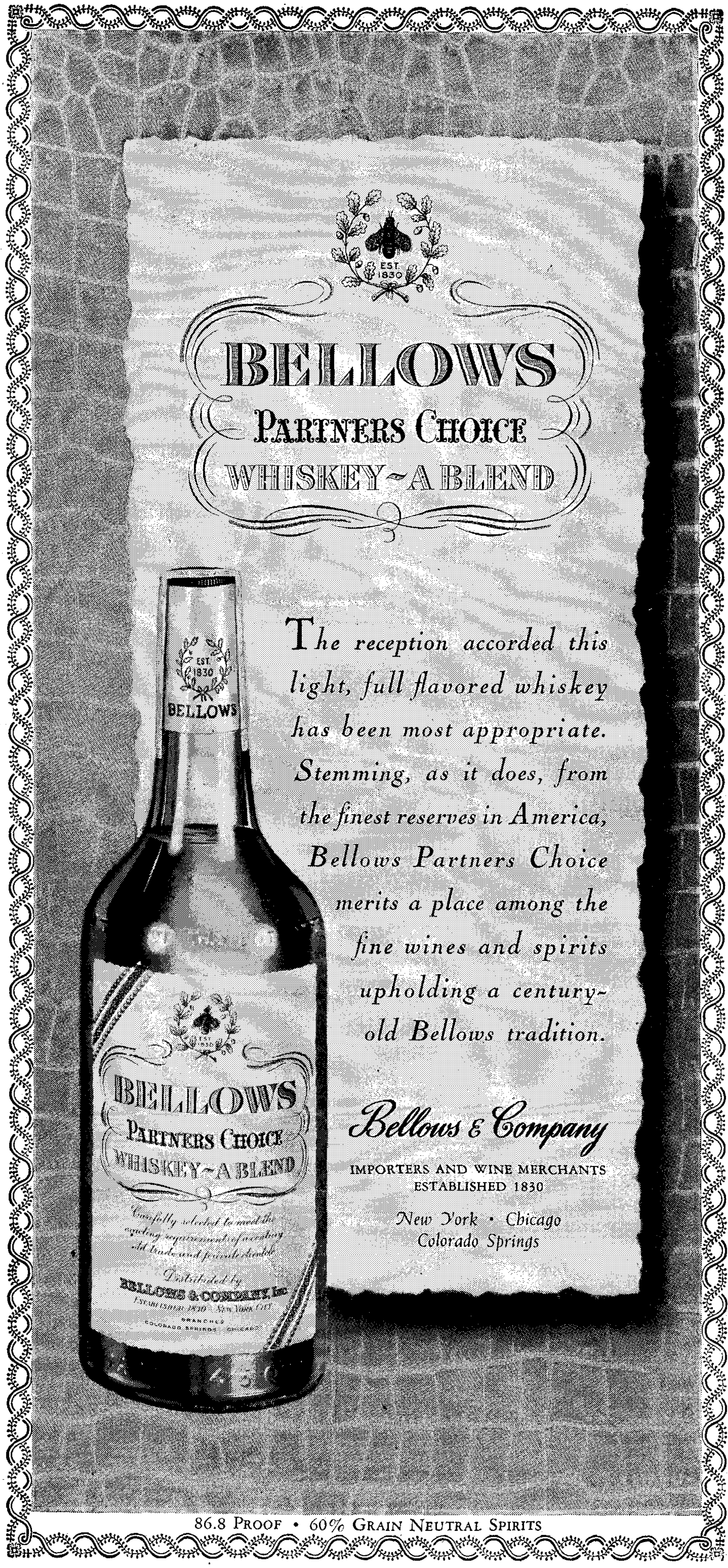
In short, a perfectly ducky little ear.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Monticello* (*Ga.*) *News*]

Mr. Jimmy Wood and daughter, Inky, spent Sunday in Atlanta with relatives and friends. The reason Inky is so nicknamed is because she was raised in an incubator at the Macon Hospital in Macon about eight years ago.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THE THEATRE

FROM SAMUEL TO SIMONOV

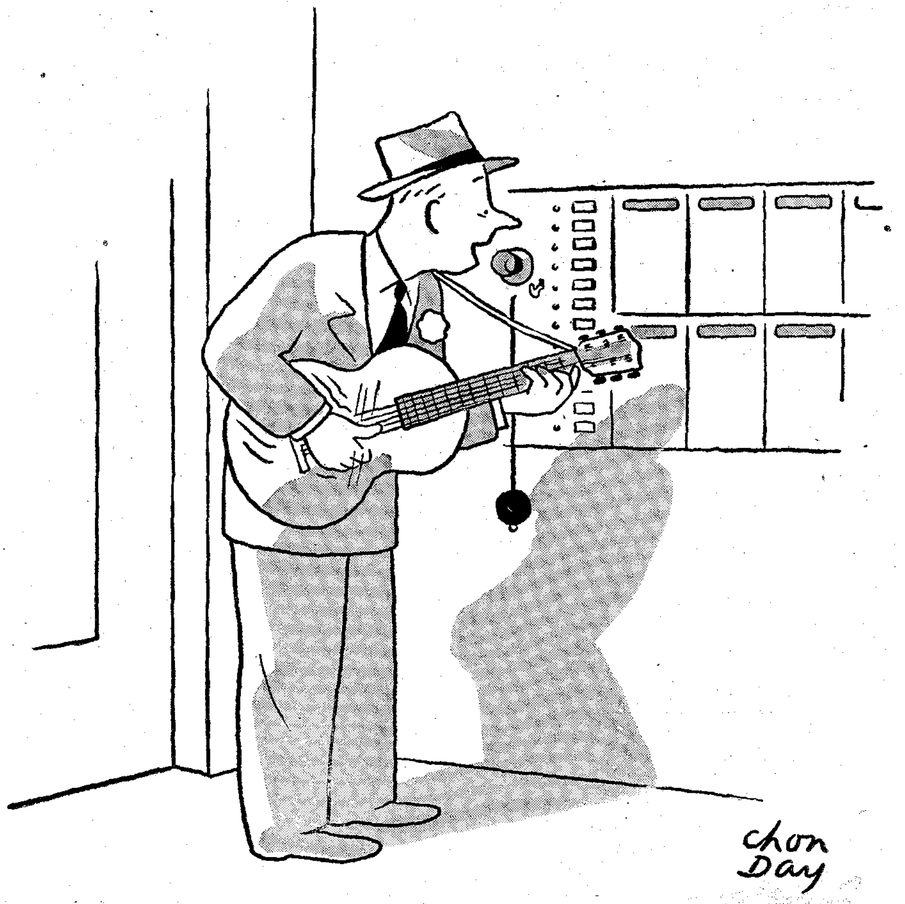
I AM not a spokesman for the Gideon interests, but I think the story of David, Bathsheba, and Uriah the Hittite was told better in every way in the second Book of Samuel than it is on the stage of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, where a modern treatment of the old theme was introduced last week by James Mason, star, and Jacques Deval, playwright. I give Mr. Mason and M. Deval joint credit for the flavor of the new piece, "Bathsheba," on account of undenied reports that Mr. Mason elected, after a tryout in Princeton, New Jersey, a few weeks ago, to play certain scenes "for laughs," as the saying goes, instead of relying on the dramatic validity of the manuscript. Just what this dramatic validity amounted to in the first place, it is hard to say. I saw no evidence, from start to finish, that M. Deval had meant to write anything but a brittle play of manners, after the familiar formula that mixes up-to-date speech and gestures with those of bygone times. Certainly the possibilities for sex farce were there for Mr. Mason to exploit if he chose, and certainly he chose to exploit them, in a refined and weary way. The result is faintly obnoxious, not because the writer or the actor owes any special homage to the Old Testament but just because so much of what was originally a good, powerful story of God, man, and the universe is lost through conventional obstetrical trickery.

Mr. Mason, playing King David in a well-cut robe and trim whiskers, concentrates on the Minsky aspect of the triangle in II Samuel xi—the "snapper" being that the young man whose wife David has seduced cannot be made to appear accountable for her pregnancy, because of a pigheaded vow of chastity he has taken, which keeps him out drinking, or singing the lead in barroom quartets, instead of going home to bed. Mr. Mason rolls his eyes in languid despair each time he learns that Uriah has bypassed Bathsheba again. The audience laughed at this business on opening night, though not very hard. I suppose every actor prefers, as a matter of professional pride, to get his laughs on purpose, rather than to get them accidentally, as seems to have been the case with Mr. Mason in Princeton, the last time he played the thing straight. If people persisted in laughing in the wrong places, he might, of course, have consulted his professional pride a little more closely and looked for another play. But he didn't, with the consequence that a great many characters in colorful costumes are riding a shuttle at the Barrymore these days between Samuel xi and "Getting Gertie's Garter," to the confusion of nearly all hands. Pamela Kellino, who is Mrs. Mason, plays Bathsheba as though she had been stranded somewhere between stations and entertained no hope of reaching either place. Phil Arthur, Paul Donah, and Thomas Chalmers ride it out all the way and occasionally make some sense.

"THE WHOLE WORLD OVER" is a comedy by a Russian citizen in good standing. The reviewers for the Patterson paper and the Hearst morning paper took conscientious note of this fact, the Patterson man remarking urbanely that the play might be much worse and the Hearst man, after strangling over a few words to the same purpose, concluding as follows: "It is interesting as a study in Russian dramaturgy. But we just happen to handle such romantic trifles more adroitly over here. When it comes to machine-made comedy, you can't beat the American production line."

I think, myself, that it is too early to tell which nation will win in the mad race for the lead in machine-made comedies. "The Whole World Over" may be machine-made, but it is also a warm, pleasant little unit, which transmits a message to the effect that the postwar problems of personal adjustment to peace, finding a place to live, and turning a reasonably wholesome dollar are the same everywhere. The author of the play is Konstantin Simonov, who wrote "Days and Nights." To the Americans who read that popular novel, it carried the same sort of message—that soldiers fighting a patriotic, or idealistic, war are likely to say and do and dream the same things in one army as in another. Whether this argument is completely disinterested or whether it is a form of propaganda, it does have the advantage, in the play as well as in the novel, of Simonov's humor and his ability to create character. "The Whole World Over" is very funny much of the time, and it has real people in it.

The plot wears thin in the second act,



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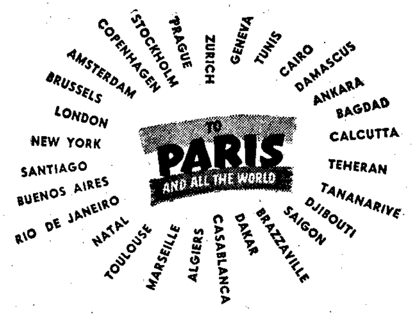
TO
PARIS
AND ALL THE WORLD
COPENHAGEN
STOCKHOLM
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GENEVA
TUNIS
CAIRO
DAMASCUS
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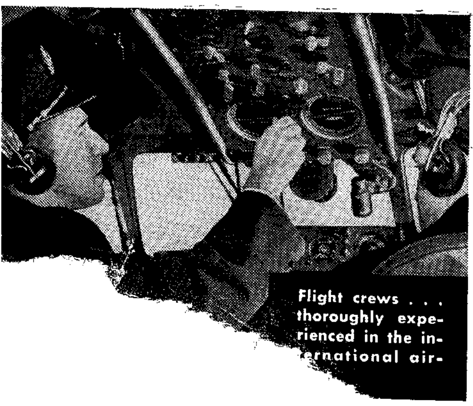

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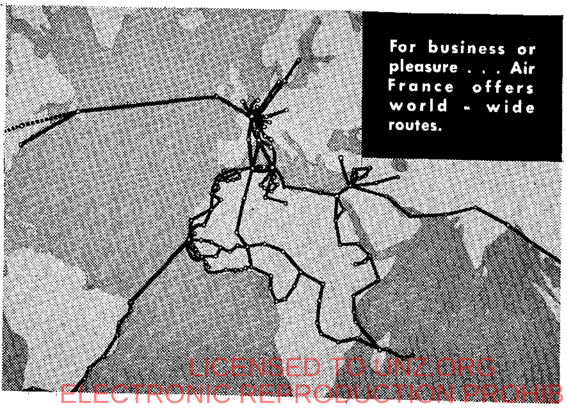

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which is also the last one. The most obvious gods begin to pop out of the *machina*. But the play is saved from collapse by stout acting and good lines, plus the fact that the characters, being real, are not collapsible, even if the situations are weak. When the *Mirror* reviewer brought up his claims for our homemade comedies, the only new play I could think of that meets his description and is doing successful business just now was "John Loves Mary." The difference between "The Whole World Over" and "John Loves Mary" is the difference that so frequently irritates and baffles Hollywood producers when they hear it mentioned in favor of films from abroad—British, French, Italian, Russian—over their own product. It is simply that the outlanders occasionally provide characters who are human beings, while our own most expensive plays and pictures deal with a race of men and women who are slick, comely, and entirely mythical, except to the extent that the public imitates them. I did not go for "John Loves Mary" much, in spite of its competent comedy of situation, but I thought "The Whole World Over" was a pretty nice job, in spite of its amateurish plotting. Thelma Schnee translated the play at the Biltmore into English. Simonov has no reason I can see to complain of her work. He gets strong additional assistance from Joseph Buloff, who is all over the stage in a droll, if not particularly subtle, reading of the part of a professor of architecture. Uta Hagen, Sanford Meisner, and, in a smaller role, Lou Polan are fine. Stephen Bekassy, the romantic lead, behaves somewhat like an elm tree on a calm day, but I guess his part calls for a certain amount of woodenness, at that.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

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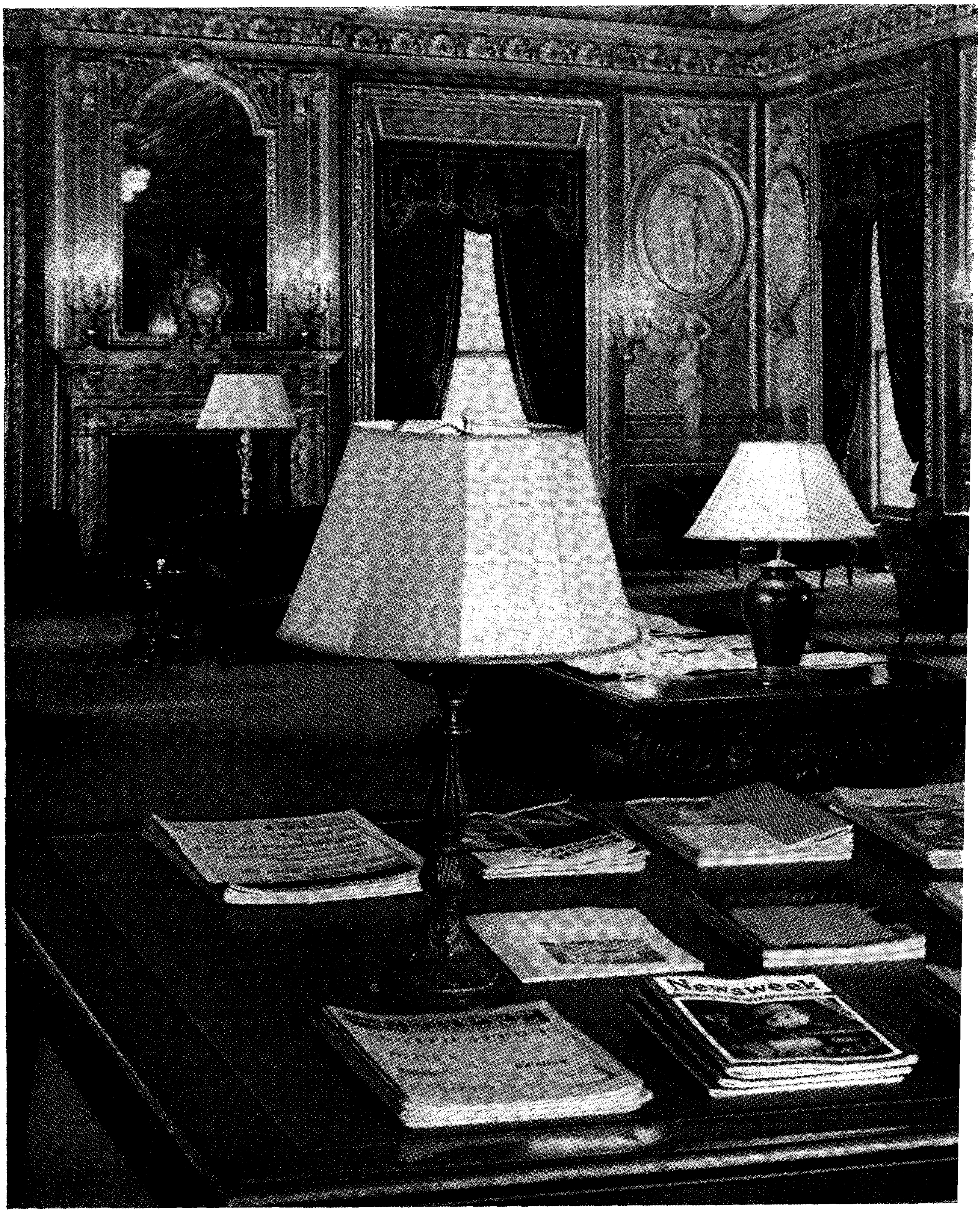

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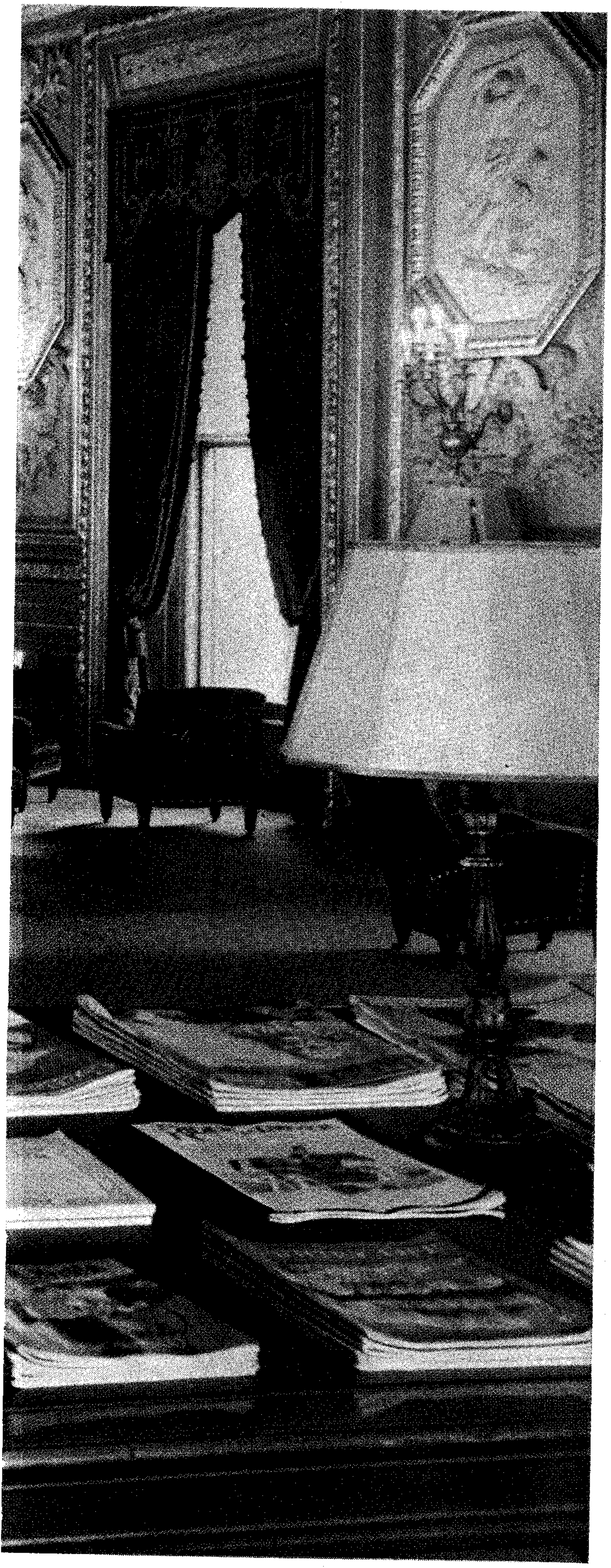

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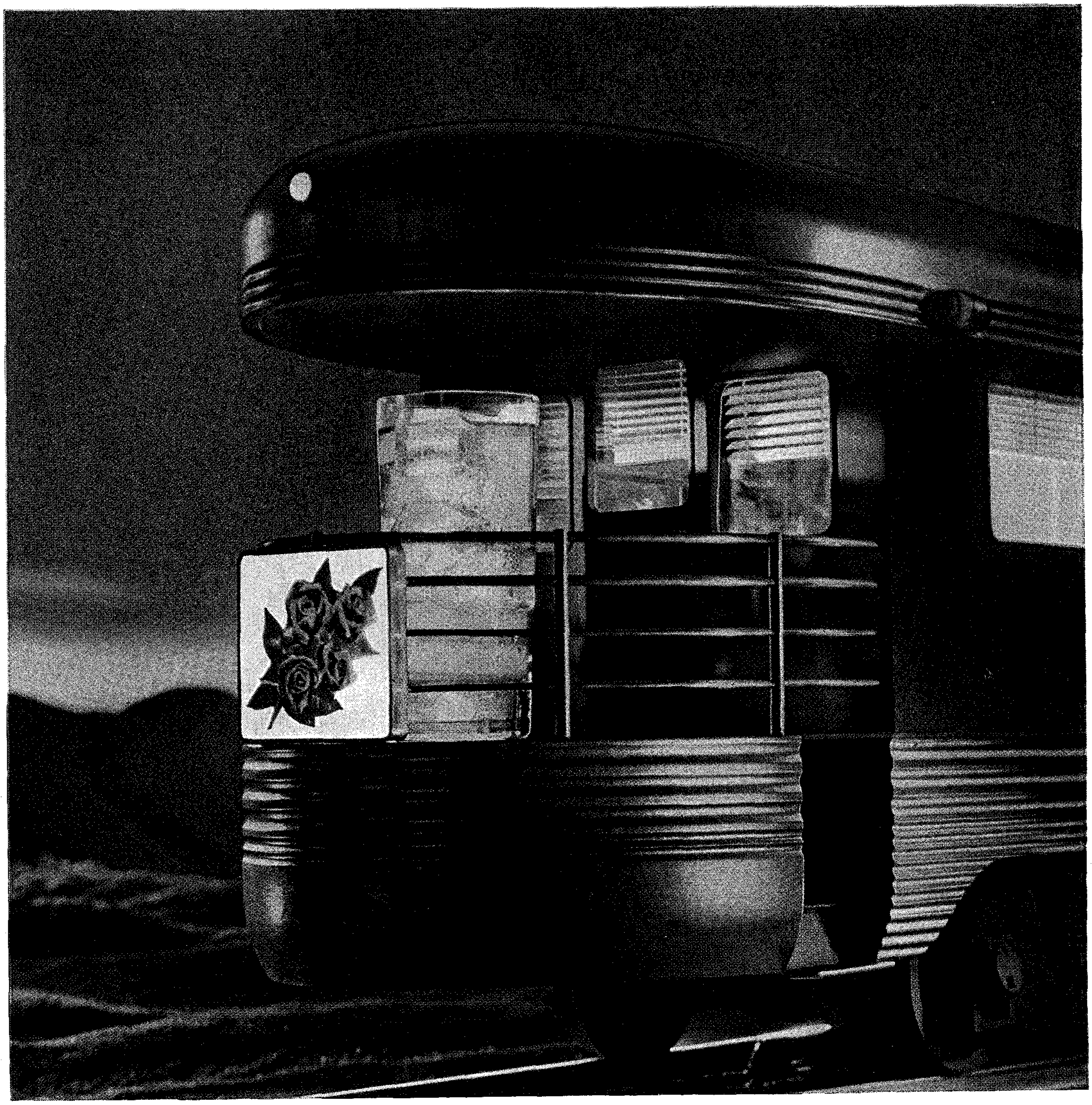

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LETTER FROM OXFORD

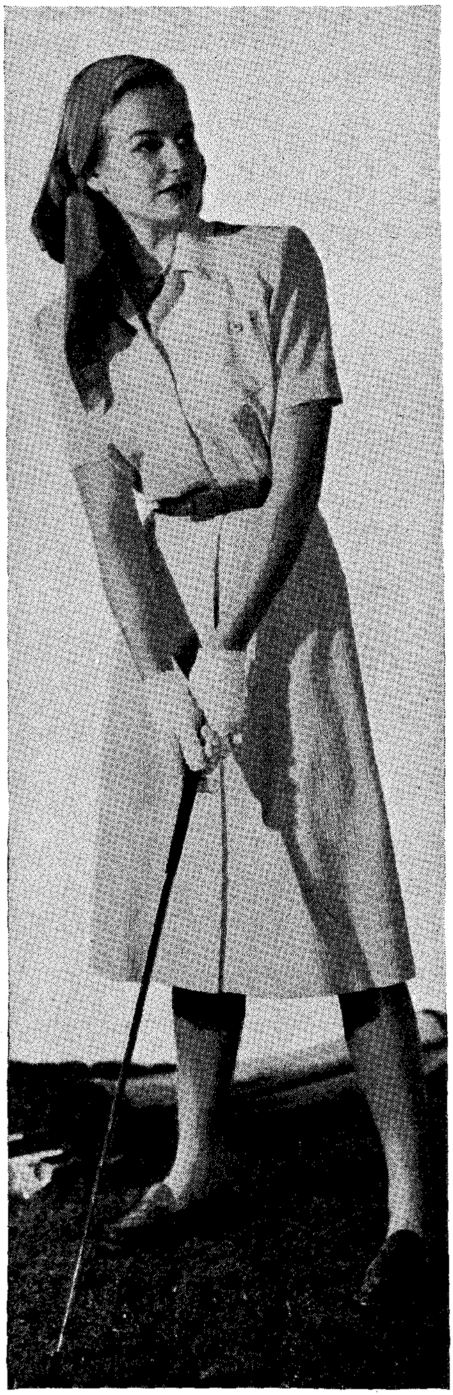
MARCH 25

OXFORD has now nearly completed its second postwar academic year, and although every term sees some change, the state the university is in at the moment is much the state it will be in for at least three more years, at the end of which most of the ex-service men will have departed and nearly all the undergraduates will once more be straight from school. Ever since the early part of the war, the place has been insufferably overcrowded. At that time, Hitler was reported to have said (presumably in hopes of an honorary degree someday) that Oxford would not be bombed, and consequently evacuees came here by the thousand. Moreover, large numbers of civil servants of various sorts arrived from all over the country, as well as experts on international affairs from Chatham House and art students from the Slade. Of these groups, the last was the liveliest; its members gave a general impression of violet face powder and decadent poverty, which is a much more exciting poverty than the genteel poverty of most undergraduates. Although in those days practically all the colleges here were partly or wholly requisitioned and undergraduates had to spend a day and a half a week in uniform—drilling or stripping a Bren gun—by and large they had a reasonably cheerful time of it. To be sure, one had to put up with a lot of parades and fire watching, but there was plenty of drink, and so there were plenty of parties; a pound went twice as far as it does now, and, with possible extinction ahead, it seemed advisable to give the so-called follies of youth a robust run. You were at Oxford for only a short time, the question of what to do when you left was automatically solved for you, and, God willing, you would be back again one day.

Toward the end of the war, there was no deferment of callup except for medical students and the physically unfit, but there was a constant supply of cadets, sent by the Army, the Navy, and the R.A.F. for six months of combined academic and service training. The cadets were allowed to read what they liked; the humanities were as acceptable to Whitehall as more technical, scientific subjects. The young men were a cross-section of English society, and for the most part they were well liked. In a way, though, they differed from the usual student body of Oxford, and while they were here the university sank into a coma, from which it awoke only with the return, in the autumn of 1945, of the younger dons, and of the bona-fide undergraduates, several of whom first entered the university as long ago as 1937.

You can tell the ex-service men, who now make up at least half the undergraduate population, by their khaki shirts, their reefer jackets, and their mustaches, or simply by their age and, in some cases, because they are accompanied by wives and even children. There are other, and happily rarer, marks of identification—wheel chairs and crutches. Along with the veterans—and a few medical students and service rejects, who came up during the war—there are the youngsters newly arrived from school. To the veterans, these freshmen seem young and gauche, and they themselves, in the chilling moments when they stop to think about it, middle-aged and perhaps even a little pompous. There is no uncomfortable rift between the two groups, but there is more that separates them than just a few years on the calendar, for not many who have seen service appear able to make friends with the younger men who have not.

The problem of lodging everybody is acute. Some of the colleges have agreed to take back anyone who is qualified, and therefore find themselves extremely overcrowded; others have declined to increase their enrollments. Suites are usually shared, and in a number of instances colleges have taken over houses in the town to provide rooms for their students. (New College has even built a nasty little group of military-looking huts on the grass of its back quad.) Many landladies who made their pile during the prewar days, when housekeeping was easier, now refuse to let their rooms. Some undergraduates live in the suburbs or in villages miles from town and commute on buses or bicycles. Next to nobody is satisfied with the



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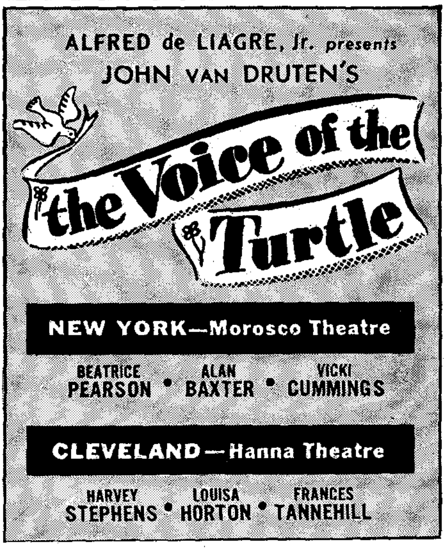

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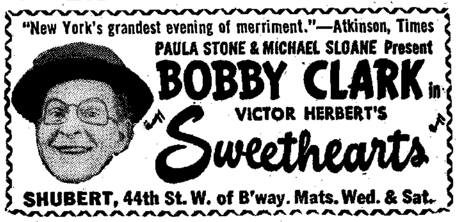

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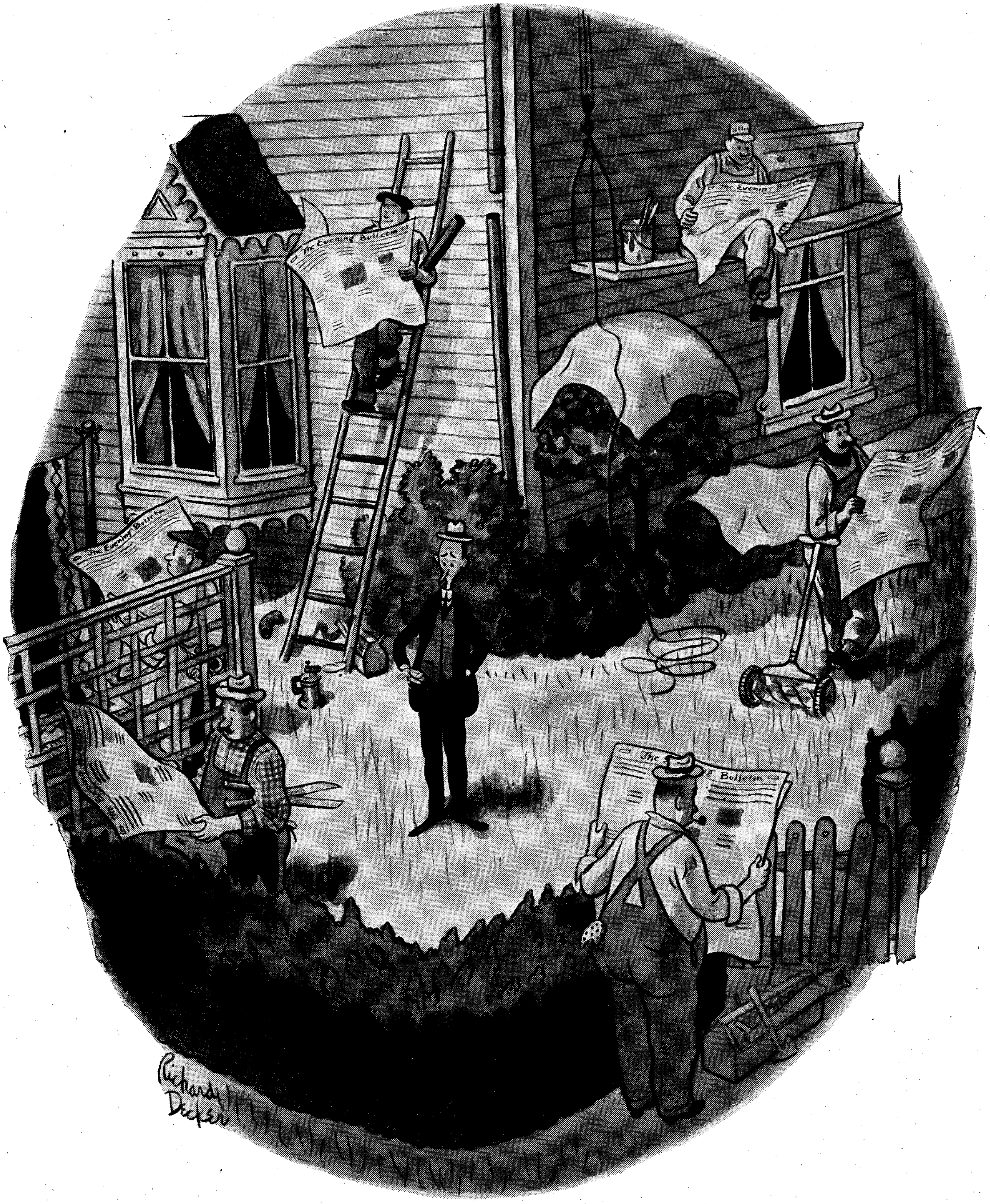
housing situation, least of all a group of undergraduate Socialists, who distribute savage pamphlets accusing the college and university authorities of incompetence or ill will, or often both. Bad as housing conditions are now, they may well be worse soon. Most of the veterans here are former students who got out of the services speedily after the war on the strength of requests for Class B, or priority, releases, issued to those who wanted to finish their university training; freshmen from the services, with ordinary Class A releases, are just beginning to appear.

IN spite of a book shortage and congestion in the libraries, the undergraduates seem to be studying more than they used to. This is partly because the majority of them are more mature and partly because the veterans suffered from mental starvation while they were in the services. Not only are these students rusty but they set themselves a far higher standard than they did when they were younger. They are also old enough to sense that although the Ministry of Labour happens to be keeping them right now, it won't be long before they'll need every bit of learning they can get to keep themselves.

It used to be fashionable at Oxford to read history or English literature and the conversation was generally about art, but nowadays philosophy is the popular subject. Some say this is because the war has again raised the ancient question of what it's all about, but probably the real explanation is that the older you are, the harder you find it to remember facts and the easier you find it to understand and be interested in arguments. The popular brand of philosophy at present is logical positivism, a term used to describe a hard-boiled empiricism whose principles are fairly easy to grasp and, once grasped, make it relatively easy to shout "Nonsense!" at people you don't agree with. (To logical positivists, all views they don't approve of are "metaphysical.") That this simple, dogmatic pastime affords so much pleasure to so many may be a sign of how weary the young people are of what they regard as the claptrap put out by both sides during the war and by the subsequent vituperative diplomatic gatherings in Paris, New York, and elsewhere. There are still, however, plenty of defenders of the old order around Oxford —people who can never mention the positivists without calling them "naughty philosophers."

One might infer from all this that the mood of Oxford is cynical, and therefore frivolous, and that life in the university is gay. That may have been the condition after 1918, but Oxford is not like that now. There is a soberness, a caution in the atmosphere that is undeniably middle-aged. Perhaps this is because there is such a shortage of the things that make a lively social life possible. There is no food to spare and meals are far from interesting, drink is hard to come by, and the restaurants are overcrowded. Almost everybody is equally badly off; one doesn't get very far along the primrose path on either government grants or wartime savings, or on allowances from parents who never expected to have to go on supporting their children for so long. No matter how much money one had, it would hardly be feasible to lead the extravagant life portrayed so invitingly in the novels about Oxford during the nineteen-twenties. Indeed, things have reached such a state that the Christ Church Beagles have had to forgo their Hunt Ball, for fear of antagonizing Lord Nuffield's automobile workers in the nearby town of Cowley. Oxford City and even the university are becoming more and more aware of the hordes who work in Lord Nuffield's plant and who, having no real shopping center of their own, patronize Oxford's shops and cinemas. It may be wholly without significance that vans from the factory now bear the letter "N," very much like *le chiffre de Napoléon.*

THERE is plenty of musical and theatrical entertainment in Oxford. Good concerts are given with fair regularity. One of the two theatres offers productions from London, such as "Antony and Cleopatra," with the audacious Edith Evans as Cleopatra; Dryden's "Marriage-à-la-Mode," with the alluring Kay Hammond; and the Ballets des Champs-Elysées. The other theatre houses a very sound repertory company, which now draws its support as much from the town as from the university. There is also a back-street cinema that serves up things like "Citizen Kane" and "Quai des Brumes." And then there has been a reasonable amount of pageantry. Shortly after the war, it was the conferring of honorary degrees on Eisenhower, Winant, Montgomery, and Tedder; after that, it was a Royal Visit, during which His Majesty opened the extension to the Bodleian Library, a ceremony which was enlivened when the silver key broke in the lock and the door finally had to be opened from the inside. (The incident was noted with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pleasure by the thousands of would-be library patrons who suffer from the complexities of the Bodleian's organization.) The visit ended at Christ Church, where the King and Queen attended Founder's Prayers in the Cathedral (it was the quadricentennial of the refounding by Henry VIII of the college first founded by Wolsey), dined in Hall, and took port in the Senior Common Room. They were accompanied by the Chancellor of the University, wearing robes of unbelievable splendor—a figure so remote from university life as to be almost mythical but who turned out to be Lord Halifax. A week or so later, "Henry VIII" was put on to commemorate the quadricentennial. The production was excitingly luxurious and was adorned by an undergraduate Wolsey of real distinction. A few days later, the roof of the university church burned out after the weekly Lutheran service. Rome and Moscow were both suspected. Since then, there have been no special attractions.

POLITICAL life in the university remains intense enough for those who like it. The Union Debating Society has heard this winter, among others, Anthony Eden, and on that occasion passed a motion to the effect that the Conservative Party was not entirely useless. Now that Labour is in power, the Conservative Club has the largest membership of all the undergraduate political organizations. Before the war it was the other way around. Dozens of organizations, such as the English Club and the Ballet Club, continue to lure speakers down from London, and a few of the smaller and cagier political and artistic clubs manage to meet as before, which means drinking mulled claret while they listen to the words of distinguished strangers. The out-and-out drinking and dining clubs have pretty much all closed down. The Bullingdon, a Christ Church timocracy, for membership in which £1,500 a year and noble birth are reputed to have been the qualifications, seems unlikely to be revived.

The Oxford poets, of whom Logan Pearsall Smith spoke so poignantly in the same breath that he mentioned the snows of yesteryear, still produce anthologies of their own work. Undergraduate journalism is represented by the *Isis*, the weekly magazine that tells all in a manner apparently designed to please the rank-and-file undergraduate (although there are those who feel that surely no undergraduate could be quite so dull), and the *Cherwell*, the

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weekly that tells whatever happens to amuse its editors at the moment of going to press. Their last issue was as gay as ever, without, for once, being unintelligible—probably, as one of their caustic friends put it, because it was the end of term and their liquor had run out.

A great many students, as always, have been spending their time on the river, ignoring the fact that the only answer to the Oxford winter is hibernation. During the past few months, right-minded people have been delighted to see the goal posts of the playing fields standing deep in snow or in three or four feet of water. All the same, the Rugby XV, whose members are mostly very big and very old and come from the outposts of the empire, has been able to count Cambridge among its victims of the season.

THE current academic year finds everyone a good deal happier than last year, when the joints of the university were creaking audibly and it had only just awakened to the realization that it was still alive but was not quite sure just how much alive. Everyone knows by now what is possible and is settling down to make the most of a not too bad job. The old gulf between undergraduates from public schools and those from grammar schools is becoming increasingly noticeable as a larger number of grammar-school students are admitted, and the result is that the colleges are not the homogeneous societies they are said once to have been. Dons, it seems, have become more absorbed in what they are teaching and less interested in undergraduates as people. The young dons are mostly married and so are obliged to live out of college, usually in discomfort and relative poverty. They are therefore less able to entertain than dons used to be.

As a matter of fact, here and there one hears the complaint that Oxford is ceasing to be a place of general education and is evolving into an establishment for technical training. For the academic-minded, the greater complexity of all subjects and the increased emphasis on scholarship are no doubt a source of joy, and the degree hunters are as happy as they ever were, but for the undecided, who include practically all the people one is likely to meet socially and who are, it goes without saying, the salt of the earth, the outlook is less pleasing. Philosophy, history, languages—all have been invaded by the scientific spirit, and their old charm has faded accordingly.

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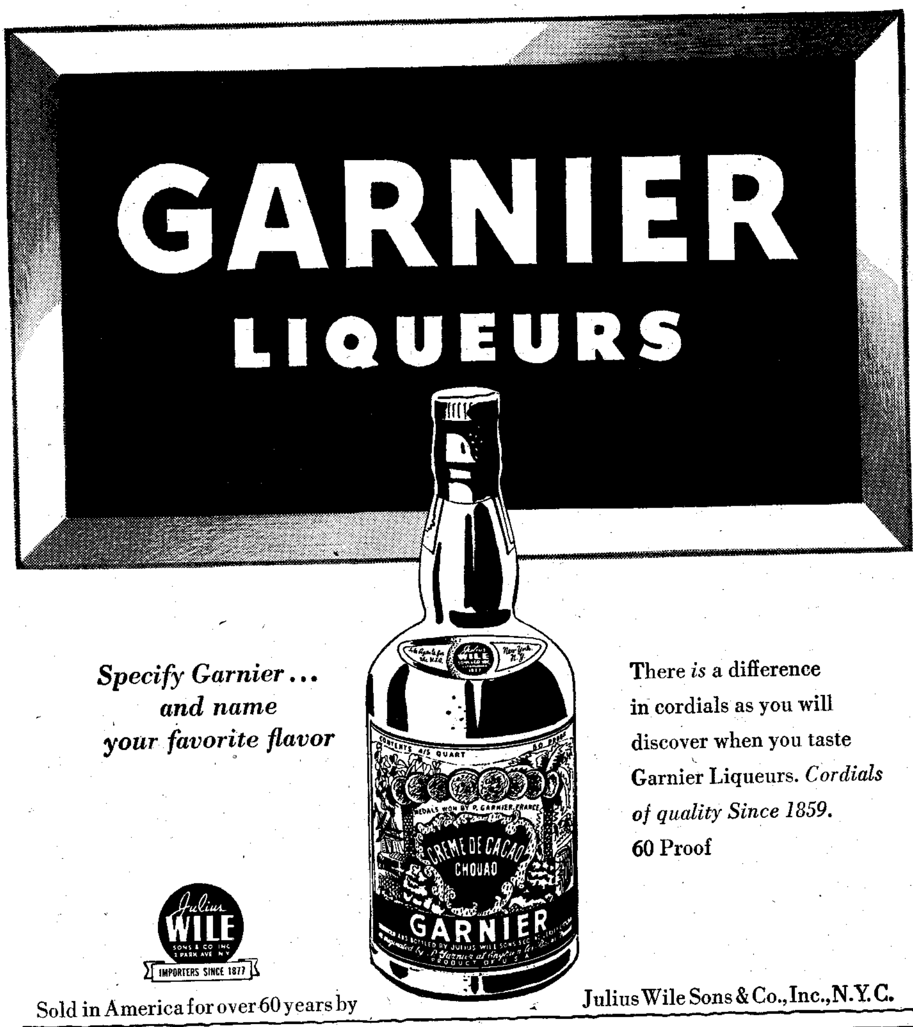

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mood of the average undergraduate at the moment. That the war is over he regards as very pleasant, but it makes him wistful to hear people talk of the life led by young men, and even by young women, when Edward VII and George V were on the throne. The average undergraduate may not be frivolous, but neither is he charged with the sense of responsibility and impending millennium that a Labourite Ministry of Education would presumably like him to have. Charles Morgan pointed out, during the war, the contrast between the naïve enthusiasm, followed by bitter disillusion, that characterized those who participated in the war that began in 1914 and the soberer acceptance of hardship and death, more or less in the spirit of Greek tragedy, that was apparent in most of those who took part in the war that began in 1939. In Oxford, this resigned attitude toward conditions that are cordially and very properly detested has lasted on into the peace. Nobody seems content with the state of the world, but at the same time hardly anybody seems to want to revolt against it. To revolt is to volunteer for something, and the services effectively taught most young men that it is seldom worth while to volunteer for anything. The careful searcher at Oxford is still rewarded by the discovery of an occasional aesthete left over from the nineteen-twenties, and the other day a voice with the authentic near-Cockney whine of the nineteen-thirties was heard to declare that there was something striving for expression in the masses and that we all ought to go down and look for it. But both these types are collectors' pieces in these times.

In Cambridge, we understand, the situation is much the same as at Oxford, except that the wind is sharper and the wits are duller.

—WENTWORTH ANDREWES

•

The story of Adam and Eve and the apple is too well known to need repetition. For the more abstruse and esoteric interpretations of this legend, please apply to the manager.—*Catalogue of wares displayed in Steuben Glass showroom.*

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[*From the East Orange Record*]

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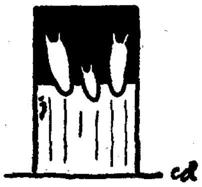
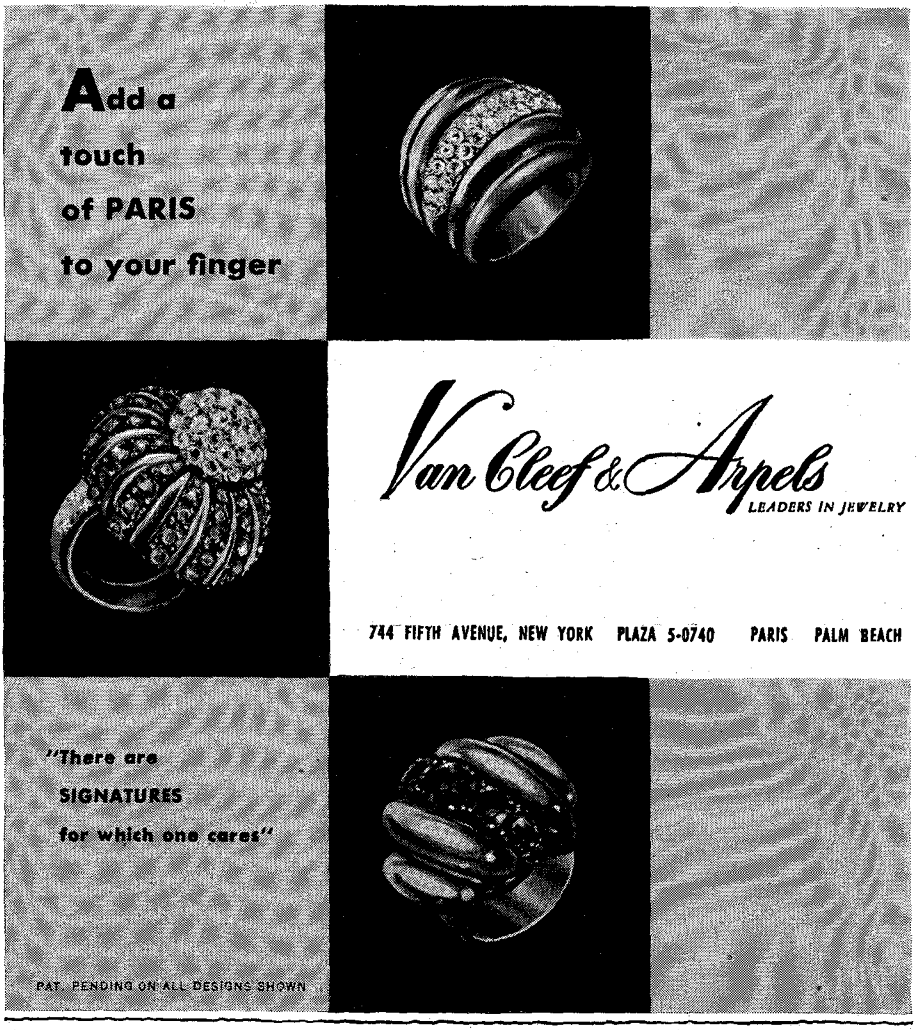


WHEN Jamaica opens for the races on Saturday, it won't look much different from the way it did when it closed last November. The only innovation I can report is that if you motor to the track, it will cost you a quarter for a spot in the parking lot on the grounds.

AS usual at this time of year, this impressionable department is having trouble picking horses. Most of the animals are so sleek and high-mettled, and their trainers so full of optimism and tips, that I'm just a whirligig of irresolution when it comes to making up my mind about them. Nevertheless, I've tried to put together a list of the dozen I think are most likely to do well this year. The older ones are Assault, Stymie, Armed, Rico Monte, Gallorette, and Polynesian. The three-year-olds are First Flight, Phalanx, Faultless, Grand Admiral, Cosmic Bomb, and—well, something I shall pick after the second Experimental Free Handicap at Jamaica, on April 12th.

I admit that I'm not taking much risk on Assault, Stymie, and Armed. Travellers returning from the South say that Assault has grown into quite a handsome fellow; he wasn't much to look at last year, you may remember. I can report personally on Stymie, whom I saw at Jamaica the other morning. He's as fit as he was last season, and maybe fitter. As for Armed, the cut he received on his leg in the Gulfstream Handicap wasn't serious, from all accounts, so he'll be all right for the Dixie Handicap, at Pimlico, next month. Rico Monte gets on my list because I want a horse for the long races; besides, I think he's the best runner from the Argentine we've seen. Gallorette should take care of the events for mares, even those Miss Grillo runs in. Polynesian is my fast horse for the shorter races. (In the Paumonok, he's carrying top weight of a hundred and thirty pounds.) He is not the sprinter that Apache, Devil Diver, or Eight Thirty was, but he'll do until something better comes along—maybe Lucky Draw.

First Flight, this department's darling, won't make her entrance until late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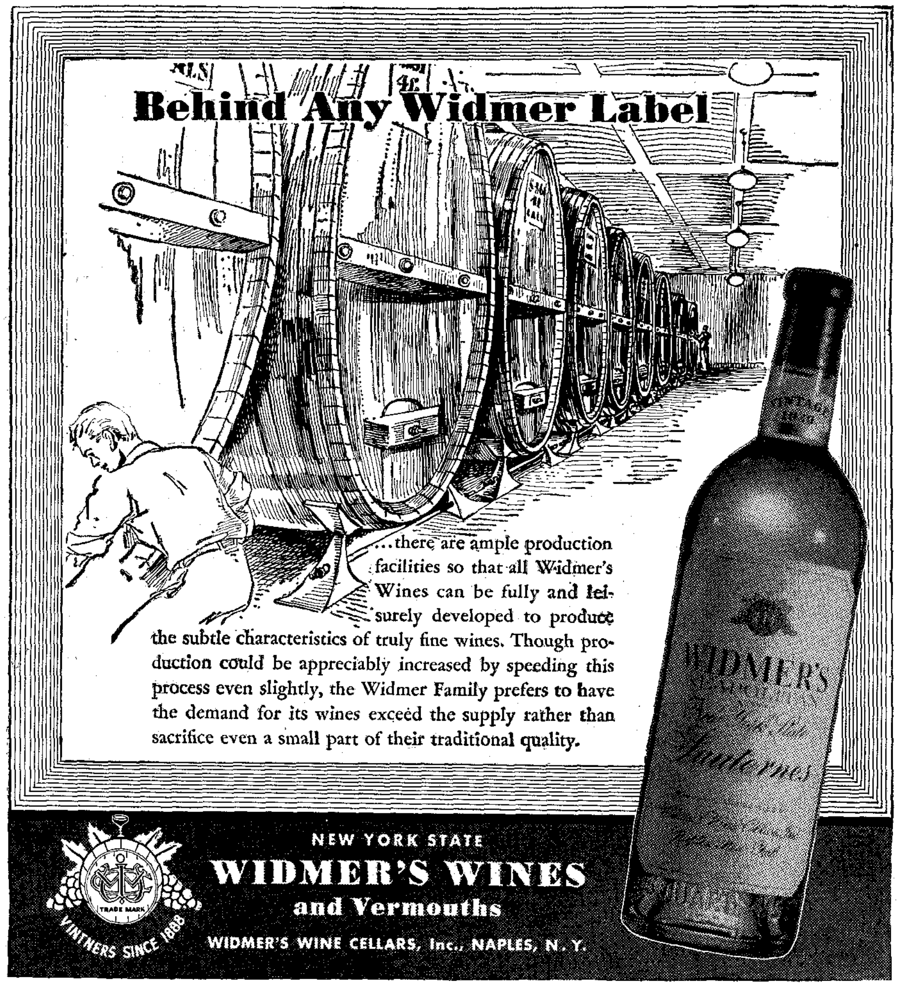
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in the Belmont meeting, but Phalanx, her stablemate, will go after the spring classics, and if he doesn't win at least one, I'll be surprised. When Calumet Farm's Fervent and Faultless began their training in January, it was, I believe, no secret that the stable preferred the former to the latter; Fervent, however, subsequently developed a leg ailment, and Faultless was the best of his age in Florida—if that means anything. I can think of two things that Grand Admiral has in his favor: he won the Saratoga Special, which is invariably won by a good colt, and there have been encouraging reports of his progress at Aiken. Cosmic Bomb impressed me last summer as a colt of big possibilities; what's more, the official handicapper thought well enough of him to give him one of the highest weights in the Experimental, and the bookmakers have made him the 5–1 favorite in the future betting on the Kentucky Derby. You may notice that I've left out Blue Border. If you want a reason, I didn't like the way he swerved under pressure in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Hopeful, though he won both.

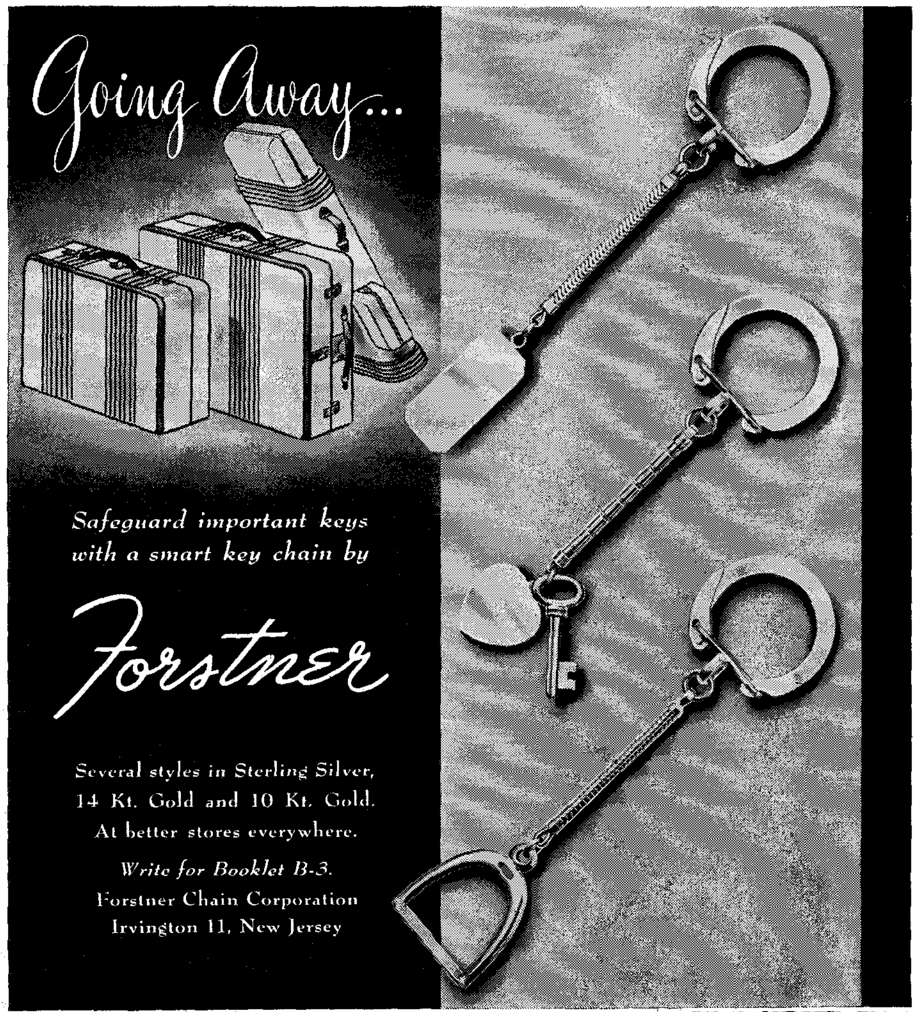
AN interesting point about the Grand National Steeplechase last week was that it had fifty-seven starters. The chances are there won't be many more horses than that out for all the jumping races combined at Belmont next month. The Grand National must have been a good show. Despite appalling conditions (the B.B.C. kept referring to the deep mud, rain, and fog), twenty-two horses finished the most difficult course in the world behind a 100–1 chance named Caughoo. That's nice going. One year when I saw it, only the winner stayed on his feet all the way around.

AS every horseplayer knows, thoroughbreds are graded into Classes A, B, C, and D (sometimes I think there should be an X and Y, too) to facilitate making up races. Keeping in step with the times (and for purposes of indicating terms of office), the Jockey Club now has Class A, B, C, and D stewards. —AUDAX MINOR.

•

Dr. C. Guy Suits, assistant to the director of the General Electric Company research laboratory, has again been named one of the United States.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

Another star for the field of blue!



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ROBES ET MODES

PERHAPS five or six times in the course of a winter, Mr. and Mrs. Gregg meet in a hotel lobby at five-thirty in the afternoon, have a couple of cocktails, dine at their favorite French restaurant, and go to the theatre. For Mr. Gregg, such a program means pleasant relaxation after his work at the office, but for Mrs. Gregg it is merely a continuation of a long and stimulating day that generally begins around nine o'clock in the morning. The Greggs live in New Jersey, and on these special occasions Mrs. Gregg likes to ride in to New York with Mr. Gregg on his commuters' train, in order to accomplish as much as possible before keeping the rendezvous with her husband.

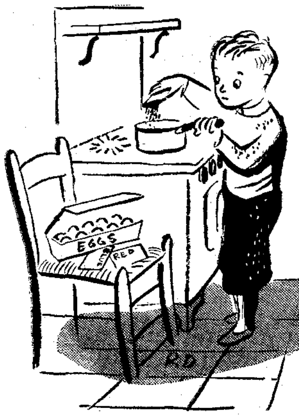
One evening recently, the Greggs met at the Barclay. They had "written in" to the Imperial Theatre many weeks before, and were looking forward to seeing Ethel Merman. Even as Mr. Gregg rose to greet Mrs. Gregg, he said, "I've had a terrible day! Let's find a table and order something to drink." Clutching his hat and topcoat, he started for the terrace, as a deer to a forest stream.

"No, wait." Mrs. Gregg touched him with a restraining hand. "You can wait ten minutes for your cocktail, can't you?"

He looked at her with astonishment. "I suppose so, but why should I?" he said.

"The shop is just around the corner. Honestly, it won't take more than ten minutes. They're still open, and there's something I want you to help me decide."

Mr. Gregg asked her to be a trifle clearer. What shop was just around the corner? He added that if it was something important and Mrs. Gregg really needed his help, he wouldn't mind postponing his cocktail for just a few minutes. Mrs. Gregg said that he was sweet and that anyway they had oceans of time.



"No," Mr. Gregg said with a frown. "Not 'oceans.' We ought to allow ourselves at least twenty minutes for the crosstown bus. Starting by ten after eight, at the latest. And we don't want to have to hurry through dinner."

MRS. GREGG led her husband toward Madison Avenue, explaining gently that by "around the corner" she had meant two or three blocks, but that the errand would be finished before he knew it. "It's a place Millie Vogler told me about," she continued. "I had so many things on my list today that I wasn't able to get there before it was time for us to meet. Millie says they have lots of really *good* flannel skirts, in all sizes, at twelve dollars. Light and dark grays, with and without pin stripes. If I get a gray flannel skirt to wear with my old green Abercrombie jacket and a pretty blouse, the result will be quite a sporty spring outfit. For everyday, I mean. Shopping and the Altar Guild and Civic Forum."

Mr. Gregg was uneasy. He asked whether she had any idea of going on to a second shop, or even a third, if the first one proved unsatisfactory. She hastened to reassure him. Just the one shop, she said. Millie had declared that the skirts were beauties and the assortment of colors and sizes excellent. According to Millie, the shop was a definite find. The woman who ran it had been a buyer for Bergdorf Goodman and, because of former contacts, had access to all kinds of exclusive sources. "She left Bergdorf's to get married, then she got divorced, and then she set up a shop of her own," said Mrs. Gregg. "That would explain why her skirts are something special."

"O.K." Mr. Gregg sighed. "I hate this sort of thing, but if it will make you any happier . . ."

Mrs. Gregg gave his arm an affectionate squeeze. "You'll feel better as soon as you've had your cocktail," she said, and he reflected that this was unquestionably true.

THE shop proved to be small but determinedly elegant. Its plate-glass window bore a facsimile signature, "Linda Vermeulen," in gold leaf. Under this was the legend "Robes et Modes," in Gothic capitals. Inside the shop, the walls, woodwork, and carpeting all were of field-mouse gray, and the only ornaments were crystal vases that held sprays of rhododendron leaves. A stylishly dressed woman in her forties came toward the Greggs, purring with cordiality. "May I show you something?" she said.

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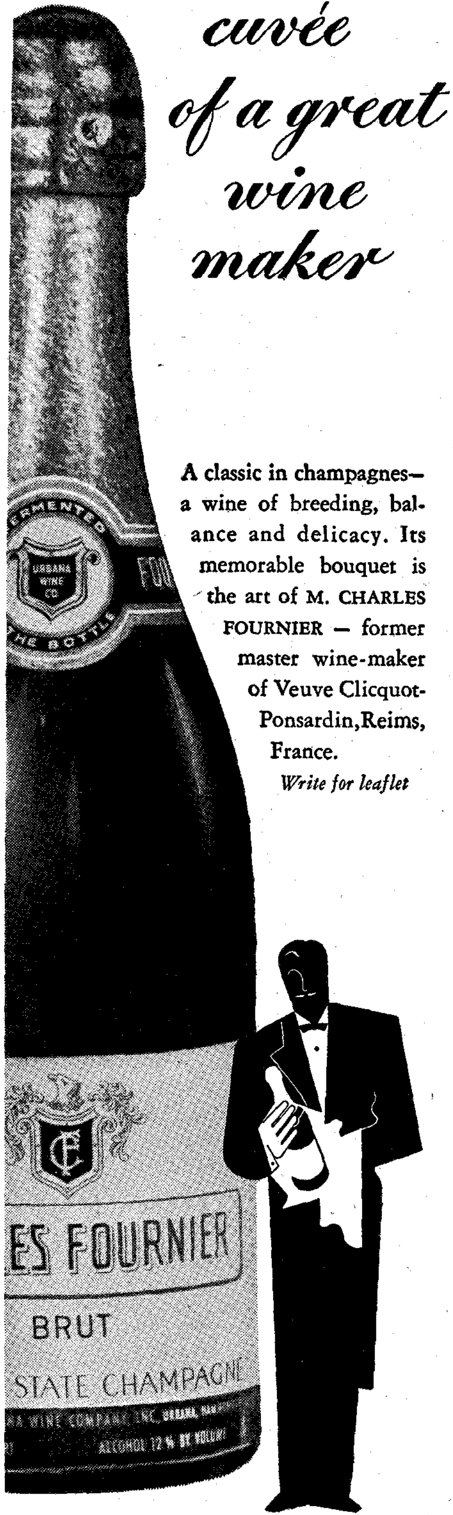

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gler," Mrs. Gregg said in her most social manner. "Is this Mrs. Vermeulen?"

"Yes, indeed!" the lady said. "So you know Mrs. Vogler!"

Mrs. Gregg introduced herself and Mr. Gregg, and Mrs. Vermeulen said, "How nice of you both to drop in!" Something in her tone made Mr. Gregg feel as if he had just arrived at a garden party—a form of entertainment he particularly loathed. "And how nice of Mrs. Vogler to *tell* you about us."

"She says you absolutely saved her life," Mrs. Gregg said. Her heightened gaiety puzzled Mr. Gregg, who failed to see what had prompted it. "With an off-white sweater, I think she said."

Mrs. Vermeulen became earnest. "Ordinarily, I don't discuss one client with another client, but I feel that Mrs. Vogler is a real person. A very real *person*." Having dispelled any possible fears that Mrs. Vogler might be the robot-like creation of a whimsical engineer, Mrs. Vermeulen turned to Mr. Gregg and said merrily, "I'm sorry I haven't a horde of ravishing models to parade up and down for you, but as you can see, the shop simply isn't big enough."

"I love it," said Mrs. Gregg, her vivacity still gaining momentum. "It's so *right!*"

As a rule, Mrs. Gregg spoke in a pleasantly natural voice, but now her intonation matched Mrs. Vermeulen's exactly. Both were fashionably shrill. It occurred to Mr. Gregg that he sometimes got the same effect when he turned the tone control of his radio from bass to treble. He cleared his throat lingeringly, hoping thus to recall Mrs. Gregg to the business at hand.

"We just happened to be walking by and saw that we were passing your shop," Mrs. Gregg said. "So of course we *had* to come in."

This seemed to Mr. Gregg an unnecessarily devious way of beginning the purchase of a skirt. He cleared his throat again.

"I'm so glad you did," Mrs. Vermeulen said. "I've spent practically the entire afternoon unpacking the most *exquisite* cardigans and pullovers. Right off the Elizabeth. And do you know what will happen to them? They'll vanish in the next twenty-four hours!"

As she swept the air with an expressive gesture, Mr. Gregg could see them vanishing, like a magician's rabbits.

"Sweaters," Mrs. Gregg said thoughtfully. "Let me see. *Sweaters.* No, I don't think so." Her glance wandered around the shop. It scarcely seemed a place of commerce at all, since very little of Mrs. Vermeulen's mer-

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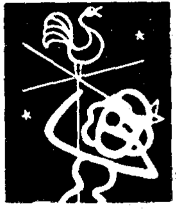

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chandise was on display. Only a few scarves and handbags. "I don't think I really need another sweater. Would you say so, Arthur?"

Unprepared for this, Mr. Gregg said defensively, "*I* haven't any idea what you need. I thought—that is, you said you were planning—"

"Perhaps I'd better just look around," Mrs. Gregg said quickly. "May I?"

"Of course you may," Mrs. Vermeulen said indulgently, and drew back a sliding panel. "Remember what Paris is forever saying: 'When in doubt, choose black.' I'm going to show you a special pet of mine, a black taffeta cocktail dress studded with gold nailheads, even if it breaks my heart to do it. When this heavenly thing came in, I wanted it for myself, but it's a fourteen and—tragedy of tragedies—I'm a *sixteen*. The minute I saw you, I said to myself, 'I have a deep and dark suspicion that she's a fourteen.' *Are* you?"

Mrs. Gregg admitted that she was and said the dress looked very promising.

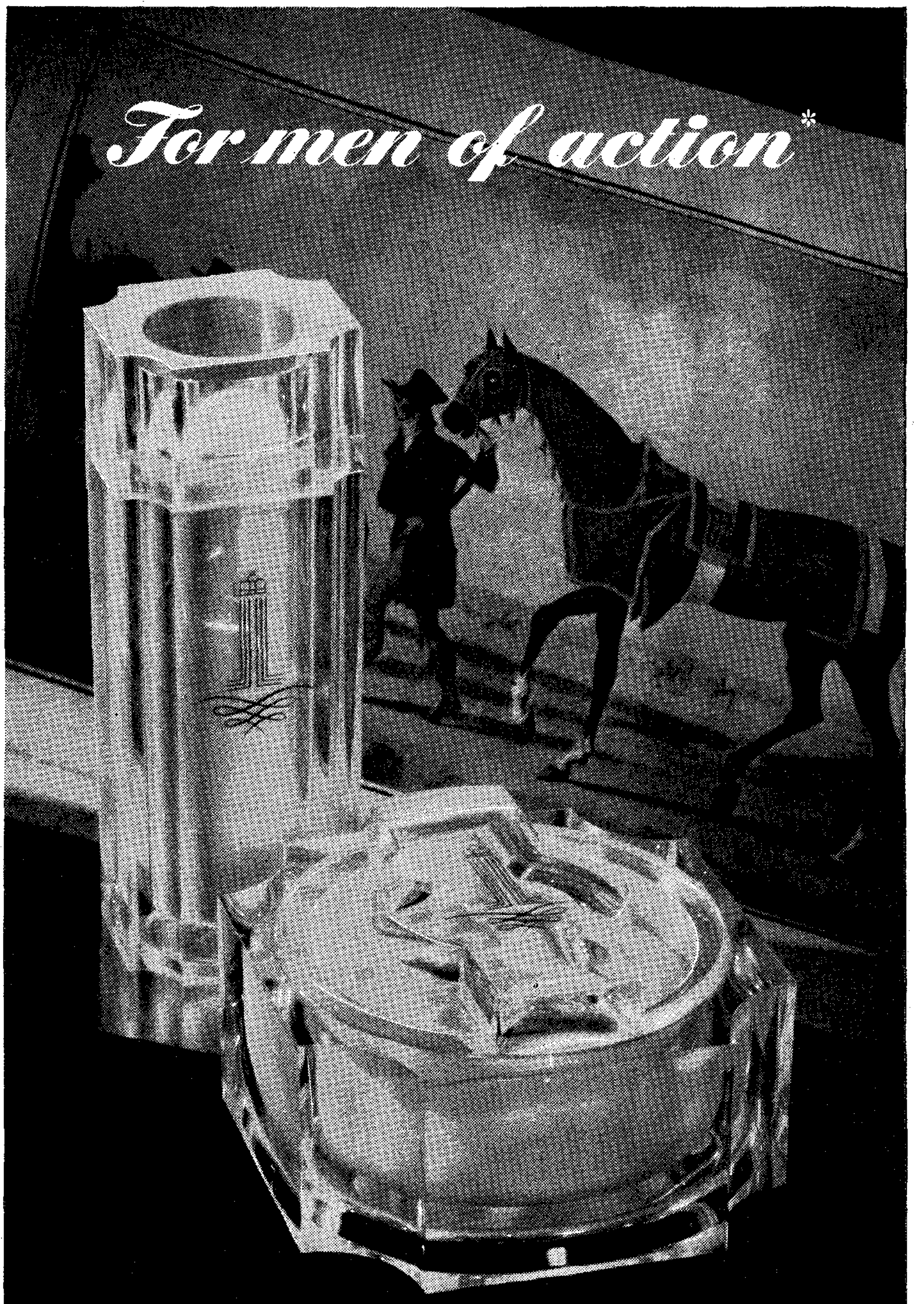
"It's fate!" Mrs. Vermeulen declared with awe. "It's fate, pure and simple. You'll probably jump right into it without any alterations whatever and run madly to the Barberry Room!"

"I'd love to try it on," Mrs. Gregg said.

Mr. Gregg was dazed. Why had Mrs. Gregg told him all that rigmarole about a gray flannel skirt to go with an old green jacket? He decided that it must have been a pretext and looked at her mournfully. He hated evasiveness. If she had wanted a cocktail dress, she should have told him about it and he would have done his best to be sympathetic and understanding.

"Am I dreaming, or am I finally going to see it on somebody who will really know how to *wear* it?" Mrs. Vermeulen said with rapture.

As Mrs. Gregg started toward a dressing room in the rear of the shop, she gaily urged Mr. Gregg not to look so depressed, and Mrs. Vermeulen sug-



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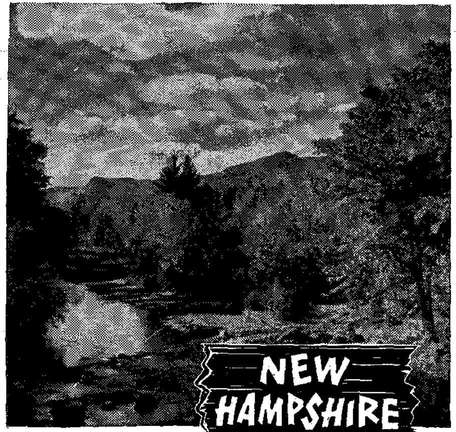

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gested that he sit down and make himself at home. His response was a frown and a curt nod. Let Mrs. Gregg behave selfishly and foolishly if she chose to; he himself would remain silent and aloof from the whole thing. He disliked what he had seen of the dress and wanted to get back to the Barclay. Even more, he wanted Mrs. Gregg to deal openly with him and say frankly that she had come to Mrs. Vermeulen's to buy a frock of some kind, not a flannel skirt. Tired and resentful, he sat down on a hassock—there were no chairs—and studied the gray walls.

PRESENTLY the ladies returned. Just as Mr. Gregg had feared, the dress was the kind he called "circusy" and was not Mrs. Gregg's style at all.

Mrs. Gregg studied herself in a three-way mirror and remarked that she always had liked black.

"It's the answer to *everything!*" cried Mrs. Vermeulen. "I always say that when, as, and if I go to Heaven, I hope I'll be allowed to wear black. And, of course, gold nailheads are my most favorite things in all the world!"

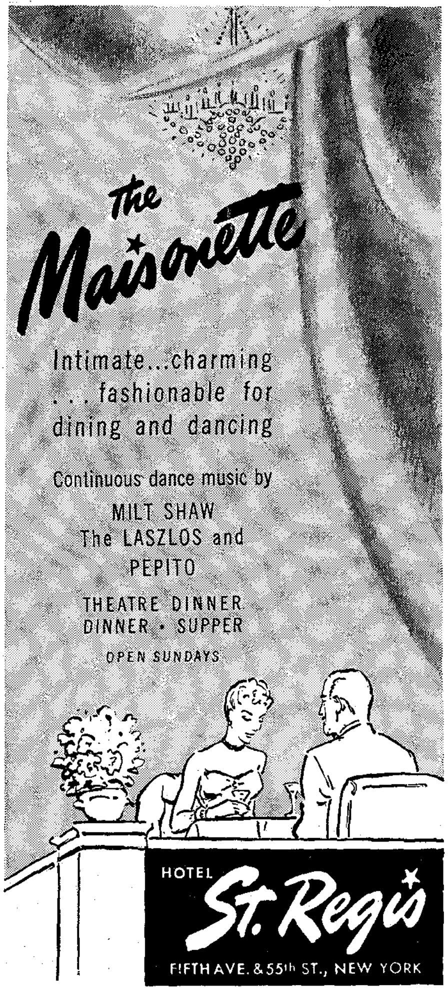
Mr. Gregg sighed. His sigh was rich with meaning, but Mrs. Gregg ignored it. She observed that although she liked black dresses, she really liked black suits even better.

Mrs. Vermeulen gave a slight scream. "Do you honestly mean that?" she said. "Because if you do, I've got a black faille cocktail suit with a silver blouse that I've been hoarding—but *hoarding*—in the hope that just the right person would come along."

Half an hour earlier, Mr. Gregg would have refused to believe that there could be such a thing as a "cocktail suit," but now he was seeing one with his own eyes. He liked this second exhibit even less than he had liked the first. As if to astonish him still further, Mrs. Gregg murmured that it was adorable.

The two ladies went back to the dressing room again, Mrs. Gregg complimenting Mrs. Vermeulen on her fascinating shop and Mrs. Vermeulen saying that it was people like Mrs. Gregg who made business such fun. This time, when they returned, Mrs. Vermeulen asked Mr. Gregg whether he had ever seen anything so beautiful in his whole life and whether he didn't think the cocktail suit had "Paris" written all over it. "You wouldn't dream, would you, that anything so sort of devil-may-care could have been made in America?" she asked.

Mr. Gregg wondered why the expression "so sort of" was annoying him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today, when it had never annoyed him before. Or was this the first time he had heard it?

"I love black faille," Mrs. Gregg said animatedly. "It's so dressy!"

"And I'll tell you why you, and you alone, ought to wear this suit," said Mrs. Vermeulen, with a cozy intimacy that her great friendship with Mrs. Gregg now permitted. "You ought to wear it because it does so many little things *for* you. Subtly." She turned to Mr. Gregg and smiled encouragingly, like a procuress.

Mrs. Gregg was fingering a salmon-pink dinner dress. "Like it?" Mrs. Vermeulen asked as she lifted it from the rack. "I should think you'd be as one demented every time you see salmon pink, because it's obviously one of *your* colors!"

Mrs. Vermeulen and Mrs. Gregg made a third trip to the dressing room. They made two more trips after that. It would be hard to say how many times Mr. Gregg got up from the hassock and then sat down on it again, despairing. The only thing that gave him any cheer at all was to look at his watch occasionally and find that surprisingly little time had elapsed since they had come into the shop.

IT was only two minutes after six, in fact, when Mrs. Gregg asked in a perfectly casual tone whether Mrs. Vermeulen had any gray flannel skirts.

"Oodles," Mrs. Vermeulen said lightly. Mrs. Gregg was now attired in a scarlet evening dress, and Mrs. Vermeulen was gliding around her, admiring it from all sides. "If you ask me what I think, I think they must have invented the sheath for your sole and exclusive benefit!"

"I'd love to see an unpleated light gray without a stripe, if by some wonderfully happy chance you happen to have one in my size," Mrs. Gregg said.

"Flannel skirts, you mean?" Mrs. Vermeulen sounded uneasy. "*They* won't give us any trouble. We'll find you a lovely one before you go." Then, with a return of all her former sprightliness, she said, "About these bewitching things—perhaps we ought to narrow our choice down to the two blacks after all."

"I believe I could *use* a gray flannel skirt," Mrs. Gregg said softly, but with a certain firmness. "I honestly believe I could."

Mr. Gregg had to admit to himself that Mrs. Vermeulen rallied gamely once she saw how it all was going to end. She even succeeded in being faintly

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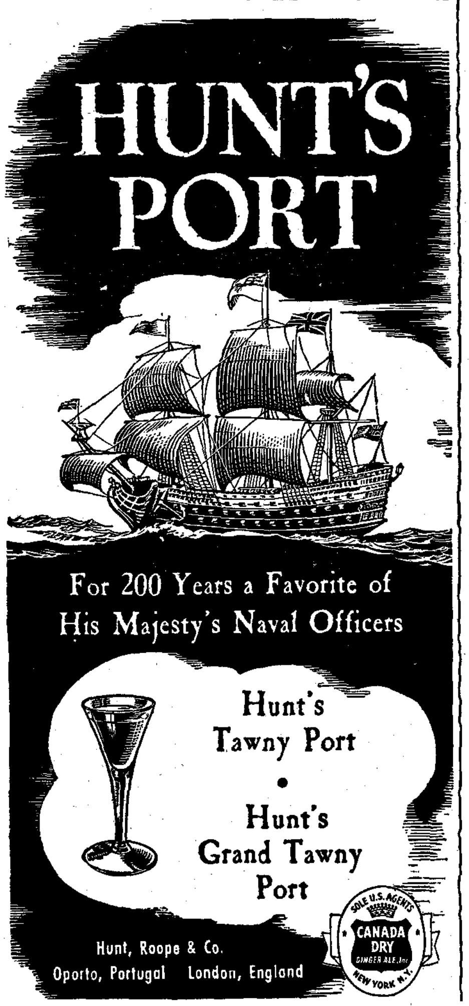

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vivacious about the skirts. In no time at all, Mrs. Gregg had found one she liked and had arranged for certain alterations to be made.

The next thing Mr. Gregg knew, he was walking along Madison Avenue with Mrs. Gregg and she was saying, "Did you ever see such extreme clothes in all your life?"

"No," he said feebly. "I never did. Alice, what made you say so many nonsensical things to that woman? Jabber, jabber, jabber. And she jabbered right back at you."

"Oh, it's that kind of a place," Mrs. Gregg said with a vague wave of her hand. "They expect it. But, Arthur, seriously, did you notice what appalling taste she has? In the case of every single thing, either the cut was extreme or the color was flashy or something else was wrong. Millie had the place down to a T. She said, 'The skirts are twelve dollars and worth every penny of it, but most of the other things are what Arthur calls "circusy." ' "

Mr. Gregg was immensely pleased. Only one thing still puzzled him. "If they were so circusy, why the hell did you keep trying them on?" he asked.

"Because I had the perfect alibi," she said. "Don't you see? I knew all along I was going to buy something."

Mr. Gregg didn't see, but he refrained from saying so.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPT.

THUS WE REMEMBER

My dear, when this which we call love lies dead,
As in a box on which we've closed the lid,
I may recall a hundred things you said,
And countless gay and trivial things we did. . . .
But there will come a day when I shall meet
Some woman vaguely like the you I've known,
And wonder . . . did your mouth curve thus and so?
And were your eyes a deep or lighter brown?
And half-ashamed confess I do not know.

—*George Carroll in the Pittsburgh Post, September, 1925.*

THE TIME WILL COME

The time will come when this, our love, lies dead.
A blank and final door will shut it out.
I may recall a dozen things you said,
Some gay and careless things we did, no doubt.
But should I meet a man reminding me
Of you, I couldn't really guarantee
Your eyes were blue, your mouth curved such and so,
Half-shamed, I would confess I did not know.

—*Maribel Coleman Haskin in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, February 19, 1947.*

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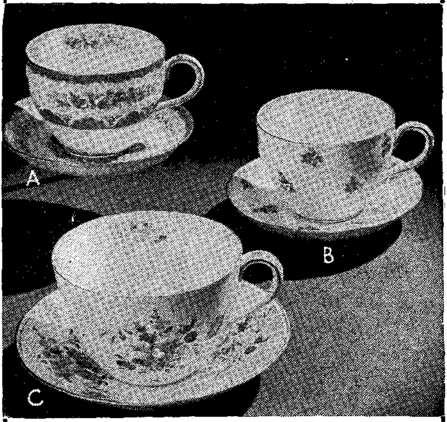

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B. Jumbo Cup and Saucer in English Bone China by Crown Staffordshire. Daintily sprigged with roses, pansies and forget-me-nots in natural colors. Gold edged and gold line on handle and base. Holds 18 ozs. $7.50

C. Magnum Cup and Saucer in Crown Derby English Bone China. Posy design, with all the charm and color of a country garden. Gold edged. Holds 36 ozs. $10.00

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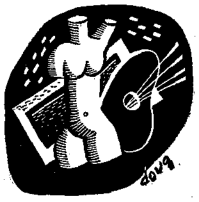
THE ART GALLERIES

A Matter of Taste

PAUL CÉZANNE, the small-town banker's son who spent most of his sixty-seven years trying to teach himself to be a really good painter (and who is now the subject of a huge loan exhibition at the Wildenstein Gallery), died in 1906, not entirely convinced that he had succeeded in his objective. He had shown with the then despised Impressionists a few times—once, indeed, at the now famous Salon des Refusés, in 1863, and again at a couple of their later group exhibitions. Toward the end of his career, a small band of admirers had gathered in support of his work. But in contrast to these minute successes, there had been a great many discouragements. His association with the Impressionists had been as uneasy for him as it had been for them, since, except for Pissarro and possibly Monet, he had little fondness either for them or for their doctrines. A classicist by nature, with a deep respect for orderliness and tradition, he had been spurned by the organizations that represented these attributes in his contemporary society. He had failed at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, he had been consistently rejected by the Salon, and—perhaps the crowning humiliation—when the Luxembourg Museum, in 1894, was offered some canvases of his as a part of the Caillebotte collection, the Museum refused them. His first one-man exhibition, when he was fifty-six, was met mostly with silence, and it was not until his retrospective show, held in Paris just two years before his death, that the general public, or even that section of it interested in the arts, heard anything about him.



In view of all this, his jump from what was, in a way, a standing start to the almost Old Masterlike ranking he now has is amazing. There is no one of his contemporaries who holds anywhere near the same position. Manet is respected, Degas is admired, Renoir is loved, but Cézanne is truly venerated. He stands above all the others both in the strength of his accomplishment and in the breadth of his influence, and although it may seem paradoxical, because of the failures I have just mentioned, I have a feeling that Cézanne would not be greatly surprised if he were to hear the news.

For it was the end he had been working toward. Throughout his life, he was the victim of what might be called an overweening modesty. About the closest he ever came to boasting was when he wrote, late in life, to Ambroise Vollard, his friend and art dealer, "I have made some progress—but why so late, and so painfully?" Yet the very harshness of his self-judgment indicates the high standards that he had set for himself. Like Stendhal, whom in some ways he resembles and who deliberately devoted himself to the task of becoming "a great writer," Cézanne determined to be worthy not only of his own times but of the ages. Given his immense artistic equipment, and the stubbornness and patience with which he employed it, the fact that he succeeded is a triumph, perhaps, but it is certainly also a fulfillment.

The new show is a triumph, too, for its nearly ninety paintings and water colors (about a third of which have never been exhibited here before) give as full, well-rounded, and illuminating a survey of the man's career as could be asked for. The development of Cézanne's style was remarkably uncomplex. He had a try at the traditional styles in his twenties (see his dark, rather Venetian "Portrait de Valabrègue," among others) and a fling at Impressionism, which persisted a bit longer. This last is illustrated in the show by such pieces as the curiously Pointillist "Paysage" numbered 9 in the catalogue and the somewhat more angular "Quartier Four, à Auvers." But one period led to the other with hardly a break, and both contributed directly to the formation of that later, post-Impressionist style that represented his mature manner. Quite properly, the focus of the exhibition is on this period, and in this respect the richness of the collection is quite remarkable. It is a show you will certainly want to see, so I won't do too much listing here. I can't help, though, pointing out such pieces as "Le Viaduc à l'Estaque," "La Côte du Galet à Pontoise," "Les Grosses Pommes," and—among the latest pieces—"Rochers dans le Parc du Château Noir" and the "Portrait de Vallier," the last done the year of his death.

ONE of the important attributes of the painter—ranking behind emotional perceptiveness and a feeling for structure, let's say, but well ahead of the

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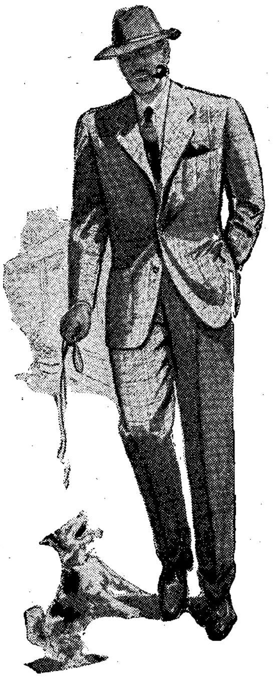

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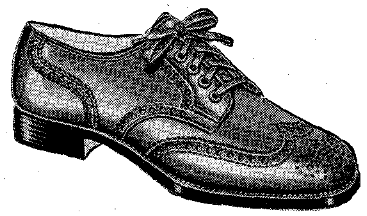

Wing Tip English Oxford $16.50
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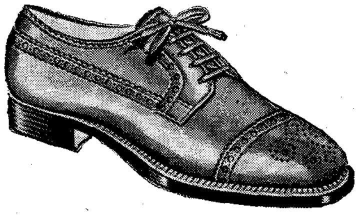

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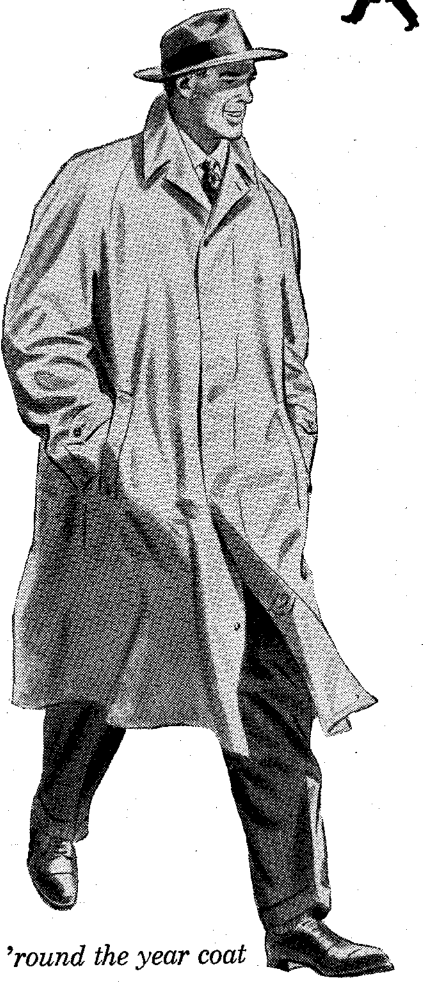

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gift of literal representation—is taste. It is a quality that is hard to define (Cézanne, incidentally, had it to the utmost degree), though you miss it when it is not there. But it implies, among other things, a capacity for self-criticism and an eye for refinement of detail, and its absence is especially noticeable in the paintings of John Steuart Curry, now on view in a memorial exhibition at the Associated American Artists. Curry, who died not many months ago, had an honest intention and a considerable amount of illustrative ability. He had good will and a sympathy for the life around him. Yet he did lack taste, and since his structural sense was weak as well, his paintings rarely came up to their author's intention; and the massiveness of their concept only emphasized the confused, cluttered, and strangely unfocussed form in which they emerged.

This is most evident in his larger efforts. (One has only to think what George Inness would have done with the same subjects to see how feeble such vast unreelings of fields, hills, and forests as Curry's "Wisconsin Landscape," "Morning," and so on actually are.) But it is evident to some extent in almost every canvas in which his compositional problems were of any magnitude, and in general it is only in his "lesser" pictures, such as "Circus Elephants," "Belgian Stallions," and the attractively done "Bachelor Buttons," that one feels one is really looking at a painting and not just a compilation of details.

TO continue this little dissertation on taste, David Hare, whose new sculptures are on view at Art of This Century, has it, and so has Ben-Zion, now showing paintings at the Bertha Schaefer. Both men have other and stronger virtues, of course. David Hare has what is developing into a unique concept of sculpture, in which fragments of Calder, Max Ernst, and

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Matta (Hare still has too painterish an approach to sculpture) are slowly blending into a distinctly personal style. It is, however, his taste that regulates these qualities and gives such pieces as "The Earth Wader," "Enter the King," "The Fisherman," and the more elaborately conceived "The Duel" their sharpness and point.

Ben-Zion's taste operates as an influence toward simplification and the elimination of unnecessary details. Though the canvases in his show are comparatively small, they have a massiveness that quite belies their size, while his simplifications are always done with a steady eye for the main purpose of the picture. I liked particularly his "In the Barn," "The Clown," "Little Orchard," and the extremely poetic "Nocturne I."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

LORD CORNWALLIS AND A CAROLINA SPRING

Cardinals were singing in this wood
(And Greene was clamoring for his blood)

As Lord Cornwallis rode through the spring.
Green was the shimmer of everything,

Of mimosa leaf, of loblolly pine,
The tangled growth of the muscadine,

Of great dark magnolias where he rode,
Caught in an American episode,

Posting through April, on the run—
Hoping to get to Wilmington—

Mocked by the enemy Greene, by fate.
With spring and his honor to contemplate,

Lord Cornwallis rode softly by,
Greene in his thought and green in his eye.

—HELEN BEVINGTON

•

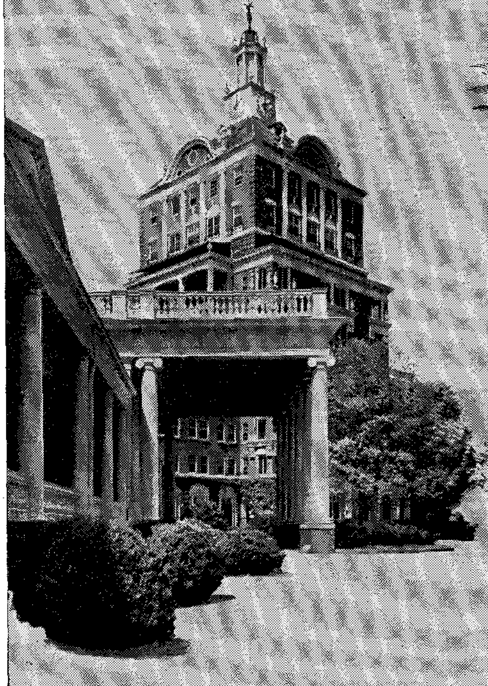
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from Hedda Hopper's column in the Detroit Free Press*]

Bob Hope told about an incident in Boston. When back there recently, he was asked to make a personal appearance at a night club that a pal was trying to put over.

Bob said, "Sure."

He got there in the middle of a dance act. Naturally, he was seated ringside. He thought he'd be the next on the program. But no.



IT'S *Springtime* AT THE HOMESTEAD

The horses are ready, the golf greens are as satin, and the April air is fragrant. The Judas-tree blooms pink upon the Alleghanies. Groups gather in the Great Hall, renewing old friendships and planning tomorrow's adventures, while in the dining room, smiling waiters once more welcome guests and music fills the air.

It's an enchanted season. Who could ever forget Springtime at The Homestead?

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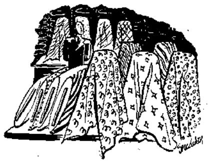
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

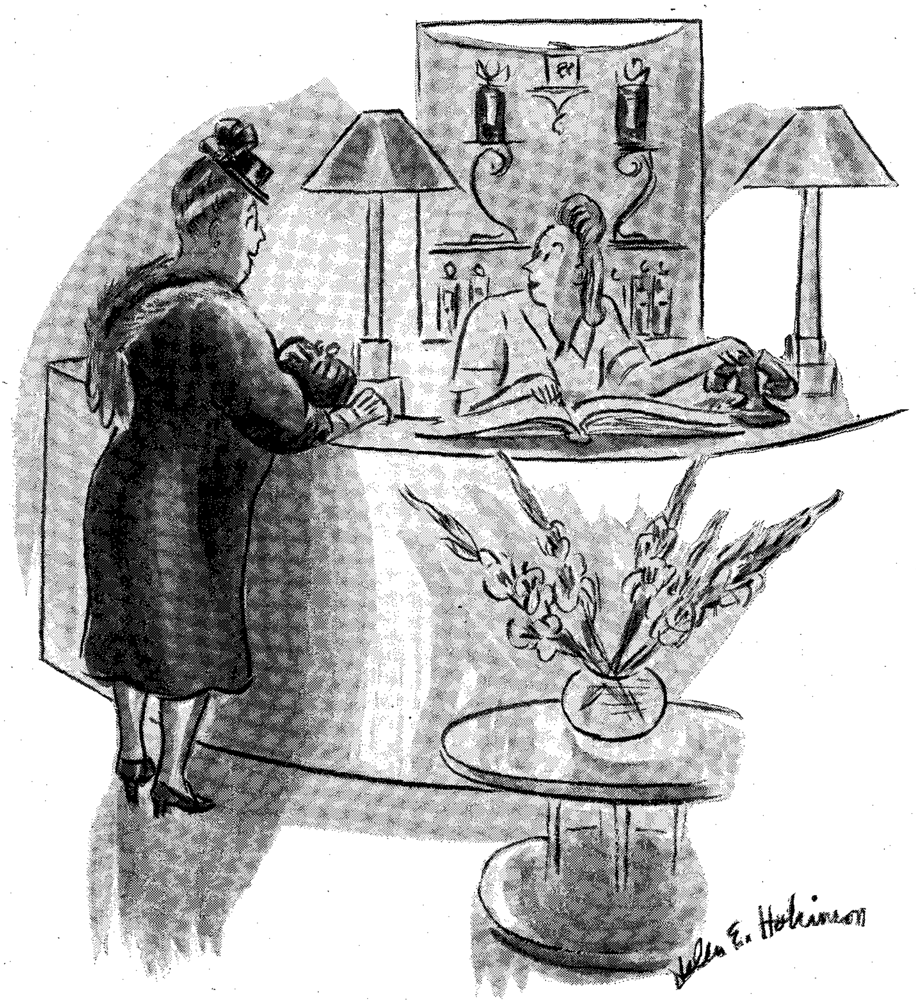
FEMININE FASHIONS



A CUSTOM dress shop that sometimes gets lost sight of in all the glittery dust raised by larger establishments is Carrie Munn's, at 640 Madison Avenue (60th). Her stated principle is never to turn out anything that she wouldn't like to wear herself, and I find that the principle works beautifully. It means that the number of suits and dresses she whips up is limited, but it also means that they're nicely done. All her suits have well-defined, padded shoulders and are fitted closely all the way down to the waist (and often below); some of them have jackets that are longish and flat in front and descend in back, jutting slightly or considerably over the hips. There are black faille suits with big, turnover pockets on the jackets and with gilets, for day or for evening, to be inserted in the small, oval necklines. A navy alpaca suit has a jacket with a narrow red belt and horizontal tucks below the bosom and at the hipbones. A black taffeta job has a jacket with a lingerie collar that ascends to a point just below the ears; the back of the jacket flares into bustle drapery. As for dresses, Mrs. Munn produces a close-fitting, belted, daytime black faille with the high neck that distinguishes most of her day things. To transform it into a dress for cocktails or evening, a black taffeta peplum, flat in front and sporting black taffeta bustle drapery in back, is added. A navy silk shantung dress is the exact reverse; the back is plain, but the front has drapery high on one hip (with a patch pocket peeking out from underneath) and low on the other. Occasionally, a full skirt appears; a navy-and-white silk cocktail or dinner dress with drapery around the hips has a skirt that is made to seem even fuller than it is by reason of an organdie petticoat under it. A slender black crêpe dinner dress has a fairly odd décolletage; the top ends in an openwork band of material that covers one shoulder but then slopes off across the chest, leaving the other shoulder severely alone and undraped. There are tiny puffed sleeves—low on the off-the-shoulder side, naturally, and high on the other.

EXQUISITE and effortless are the handy old words that come to my aid whenever I think of the custom clothes turned out by Chez Ninon, which is at 785 Fifth Avenue (60th). A certain bounce has been imparted to the shop's chic by the work of Julio Laffitte, an old Paquin designer now displaying his first collection over here. His daytime suits tend to have slim, slightly fitted jackets and skirts that are full in front. One suit has a long, chamois-colored wool jacket, a black wool skirt, and a black crêpe blouse with vertical tucks. A waist-length white linen jacket, edged with black saw-tooth braid, adorns a suit that has a purple jersey cummerbund, a black wool skirt, and a wonderful blouse of white handkerchief linen trimmed with vertical rows of lace and perked up with a turquoise satin necktie. It sounds like a costume, I'll admit, but you can look very well in it just the same. Ninon has always done perfect work with silk; a white and black print makes a longish jacket over a dress of the same print. This has little buttons below the square neckline and unpressed pleats released below the stomach.

You'll discover every sort of evening clothes here. A spectacular sheath of pale-pink chiffon has shoulder straps and is all horizontal tucks along the body; great poufs of chiffon, in wine, violet, and Mediterranean blue, provide drapery low in back. There are lovely printed-silk evening things that swathe the body all the way down and then swirl at the hemline. One example has soft pastel flowers on a gray ground; another is a black-and-white print with violent yellow blobs splashed here and there. This one has a square neckline, but a scarf is draped and twisted at one shoulder to make the neck look irregular. Laffitte is fond of seemingly unbalanced necklines, and he does them beautifully. There are full-skirted eyelet-embroidered dresses with bright-turquoise satin swags looped around the hips; swirling red chiffon ones with twisted white organdie bordering an off-



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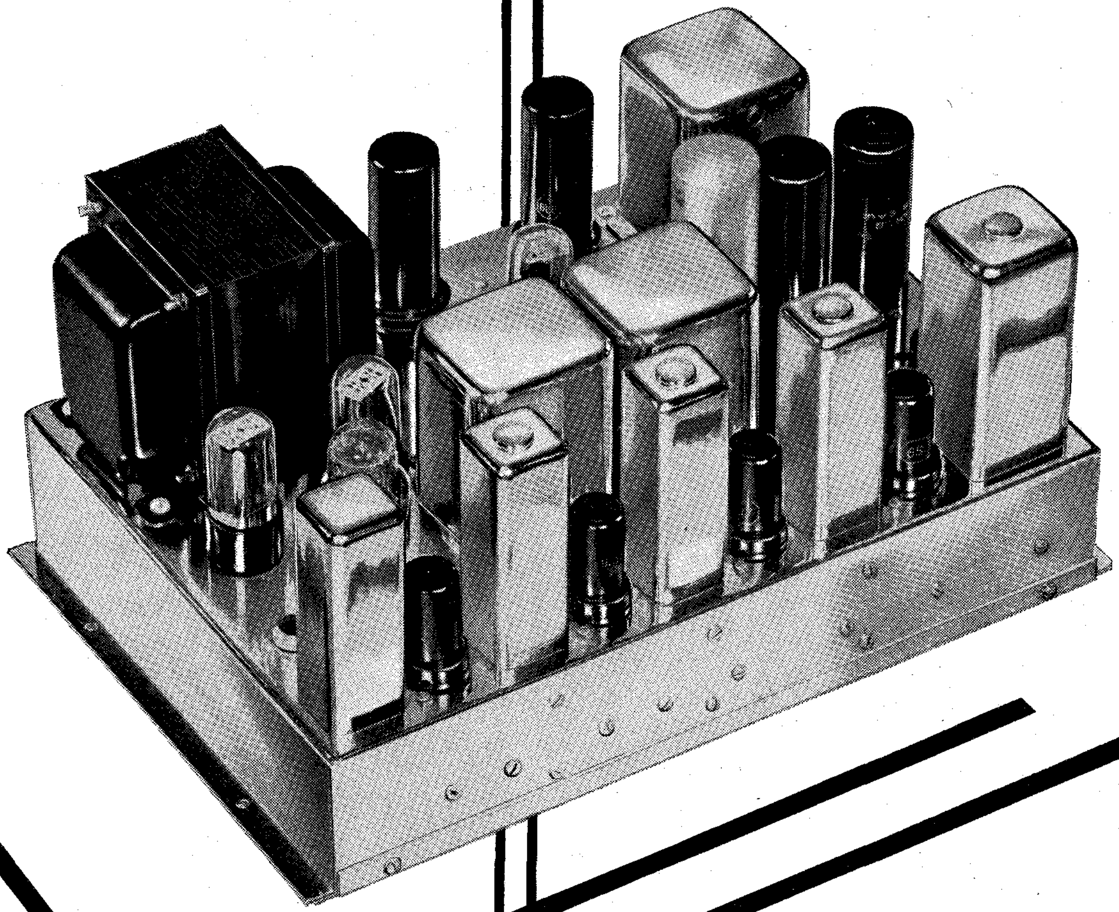

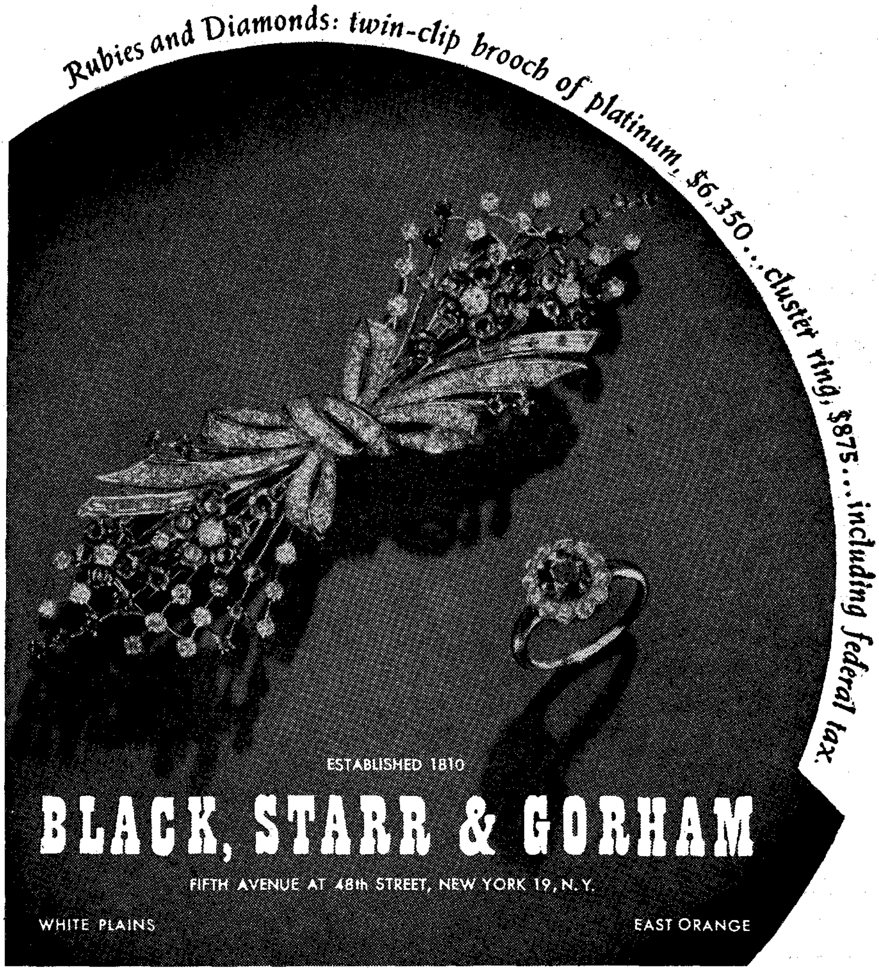
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shoulder décolletage that is caught up now and then with sparkling cherries; and others, of white organdie, with sheer black lace applied to look like an overskirt.

THERE are a lot of neat ideas in evidence at the little custom millinery shop of Mary Goodfellow, at 23½ East 61st Street. Among them is decking straw hats with white piqué that buttons on so that it can be detached and laundered with ease. One hat made like this is simply a turned-up red straw visor with piqué buttoned on it to make the crown, just like a child's bonnet. The white piqué crown of an off-the-face navy straw sailor has five points that come down over the edge of the brim and button on the under side, so that you look as if a five-pointed star were framing your face. Goodfellow makes nice cuffed sailors, among them a gob hat of gray ballibuntl straw with a white piqué edge (no buttons this time). There are several hats of a heavy, starched white lace; my favorite is the one whose brim curls up high at one side and descends on the other to make a ruffle covering the ear. And Goodfellow is expert at black velvet notions to wear with summer prints. The prize in this class has a scalloped open crown and a scalloped rolled brim piped with grosgrain. Like most of the others, it is worn just off the hairline.

BOLEROS are a perpetual symbol of spring to the young and lissome, but this year they can also be considered by any adult who has retained her waistline. The Casual Shop at Jay Thorpe has some particularly nice suits with bolero jackets, designed by Izod of London and made in this country. There is, for one, a cocoa-and-white tweed bolero with long sleeves, vertical flanges on the chest, and a tiny standing collar. The skirt that goes with it has a kick-pleat front, and the pair cost $49.95. This isn't all there is to the ensemble. A cocoa rayon crêpe blouse is $16.95, and a short topcoat of cocoa wool is $55. The suit and topcoat also come in navy or gray flannel; a white blouse is the best idea for this version. Another ensemble is done in cream-colored wool with cinnamon-and-gray or cinnamon-and-slate-blue stripes. The gored skirt of this one is slit at the center front and the simple bolero has a turnover collar. This number also has a short topcoat.

KATHLEEN, at 118 East 60th Street, is a comfort for women of both extremes of size, since most of her things range from size 10 to size 20. At her shop, you'll find two-piece dresses of navy or black rayon faille. One, with a longish, fitted top, fastens down one side with self buttons and has a gored skirt; $49.95. The top of another version is snugly fitted, has buttoned-back revers, and is shorter in cut but longer in price—$69.95. A rayon crêpe afternoon dress in dark or neutral colors has a high, round neck, short sleeves, and folds that begin low on the bodice and widen as they reach the hemline of the skirt; $40. This year, Kathleen's customary inexpensive black rayon sheer for summer has a pink rose at the waistline and a slanting double peplum; $35. Dresses of a spun rayon that looks like linen and is suitable for town or country range from $35 to $49.95. A navy, black, or natural spun-rayon tailored dress with diagonal tucks hugging the ribs and hips has a swing skirt and an attached polka-dotted Ascot to fill in its slashed neckline. The shop offers a navy, black, or heavenly turquoise spun-rayon dress with a bateau neck and V-shaped tucks above and below the waistline of its circular skirt. And there are those spun-rayon sun-back dresses with boleros, too, and tailored pastel linen dresses, in young or more mature styles, that button down the front.

WELL-TAILORED denims are around again, and some of the best of the lot are at Mary Lewis, 746 Fifth Avenue (57th). Navy denim, trimmed with red stitching, is used to make sack jackets, skirts with pockets, culottes, pinafores, overalls that you can wear without a blouse if you want to, cuffed shorts, middle-of-the-calf pants, blue jeans, and frontier pants—all of them priced at a healthy, prewar $3.50 to $6.50. (No pleats around here; Mary Lewis is another who believes in making laundering easy.) Blue-and-white-checked denim, also trimmed with red stitching, is made

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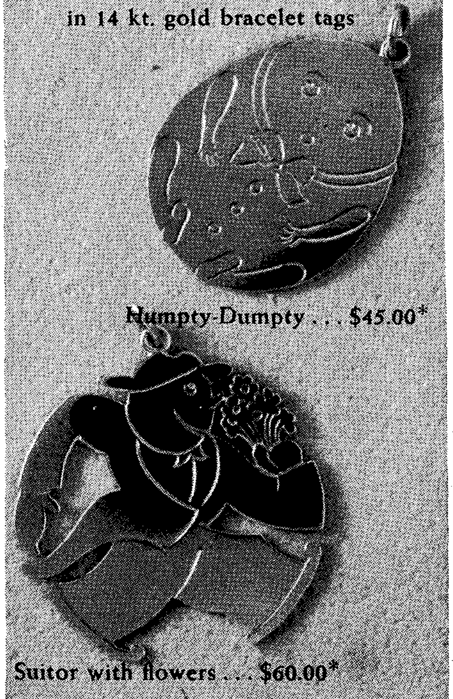

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up into shirt-type jackets with turnover collars, as well as skirts and overalls; $3.95 to $5. Silver buttons that are the handiwork of American Indians are $2.50 for five, if you want to be totally Western. The shop will sew them on. To go with all these things, there are plain or striped knitted wool T shirts, at $2.95, and striped cotton shirts that are exceptionally long and have turnover collars or crew necks. These are $3.25 and $2.25, respectively. It's fine, by the way, to see these reliables back for the out-of-door rough-and-tumble season.

BEAUTY KNICKKNACKS: John Hall, at 26 East 56th Street, is a thoroughly satisfactory hairdresser who clings to the five- or six-inch hair length as being the most manageable. (He'll let you keep it very long or very short, though; he's not scissors-crazy.) If you don't like sitting under a drier, there is a man here, name of Harold, who will brush your hair dry, setting it (if it isn't too long and has sufficient body), as he goes. He does it all in a trice, what's more. If you *do* like a drier, there's a chaise longue you can lie on while the drying is being done. Permanents start at $15, and the shop is open until eight Friday evenings. . . . Michael's Barber Shop for children, at 1263 Madison Avenue (90th), has been famous among parents in the neighborhood since 1910. Boys' haircuts are ninety cents and girls' are a dollar, but a shampoo is seventy-five cents for either sex. The patient barbers give each kid a toy, whether the little darling's behavior is good or not. . . . If you are still trying to find a satisfactory foundation for makeup, you might try Revlon's Fashion Plate, which looks like the traditional pancake but is actually a cream that you smooth onto a clean face with your fingertips. It seems to go on easily without streaking, it isn't greasy, and it doesn't cake. There are eleven shades, each of them $2.10, tax included. . . . A nice contraption for women who travel light and neat is Hughes' Mini-Kit, which contains a miniature hairbrush, a comb, and a clothesbrush of Lucite, with nylon bristles. They are done up in a zippered plastic case, which is about $4 (including tax) almost everywhere, all told. . . . John-Frederics, bored with such old-fashioned ideas as *red* lipsticks, have now devised Golden Arrow Halftones face powder and lipsticks. On the whole, I guess I'm in favor of being old-fashioned. For white-haired women with a definitely experi-

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Here's that wonderful sweater of ours again! To our mind still the best, still the smartest choice, for country and resort wardrobes. A Florida favorite—handknit in all wool yarn that is light weight but has the fashionable bulky look. White, navy, copen, yellow. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40. 12.95
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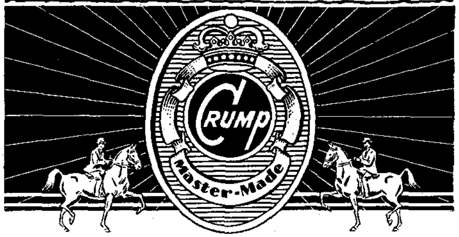

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mental turn of mind, there are Blue Gold lipstick, which makes you look as if you'd been eating blueberry pie, and Cloud Gold lipstick, an off-white that will exactly match your prison pallor. Sun Blonde is a delicate café-au-lait, for redheads, and Sable Gold really is sable color. The last, supposedly for brunettes, looks very muddy on dark-skinned women, but either it or Sun Blonde might be quite effective on brown-eyed blondes or on redheads with very white skins, and plenty of courage. Tickle Pink is fine—an exquisite peach color for Dresden-china types. The face powders that accompany these—notably the Sun Blonde shade, which is a lovely, earthy tan—are just beautiful. —L. L.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Damariscotta (Maine) Lincoln County News*]

Faithful Spats

A faithful pet is black, curly-haired Spats,
Who resides with me, alone, in my habitat.
In the Pine Tree State he loves to stay
With his fond mistress, to guard each day.
A city life he certainly does abhor,
It limits his freedom to play outdoor.
Bay State pals dub him a country guy,
To lure him away they vainly try.

His birthday is in March, near that
When we celebrate old Saint Pat.
In honor of Erin's good saint, thither,
He once wore a tiny green hat, with feather.
He knows his manners, when he's fed
Sits on his hind legs and cants his head,
Or else, lies prone and still on the floor,
And "plays dead" when he wants more.

Once he was called a little sinner
When he ate the chicken, ready for dinner.
He was then just old enough to run,
And it was feared his end had come.
Later, in life, he again caused alarm
Which fortunately caused him no harm.
'Twas when medicine tablets fell on the floor
And he consumed two if not more.

When he pulled a flag and chewed a ribbon
He had a way of being forgiven.
As soon as I began to glower
With woeful brown eyes he did cower,
From head to tail he did meekly quake
And raised his paw for me to shake.
I couldn't achieve a stage of eloquence
With righteous rage, to lay the law,
When I was forced to take his paw.

When taking his bath he doesn't tease
But lets me scrub him as I please.
When nearly dried he can't keep still,
And grabs the towel and runs for a thrill,
When callers ring the bell on the door
He searches the house for me, o'er and o'er,
When he comes with a jump and joyous bark
He tells me he is serious, not for a lark.
A true little friend, a good little fellow,
No sir! He can't be bought for a dollar!

—R. Y. Sawyer

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For descriptive folder, full information on the Panagra sound-and-color motion picture "This is South America," or reservations, see your Travel Agent or nearest Pan American World Airways Office or write Panagra, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bon Noël-Noël

DESPITE a few introductory scenes that wobble a bit in their attempt to assume the jauntiness of a René Clair production, "A Cage of Nightingales" is a sound Gallic piece. These opening scenes, which are superfluous, relate the efforts of a broke author and a pal to get a manuscript published. Then the film begins to visualize the manuscript and really gets under way. The story deals with a French Mr. Chips, who manages, by means of the golden rule, to tame an obstreperous gang of boys in a reform school where he is tutor. As played by an actor known redundantly as Noël-Noël, who also had a hand in preparing the script, the tutor is altogether ingratiating, and if you have anything like my enthusiasm for boys' choirs, I'm sure that you will approve of his method of curbing his charges' wilder impulses by letting them get rid of surplus energy in song. There are a fine lot of French boys in the picture, and all of them can sing in almost Sistine style. Between choruses, we see M. Noël-Noël frustrating the designs of a wicked headmaster, cuddling up to the pretty cousin of one of his pupils, and playing godfather to his hard-boiled brood. "A Cage of Nightingales" is simple, quiet, and diverting, and, unless you're hopelessly indifferent to children, it should be very much worth your while.

THE dangers of getting too wrapped up in your work are clearly indicated in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," a movie version of the play in which Elisabeth Bergner appeared. In this one, we have an artist with a penchant for wooing, wedding, painting, and killing ladies who appeal to him. The reason he finds it necessary to eliminate his wives is his conviction that once he has finished a portrait of a spouse, she is of no further use to him and, as a matter of fact, is a definite hindrance to his art. This sounds preposterous, but Humphrey Bogart and Barbara Stanwyck, who figure most prominently in the film, make the affair rather taut—not in a class with "Gaslight," to which it shows a certain resemblance, but fair enough. A child who talks somewhat

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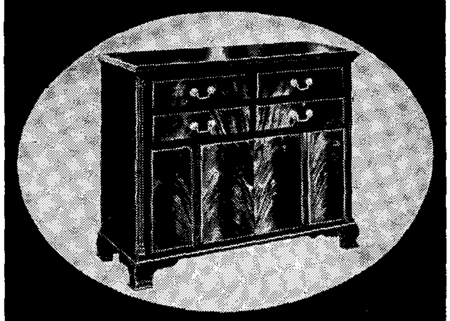

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like Henry James is on hand quite frequently, but that's a handicap you can probably surmount.

"The Farmer's Daughter," which offers us Loretta Young equipped with a Scandinavian accent hardly adequate for getting around a *smörgåsbord* table, is one of those furiously jolly films about American politics. Miss Young, when she is not turning "j"s into "y"s, reveals how a Swedish maid can get to be a congresswoman. Judging from the various composers of hillbilly songs and radio entertainers who have made their way to Washington to represent us, this is not as unlikely a proposition as it sounds. But the picture never quite resolves itself into adequate farce or comedy, and before it's over, you'll probably be thinking nostalgically about "The Great McGinty," in which Preston Sturges got a firm grip on what makes our government run.

In "Johnny O'Clock," Dick Powell is inscrutable, just like the vehicle in which he operates. The film is concerned with the junior partner of a gambling joint who gets mixed up in a murder and presently finds himself, if you'll forgive an expression I seem to have picked up at the movies, toting a wad of lead in his breadbasket. Besides Mr. Powell, who looks properly tough, "Johnny O'Clock" includes Lee J. Cobb, my nomination for the most likely cop that Hollywood has discovered in years.

"Carnival in Costa Rica" will, if it ever goes south, do the Good Neighbor policy no good whatever. It won't do you any good, either.

—John McCarten

•

The Situation: A young man you have been dating asks you for your photograph.

Right Way: Give him your photograph, write on it some such phrase as "With all my love, Betty," then put it in an elaborate frame and give it to him.

Wrong Way: Have your photograph in the photographer's folder or in a simple leather frame, and don't write any endearments on it.—*Morristown (N.J.) Record.*

Next situation.

•

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2. And with our own dry vermouth—a vermouth made *especially* for Hiram Walker's ready-to-serve Dry Martinis.

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UNLUCKY NUMBER

THE combined headquarters and home of our Counter-Intelligence detachment was a twelve-room dwelling that was the main house of an estate located on the edge of Okayama, a city in the eastern part of the Japanese island of Honshu. The place belonged to Mr. Fukui Hashio, the manager of a downtown bank, who had moved with his wife to another house on the grounds when his own home was requisitioned. Like all Japanese estates, ours had a lawn, a pleasant garden with stone statuettes and graceful evergreen trees, and was surrounded by a wall. The macadam roadway from town narrowed down to a dirt lane just before it reached our place, and the lane ran alongside the front wall; at the far side of the road was a deep ditch that sliced through the city and served as a source for water for irrigation and as a firebreak.

On a sunny December afternoon, when the cook, his kitchen boy, and I were alone in the house, fire broke out. My fellow-agents had gone on routine investigations, taking our interpreters with them, and the head houseboys were shopping downtown. I was sitting quietly in the front room when I heard high-pitched chattering in the back part of the house. At first, I thought the cook and kitchen boy were quarrelling, but a moment later Mitsugi, the kitchen boy, burst into the room and, without his usual instinctive bow, began screaming in Japanese and pointing to the kitchen. I had no idea what he was saying. He screeched more and more loudly, then tugged frantically at my sleeve. I followed him toward the kitchen and arrived just as a huge cloud of black smoke billowed out the door. The gasoline stove had gone berserk. Spots on the wall where the fuel had spattered were flaming like medieval wall torches. In the kitchen, Hiroshige, the cook, was twisting a Pyrene fire extinguisher in his hands, trying to discover its secret. I grabbed it, got it going, and pointed it at the livelier flames.

It was too late, though, for a fire extinguisher. I handed it to the kitchen boy and ran back to the front room, where we stored all our side arms, ammunition, and records. When I had locked them inside our portable safe, I went to the phone. I knew that Okayama's main fire station was near police headquarters, so I dialled the Police Department and asked for Tom Wakimoto, their interpreter. Luckily, the girl on the switchboard understood my broken Japanese, and I got Tom almost immediately. The Japanese telephone system is notoriously whimsical. Trying to get my message across to Tom reminded me of nightmares in which you scream for help but can make no sound. The house was now filled with shouting and yelling, and there were infuriating breaks in our connection, but in spite of the noise and the interruptions I managed to explain to Tom that our place was on fire. When I was sure he understood, I hung up. Then I turned and saw the source of all the noise. A number of people I had never seen before were pouring in and out of the house, swarming around me as though I were a piece of immovable furniture.

A jabbering boy pushed by me, snatched a stack of Armed Forces Edition novels, and pushed by me again on the way out. An old woman with a placid, wrinkled face calmly lifted a pile of underwear out of the drawer of a living-room bureau and shuffled away. Four kimonoed men tugged at the safe, making grunting noises, while a little girl danced about them, shouting and pointing toward the back of the house. Smoke now filled the front room. I was astonished to see a typewriter drifting past me like an apparition; with difficulty I saw that a tiny boy was limping along under its weight. The old woman appeared again, this time with a G.I. raincoat in her hands.

In the midst of all this, Mr. Fukui himself arrived from his bank; one of the neighbors had doubtless telephoned him soon after the fire broke out. He nodded quickly to me and then, with a few brisk words, began to organize the evacuation. One of our Army cots, stripped of its bedding, was placed in the center of the floor, and a small team loaded it with shoes, trousers, shirts, blouses, and underwear. An excited man in a kimono heaped a mountain of books, soap dishes, towels, and souvenir bric-a-brac on top of the pile. Finally, Fukui signalled him to stop, and the two of them carried the cot and its contents outside. I tried to help, but they brushed me aside.

It was then that I noticed that one entire wall of the house was gone. Not burned, just gone. Later, I learned that our neighbors, rushing in at the sight of smoke, had lifted the sliding panels out of their polished wooden grooves, so as to leave one side of the house open for traffic.

In the smoke-filled kitchen, Mitsugi and Hiroshige risked suffocation to bring out stored foodstuffs. I plunged in just long enough to see Mitsugi push a neighbor out of the storeroom; nobody else was permitted to carry canned goods. Hiroshige was bustling about, gathering up as many of his precious pots and pans as he could. I grabbed a couple of skillets and followed him out to the lawn, where we emptied our arms. Then Hiroshige rushed inside for more. He had stationed Mrs. Fukui, the banker's wife, as guard over the growing mound of salvaged utensils. From where she stood, she directed the piling of material on the lawn, so that her husband and his team would have room to dump their cot-loads without having to pick a way through the litter.

The lawn already looked like an outdoor rummage sale. Beds were hidden under heaps of clothing; filing cabinets stood agape, their drawers stuffed with books, papers, and shoes. An open copy of "Forever Amber" had been laid, rooflike, on the head of a stone statuette.

An explosion punctuated the hubbub. Rushing to the rear of the house, I discovered that one of the fifty-gallon gas drums stored outside the kitchen had blown up, and that splattered fuel was burning all over the stucco back wall and the tile roof. The flames were endangering some Army jeeps parked nearby, so I drove them out of range and then returned to the front yard. By now, the traffic had grown really heavy. Dozens of people, armed with small buckets, kept running across the road to the ditch and then scurrying back, tripping over each other, spilling water, and shouting encouragement. They succeeded in thoroughly wetting one another, if not the house.

There was a sudden sound of cheering from the roadway, and I hurried over to see what had caused it. Three men were coming down the lane dragging a contraption that looked like one of those wheeled hose drums that you see on suburban lawns in America with pump handles fitted to it. Each of the men wore a helmet and a short, loose blue cotton coat with a white sym-

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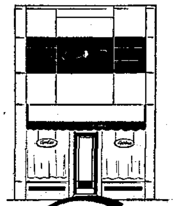
bol on the back. (I later learned that this is the character for warding off fire.) At first, I took them to be a contingent of the Okayama Fire Department, but then I recognized Mr. Tanabe, the neighborhood building contractor, one of his carpenters, and the barber who ran a little shop next to the jinrikisha stall. I remembered having seen the blue jacket hanging on the wall next to his barber chair. When they were joined by three other similarly clothed men I realized that this must be the official volunteer group of our part of town.

The volunteers soon took charge of the battlefield. One of them, whose blue jacket was distinguished by two broad red stripes which ran across the shoulders and down the sleeves, was obviously in command, and I recognized him as Mr. Ishii, who was the leading food merchant of our neighborhood, the director of the ration board, and, behind his desk, as now, a thoroughgoing martinet. He immediately entered the grounds, took a stand about twenty feet from the burning back wall of the house, and stayed there, both feet planted squarely, arms folded, head erect. From time to time, one of the volunteers would run up to him, stop, bow, and wait expectantly. He would then point or issue an order, and the volunteer would hurry off. Standing there in his blue cotton coat and high helmet, Mr. Ishii looked like a warrior in an old samurai battle scene. Under his direction, the volunteers unrolled a length of hose and ran it into the ditch on the other side of the road.

Mr. Tanabe wore a thick business suit under his fire jacket, and his helmet was somewhat small for his head. Puffing nervously, he wandered from the ditch to the pump, which had been placed in the center of the roadway, and back to the ditch again. The carpenter, an active and efficient man, hooked the hose from the ditch onto the pump. He kept shouting at Mr. Tanabe, who finally stopped running back and forth and, complying with the excited gestures of the carpenter, grabbed one end of the pump handle. In the meantime, the barber and two other men had hooked another length of hose to the pump and had thrown the loose end over the garden wall. I followed them into the enclosure and watched them attach still a third length. Then two of them grasped the nozzle and held it ready.

In the roadway, Tanabe and the carpenter pumped furiously. At first, the carpenter's speed was so great that



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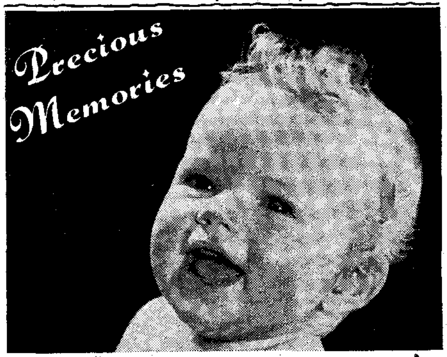

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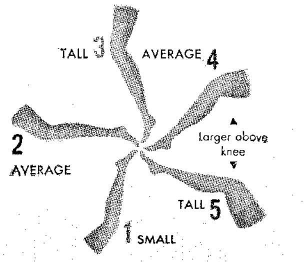

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AVERAGE 4
2 AVERAGE
Larger above knee
TALL 5
1 SMALL

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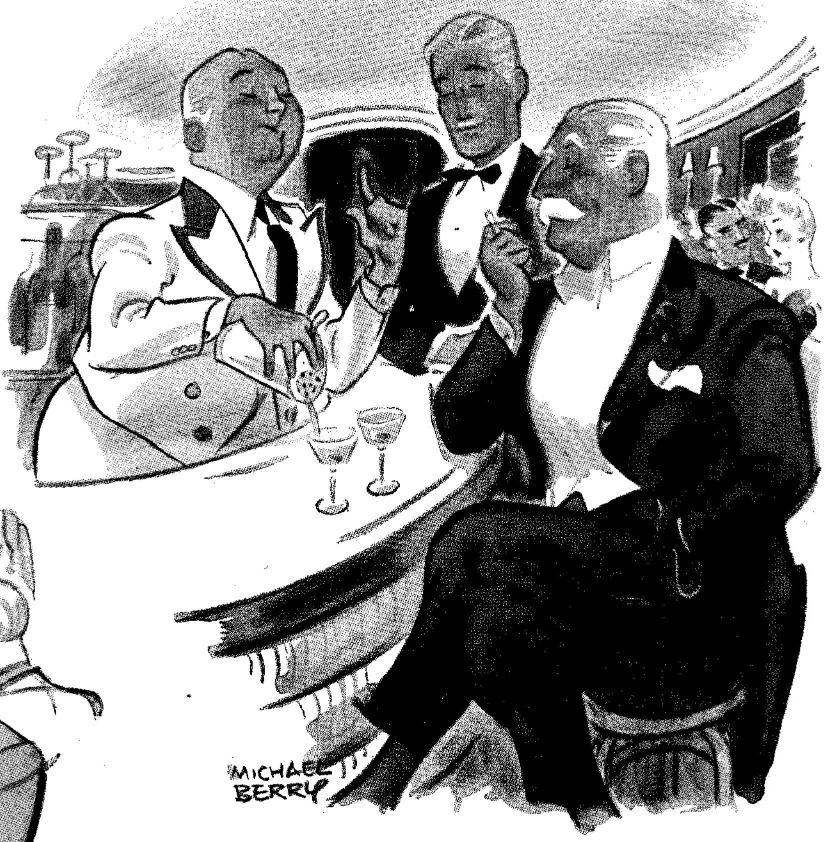

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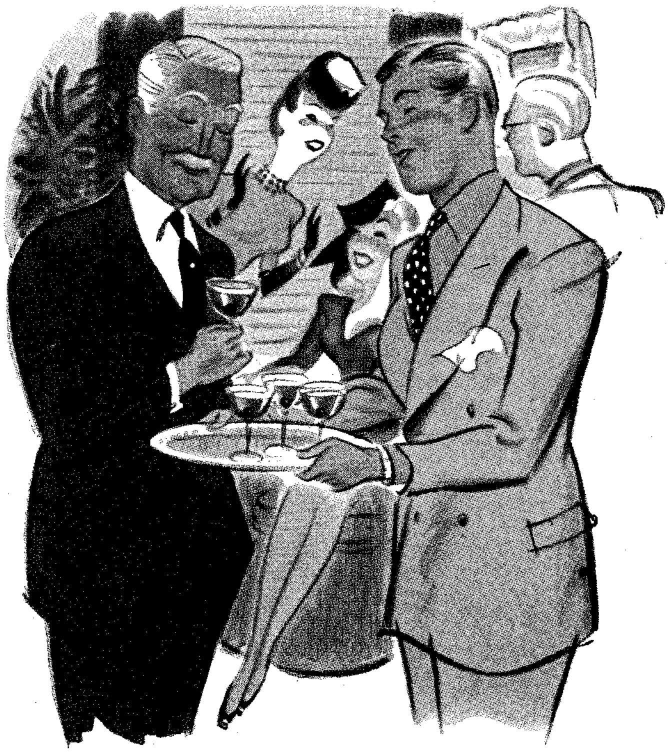

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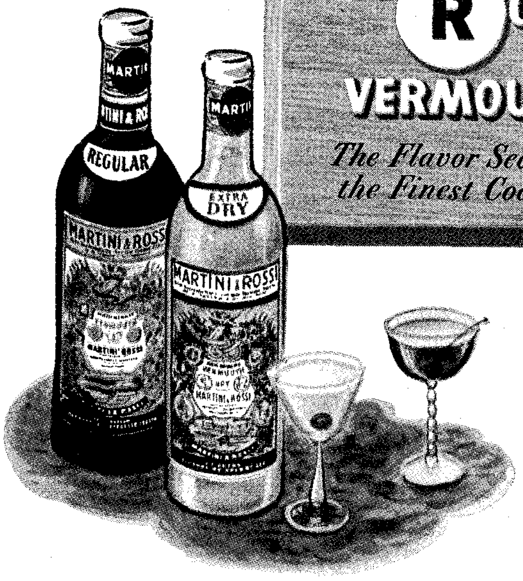

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Tanabe's end of the handle flew out of his hand and bobbed up and down. The carpenter slowed his pace, and after a gradual, rhythmical increase in pumping they produced a spurt of water at the nozzle. The volunteers directed its flow according to terse commands from Mr. Ishii, who still stood motionless, his arms folded over his chest except when he moved them to make brief, pointing gestures. When the muddy water began to flow, there were shouts of delight from the crowd in the garden.

The stream trickled out only feebly at first, but Tanabe and the carpenter managed to increase the pressure. Just as the water began to reach the roof, the hose sprang a leak. Mr. Ishii pointed imperiously and one of the volunteers rushed forward with bunches of rice straw, which he wrapped around the hose. At this juncture, there seemed an even chance that the house would burn down.

The one-man bucket brigades were still active on the crowded lawn. I had tried several times to assist in the evacuation, and once I had even grabbed a bucket myself, but the whole crowd froze into immobility each time I tried to help. As a mere interested spectator, though, I was allowed to wander about freely.

In the distance, there sounded the roar of a fire truck, but the roar soon died to a splutter. I ran to the gateway to see what had happened. The big red truck of the Okayama Fire Department had reached the vicinity, but had stopped; the road was too narrow for it to proceed any farther. In a moment, a midget vehicle, about a third the size of the truck, came racing around it and down the lane. It was a pump equipped with a gasoline engine. At last the municipal fire department had joined the fray. In their helmets and long coats with brass buttons, the men looked almost like American firemen, but their method of working was thoroughly Japanese. They shouted and gesticulated wildly, and one of them—obviously the chief—stationed himself near the back wall of the house, a short distance from the volunteer leader, who continued to act as though the regulars had not arrived.

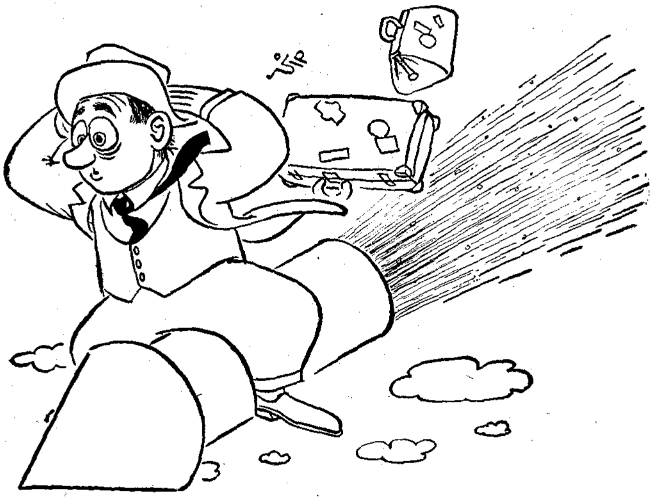
The regulars quickly put together their hose, ran it into the ditch, and set the tiny gasoline pump in motion. A strong stream of water soon reached the flames on the roof. Two minutes later, the stream fizzled out; there was a leak in the regulars' hose. When the fissure had been bound with straw, the

What's in a name?

They say difference of opinion is what makes horse races, but you also have a lot of it when it comes to naming a new train.

Some time ago the Rock Island and ourselves decided to put a new streamliner on our Golden State Route between Chicago and Los Angeles. We agreed that this train (now under construction) would be something very special — a pleasure to ride on and be seen on.

Then came the problem of what to name it.



For months the new train was known informally throughout the two railroads as the *Super-duper,* while we cast about for a permanent name.

More than 300 names were suggested. Some of them were pretty fanciful — *Aphrodite, Samarkand, Ariel, Shangri-La, Fantasia, Jupiter, Venus, Don Juan, Monte Cristo.*

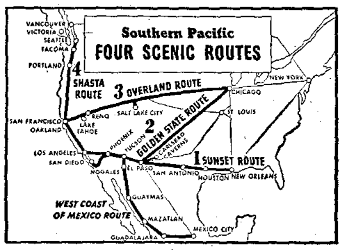
Bird-lovers contributed such names as *Swallow, Quail, Seagull, Whippoorwill, Eagle* and *Falcon.* A horse-lover sent in *Golden Mustang.* Others cast modesty to the winds and came up with *Triumph, Marvel, Unique* and *Super Colossal.*

None of these names seemed to suggest something fast and modern. Some people proposed getting "Atom" in the name because our half of the Golden State Route goes through Alamogordo, near the spot where the first atomic bomb let go. However, the Rock Island pointed out that our Alamogordo is also near White Sands, where the Army fired the captured German V-2 rockets. The Rock Island didn't have to remind us that their streamlined "Rockets" are pretty well known in travel circles.

On every count, "Rocket" seemed to be the answer. It's a fast, modern name. So when the first post-war streamliner to Arizona and Southern California goes into service this summer it will be named *Golden Rocket.*

We think it's a swell name and so does the Rock Island. Yet we both have a haunting feeling that the colloquial name used in our preliminary discussions—*The Super-duper*—might be better. For that is what the *Golden Rocket* will be when it goes in service this summer—a "Super-duper."

The little map shows where we go ☞



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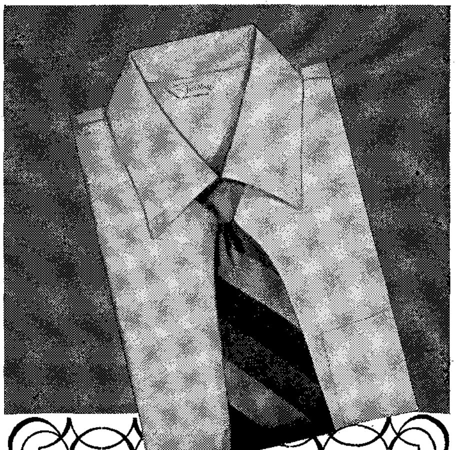
hose began to leak in several other places. Before long, the lawn had become a fountained garden, with children running in and out of the spray, cheering at each fresh rupture. Only a wretched dribble of water issued from the nozzle. The regulars eventually restored the pressure by removing a length of hose in which most of the leaks had developed, but now the hose was so short that its water failed to reach the flames. Excitedly, two of the regulars ran out to the roadway and, grabbing a length of hose from the volunteers' cart, began to couple it onto their own. Tanabe and the carpenter, working at the pump, could not prevent this raid, but their warning shouts brought other volunteers, who screamed in protest. Neither the neighborhood leader nor the chief of the regulars left his position, nor did they negotiate directly. Each of them sent emissaries to the scene of the dispute, and for a while, as everybody talked, I bade Mr. Fukui's house a silent farewell. At last, the regulars won out. They hooked up the borrowed hose and once more began to play their more persistent stream on the scorched tiles of the roof.

Infuriated, I suppose by loss of face, the leader of the volunteers beckoned to two of his men and shouted a series of orders. One of them ran off, commandeered a bucket of water, rushed back, and doused his companion with the contents of the bucket. Dripping wet, the second man grabbed the nozzle of the volunteer hose and dragged it close to the flames. Now he was able to play the volunteer stream next to that of the regulars. When steam began to rise from his clothes, he retired for another dousing and then returned to his vantage point.

The regulars, the volunteers, and the independents pressed their three-pronged attack against the fire. But soon there was another crisis. The regulars' stream began to suffer frequent interruptions; suddenly the flow of water stopped. By now, a couple of my fellow-Americans had come home, bringing one of our interpreters with them. He explained to us what had happened. The intake end of the regulars' hose, he said, had become imbedded in the mud at the bottom of the ditch. The chief, his arms still folded, ordered the hose moved to the deepest place. Unfortunately, the volunteers' hose was already there.

That started another battle, with the regulars contending that their more efficient equipment and official status gave them the right to the best part of the



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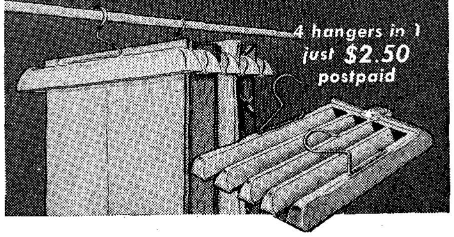

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ditch, and the volunteers insisting on the law of first come, first served and arguing that there would be a tangle if the regulars horned in on their hole. The regulars moved their hose and there was no tangle, but the argument continued to the end.

THERE is a point in all house fires when everyone knows that the flames have been defeated. When that time came, with a considerable part of our house still standing, our neighbors, many of whom had probably speculated for years about what existed within the estate's wall, had a chance to look around them. They wandered inquisitively about the grounds and stared with astonishment at the bulky Western furniture that they had carried out to the lawn. On a desk was our telephone, its torn-out wires dangling in the wet grass. The interpreter told me that he had seen a representative of the telephone company rush into the house at the height of the fire to salvage this most expensive Japanese luxury. In his excitement, after he had saved it, he had tried to get the central office with the uprooted instrument in his hands. The neighbors looked at it closely, and some of them nodded significantly to one another. A few days later, at a party that we gave in return for their help in saving our house, one of them explained shyly that we should have expected the fire, and that it was indeed fortunate that the house had not burned down entirely. Our telephone number was 2454, and every Japanese knows that the character "4," or "*shi,*" means "death." The number "2," being an even number, is also unlucky. Taken all in all, we had had a miraculous escape.

—HAROLD BAGDIKIAN BUCK

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter disclosed last night in a facetious introduction to a technical legal lecture before the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, 42 West Forty-fourth Street, that he has had his wife "blue pencil all my non-judicial writings."

"When I told that to Justice Jackson," he continued, "he said, 'Why don't you extend the censorship?' "—*The Times, March 19th.*

In opening his Cardozo lecture at the Bar Association Building, 42 West Forty-fourth Street . . . Justice Frankfurter said: "I had occasion once to mention to Justice Roberts that I have my wife blue-pencil all my non-judicial writings. Justice Roberts suggested, 'Why don't you have her extend that censorship?' "—*The Herald Tribune, March 19th.*

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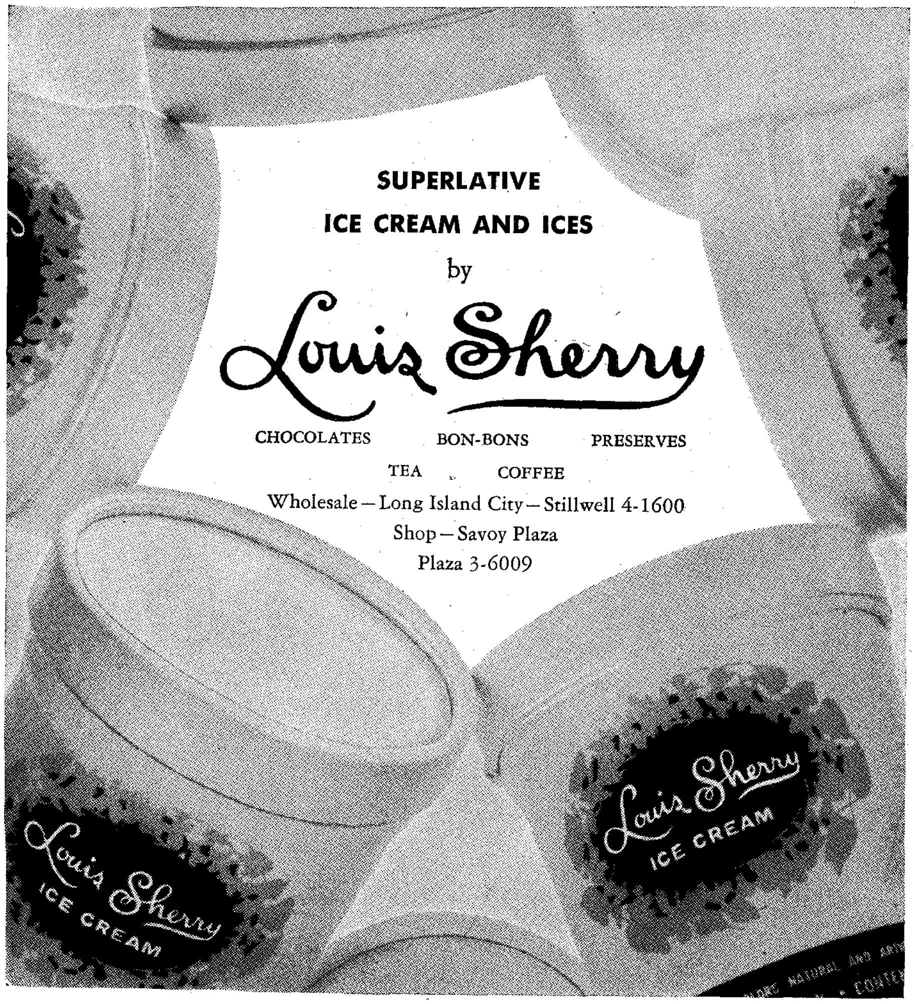
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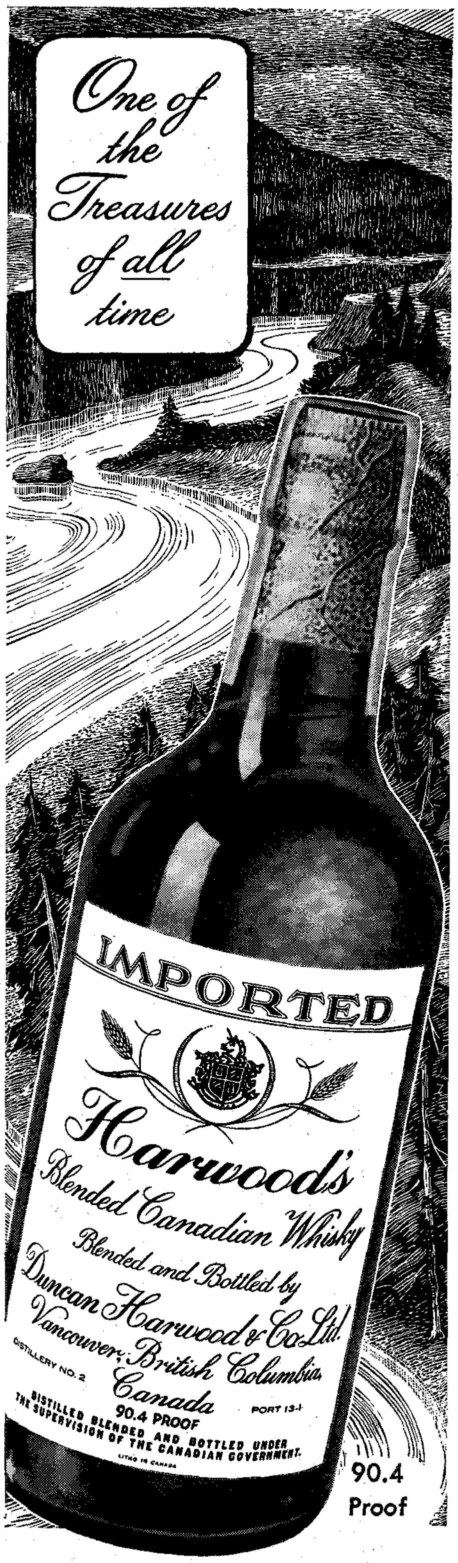
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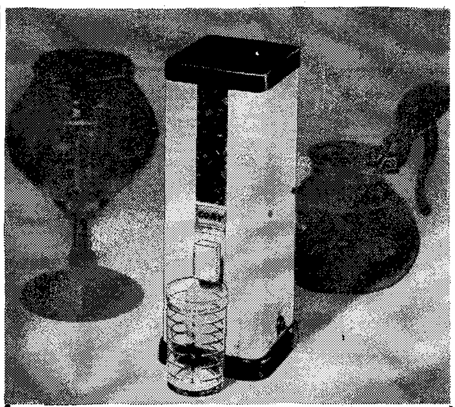
MUSICAL EVENTS

New Ballets

THE Original Ballet Russe, which concluded a series of a dozen performances at the Metropolitan Opera House last week, offered among its presentations the world première of "Pas de Trois," a divertissement created by Jerome Robbins to music from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust." "Pas de Trois" was originally cast with Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and André Eglevsky as the *trois*, but because Miss Markova was ill, her role was danced by Rosella Hightower, who had proved to be a valuable pinch-hitter earlier in the company's visit. "Pas de Trois" is a sure-handed, and sure-footed, satire on virtuoso dancers. Many familiar ballet tricks are overdone or underdone, so that they are reduced to genial absurdity. Nothing is too obvious, though, because Mr. Robbins keeps his parody controlled. There is also an amiable mockery of the moods of dancers at work. Miss Hightower and the Messrs. Dolin and Eglevsky made smart and skillful entertainment of it all, and Robert Zeller, appearing as guest conductor for this production, succeeded in putting just the right, if unexpectedly satiric, edge on Berlioz's music. One element that might be strengthened is the finale, which could do with more emphasis. That, however, is only a detail.

In its closing semester at the New York City Center, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo also had a world première—the second of its latest session here. This was "Madroños," devised by Antonia Cobos, who was the principal danseuse for her own work. The characters in the piece are equipped with names, but there is no formal plot; the work is simply a kind of étude in Spanish- and classic-ballet forms. It is a crisp, well-balanced show that moves neatly and nimbly, mingling shrewd humor with its attractive dancing and its castanets. Miss Cobos, and Leon Danielian and Frederic Franklin, her leading associates, were excellent, and so was the ensemble of ballerinas. The accompanying music was a suitable as-



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sembly of Spanish-sounding melodies, among which I spotted with reminiscent pleasure a Spanish dance by Moszkowski that I used to bat out, with the tolerant coöperation of various relatives, in its piano edition for two performers at one keyboard. The score was orchestrated and conducted to good effect by Ivan Boutnikoff.

A NEW violin concerto arrived at Carnegie Hall last week—Erich Wolfgang Korngold's Concerto in D major, played by Jascha Heifetz with the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Efrem Kurtz. The concerto was agreeable to listen to, and Mr. Heifetz made the most of its lyrical possibilities and the opportunities it offered him for spectacular playing, but as an entity it seemed to fall a little short of being distinguished. Mr. Heifetz also played Mozart's Fifth Violin Concerto extremely well, with good teamwork from Mr. Kurtz and the ensemble. I felt, though, that both soloist and conductor might have put a little more bite into parts of its concluding rondo. The purely orchestral items in the concert were Shostakovich's First Symphony, which in recent years has grown from a novelty to a standby, and Ravel's second "Daphnis and Chloë" Ballet Suite, which went euphoniously and in its last movement brilliantly. However, some sections along the way were done more contemplatively than we're used to hearing them.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Run of Four

RECORDINGS of three felicitous new songs and a new instrumental are at hand. Duke Ellington's "Tulip or Turnip," irresistibly presented by his orchestra, with a vocal by Ray Nance (Musicraft 483), seems to me the best thing Ellington has done in at least a year. I can imagine the unfortunate results other vocalists, not equipped with Nance's engaging levity, could achieve with the song's recurrent phrase, "Tell me, tell me, tell me, dream face, what am I to you?" Ellington fans should also like—and maybe will prefer—the other side, "Magenta Haze," an instrumental in the Duke's more sultry vein, given over for the most part to one of Johnny Hodges' exemplary alto-sax solos. It falls into the category of "Never No Lament," "Sentimental Lady," "Sophisticated Lady," and other Ellington works that became noted as band pieces before they acquired

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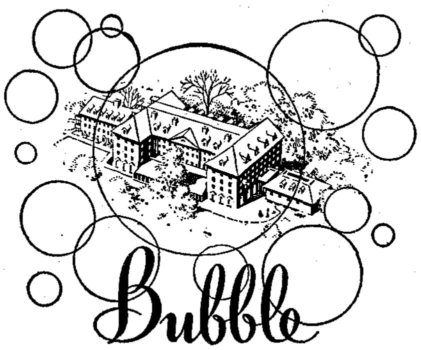
words. "Tulip or Turnip" is my choice, though.

The two other songs are both Kurt Weill approximations of Broadway show tunes and are from the score of "Street Scene." I call them approximations because it seems to me that all of Weill's flirtations with the American musical-comedy idiom have had something divergent, though often affectingly so, about them. "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed," the music accompanying the jitterbug-dance sequence, which gets the biggest hand in the show, is proffered by both Freddy Martin (Victor 20-2176) and Benny Goodman (Capitol 376). Martin, on the other side of his record, plays "What Good Would the Moon Be?," which is sung as an aria in "Street Scene" but is, as it's done here, an ideal show tune, with an oddly touching awkwardness in both the music and the Langston Hughes lyric. "What Good Would the Moon Be?" is very nicely sung by Stuart Wade, and "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed" is sung effectively by Murray Arnold. The Goodman version of the latter song, though it includes a Johnny Mercer vocal, is not nearly so inspiriting, and Goodman and Mercer waste their reverse side with a humdrum affair called "It Takes Time."

THE Joe Mooney Quartet, as you can hardly help knowing by now, is made up of an electric guitar, a clarinet, a bass, and Mooney's piano or electrified accordion. The quartet turns out a subdued and intricate kind of jazz, but its performance of "Tea for Two" (Decca 23842) makes me suspect that its real forte is humor. The other side of this one, "Warm Kiss and Cold Heart," a dud from a film score, we can dismiss right now. Mooney's way with the foolish, friendly words to the Irving Caesar-Vincent Youmans evergreen, however, is something special. Frank Fay, when he was in vaudeville, used to make quite a charming thing of analyzing and questioning the unusual behavior of the sequestered couple in "Tea for Two," and Mooney carries the investigation one step further by attributing their voluntary exile to an ungovernable lust for tea.

I HAVE watched the spotty career of Betty Hutton on records with misgivings but restraint, aware of the great demands she must make upon songwriters ordered to devise material durable enough to withstand her knockabout tactics and yet sensible enough to describe some recognizable situation.



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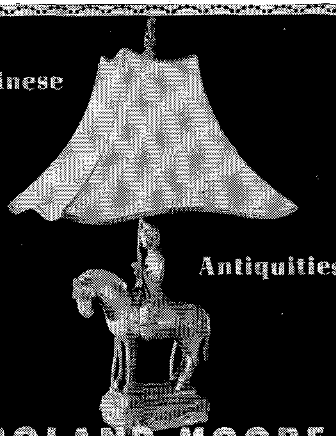

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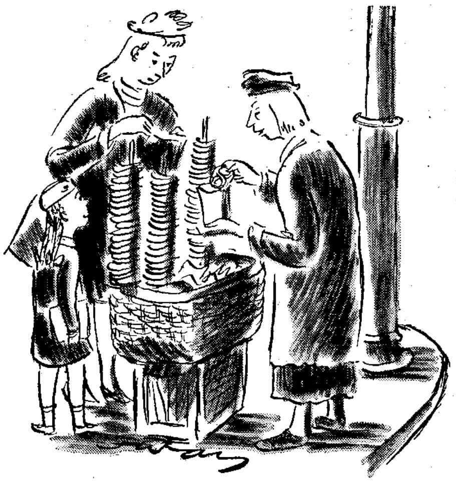
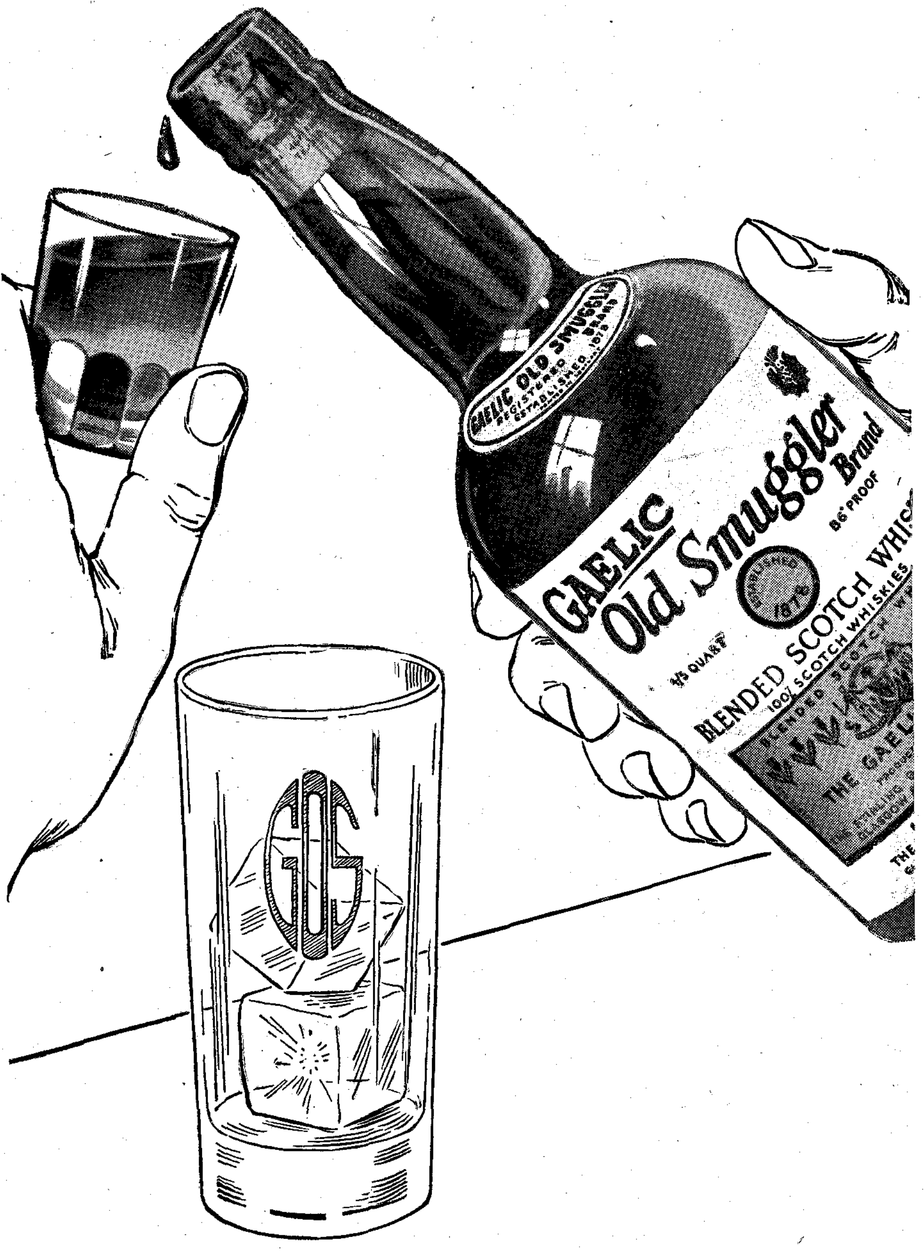
I'm happy to say, therefore, that I'm wholeheartedly in favor of Frank Loesser's masterfully contrived "Rumble, Rumble, Rumble" and Miss Hutton's joyously abandoned bout with every last word of it (Capitol 380). It details her frantic efforts to silence a boogie-woogie pianist in the apartment next to hers. "Poppa, Don't Preach to Me," also a Loesser composition, is the other selection, and Miss Hutton gives it the same impetuous treatment. It's ingenious, too, but its theme is a bit sad and dated; it tells of a young girl's attempt to have a fling in Paris in the face of inevitable parental displeasure. Miss Hutton, I'm sure, is not for everyone, but I think she is altogether impressive on these sides. Both numbers, by the way, are from her latest movie, "Perils of Pauline."

A MEDLEY of Gershwin songs—badly recorded, but nevertheless a medley of Gershwin songs—is played on a large single by Roger Stearns, the local café pianist (Martin EM-101). There's nothing outstanding about Stearns' style, but he has made a nice choice of pieces, few of which are among the standard favorites. "That Certain Feeling," "Till Then," "Who Cares?," "Feeling I'm Falling," "How Long Has This Been Going On?," "He Loves and She Loves," "Love Is Sweeping the Country," and "Maybe" are the lot of them, and several introductory "verses" are thrown in. The engineers evidently couldn't keep pace with Stearns' abrupt loud-and-soft contrasts, with the result that there are frequent rattling sounds, as though someone had left a *Racing Form* lying across the treble strings. You can get the piece at Martin Records, 23 West 68th Street (Trafalgar 3-1441).

"SNOWFALL," the Claude Thornhill band's theme, and "Autumn Nocturne," also associated with this group,





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have been placed back to back and reissued, on Columbia 37271. Both are instrumentals and feature Thornhill's thoughtful piano playing. . . . The same thing has been done with Frankie Carle's "Sunrise Serenade" and "Carle Boogie" (Columbia 37269)

STILL puttering around among new single records, I set these aside as being slightly more entertaining than the rest:

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT and SPEAKING OF ANGELS—Peggy Lee, with Dave Barbour and his orchestra. The sharp and animated accompaniment by Barbour's musicians in the first one brightens the effect of Miss Lee's somewhat fragile, though knowingly employed, voice. The other work is a distressingly empty new ballad. (*Capitol 375*)

WHY DO I LOVE YOU? and I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE—Monica Lewis, with Ray Bloch's orchestra. Miss Lewis has a pleasant, straightforward manner with a song. Neither of these selections is in immediate danger of neglect, but it's good to hear them sung so well—"Why Do I Love You?" in particular. (*Signature 15072*)

MINE and CONNECTICUT—Bing Crosby and Judy Garland. Two more ill-matched voices would be difficult to find, and their union here often suggests a tank-town man-and-wife vaudeville act. However, when working in alternation on the Gershwin song from "Let 'Em Eat Cake," they are fairly beguiling. "Connecticut" is a drab state song. (*Decca 23804*)

I'LL GET ALONG SOMEHOW and YOUNG GIRL'S BLUES—Julia Lee and Her Boyfriends. The lusty Miss Lee mourns two more wasted love affairs with her usual gusto. She also plays piano—good and dirty. (*Capitol 379*)

—D. W.

•

An antique swivel chair, which might be the one in which the 20th president of the United States was seated when he was mortally wounded by Guiteau's bullet in 1881, has been in the possession of an Anderson family for more than 50 years, says the Greenville News. It has been owned by Mrs. Mattie Norman McGill for 24 years.

The chair, once the property of Alexander Hamilton Stevens, Confederate vice president, clearly shows a bullet mark under its oaken seat, according to the News. The family has no guarantee of the chair's identity, and the matter is doubtful, since Garfield was in a railway station in Washington when he was shot.

—*Columbia* (*S.C.*) *Record.*

How about dropping the subject altogether?

•

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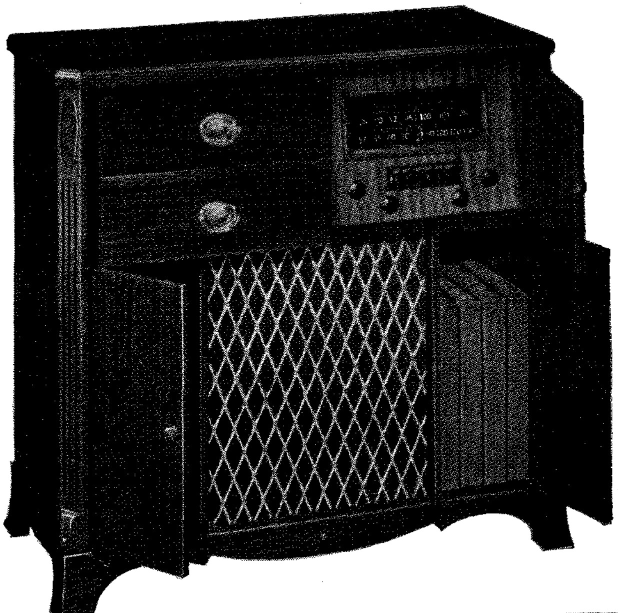

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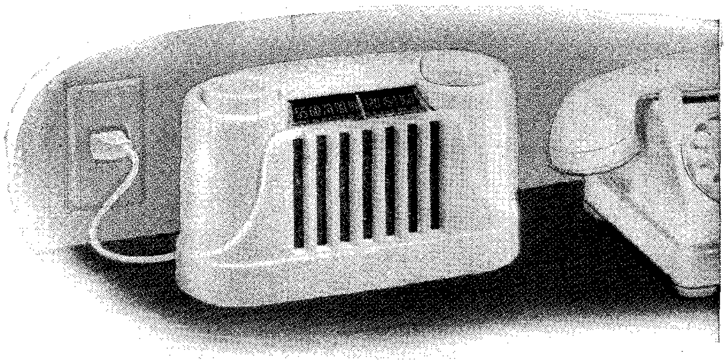

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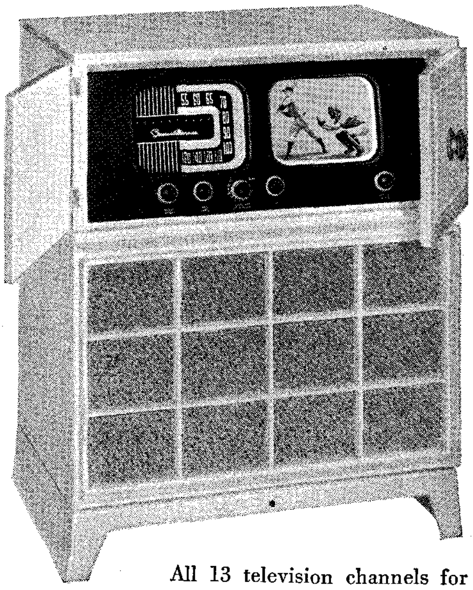

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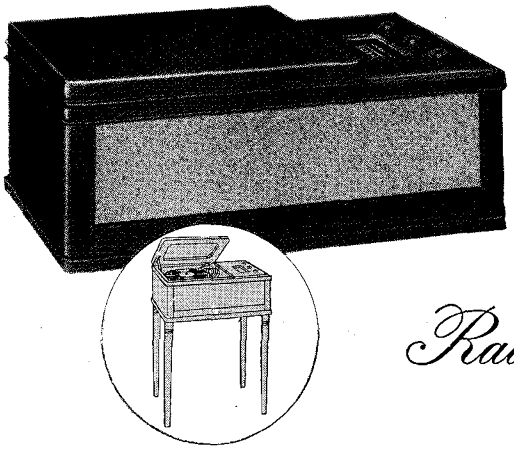

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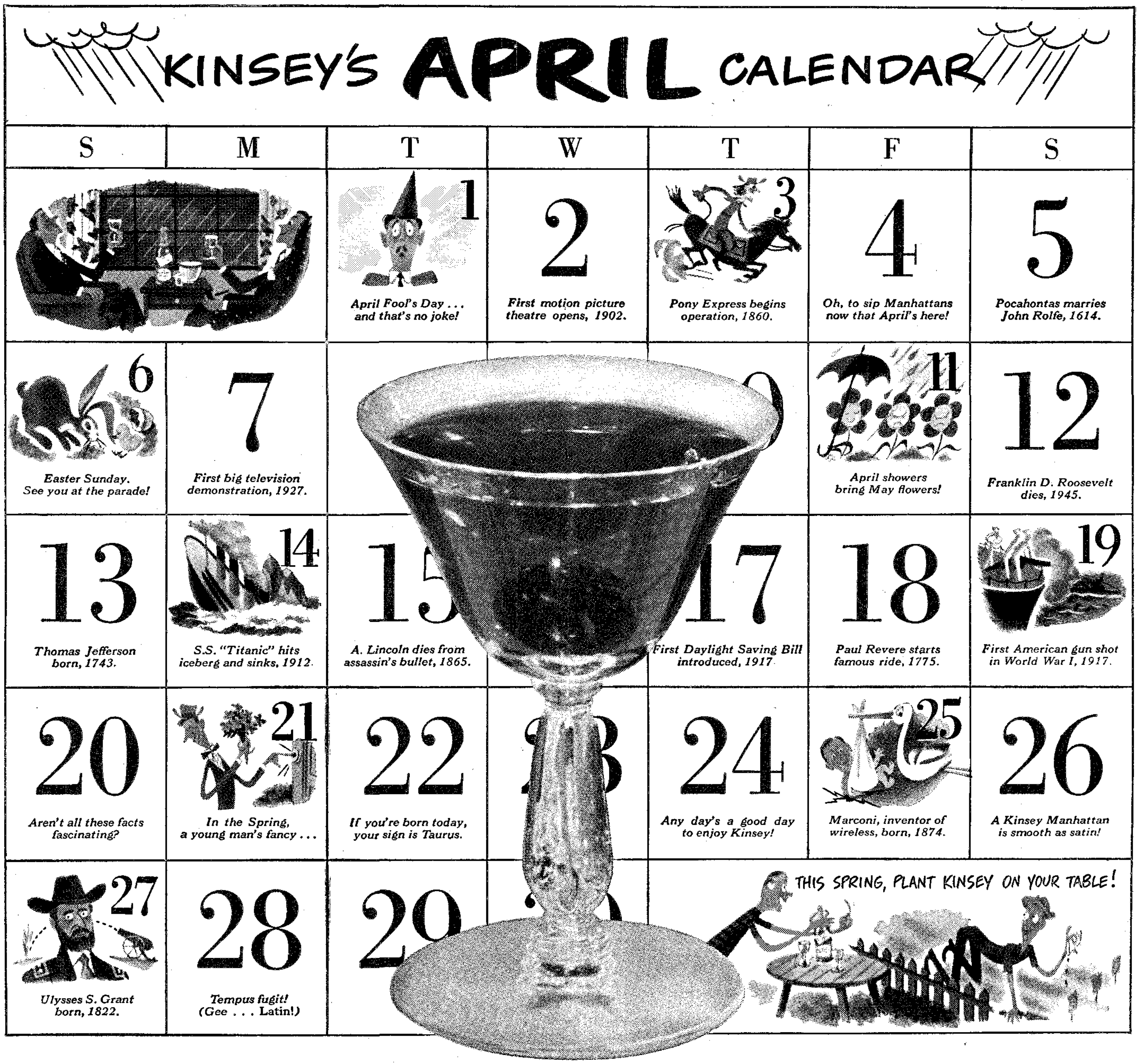

KINSEY'S APRIL CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1 April Fool's Day . . . and that's no joke!	2 First motion picture theatre opens, 1902.	3 Pony Express begins operation, 1860.	4 Oh, to sip Manhattans now that April's here!	5 Pocahontas marries John Rolfe, 1614.
6 Easter Sunday. See you at the parade!	7 First big television demonstration, 1927.				11 April showers bring May flowers!	12 Franklin D. Roosevelt dies, 1945.
13 Thomas Jefferson born, 1743.	14 S.S. "Titanic" hits iceberg and sinks, 1912.	15 A. Lincoln dies from assassin's bullet, 1865.		17 First Daylight Saving Bill introduced, 1917	18 Paul Revere starts famous ride, 1775.	19 First American gun shot in World War I, 1917.
20 Aren't all these facts fascinating?	21 In the Spring, a young man's fancy . . .	22 If you're born today, your sign is Taurus.	23	24 Any day's a good day to enjoy Kinsey!	25 Marconi, inventor of wireless, born, 1874.	26 A Kinsey Manhattan is smooth as satin!
27 Ulysses S. Grant born, 1822.	28 Tempus fugit! (Gee . . . Latin!)	29				

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WARREN R. AUSTIN's explanation to the Security Council of our proposed loans to Greece and Turkey makes no mention of the anti-Russian features of the program. According to the official version, we are against starvation, not Stalin.

•

Supporters of the Truman Doctrine are trying to avoid discussion of the eventual cost of this policy. Keep your minds on the down payment, they say, and forget about the installments.

•

Viscount Mountbatten has achieved the honor of becoming the twenty-ninth, and last, Viceroy of India. Everybody wishes him success in his historic position as caboose.

•

The idea of reducing Germany to agricultural status has been abandoned, because of Russian and French demands for reparations. The Big Four's Foreign Ministers realize that you can't get blood out of a turnip.

•

The House of Representatives has passed a delightful bill reducing income taxes and making everybody as happy as a lark. Our congressmen may not believe in bookkeeping, but they certainly believe in fairies.

•

The National Association of Manufacturers, which worked so hard last year to abolish the O.P.A., now urges its members to reduce the cost of goods. The N.A.M. marched prices up the hill and now it calls them down again.

•

Senator Ferguson makes the ugly charge that David Lilienthal believes that government agencies should be run by experts. This would give power to men who could never swing an election district for anybody.

•

In its economy drive, the House has crippled the conciliation services of the Department of Labor. Our lawmakers propose to open the spring season by killing all the umpires.

•

The Police Department has started a new anti-gambling drive. This one is directed against pedestrians who bet their lives they can cross the street against a red light.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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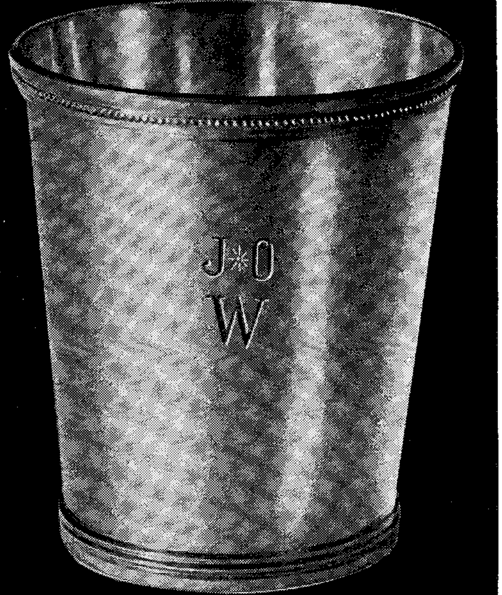

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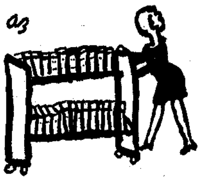
BOOKS

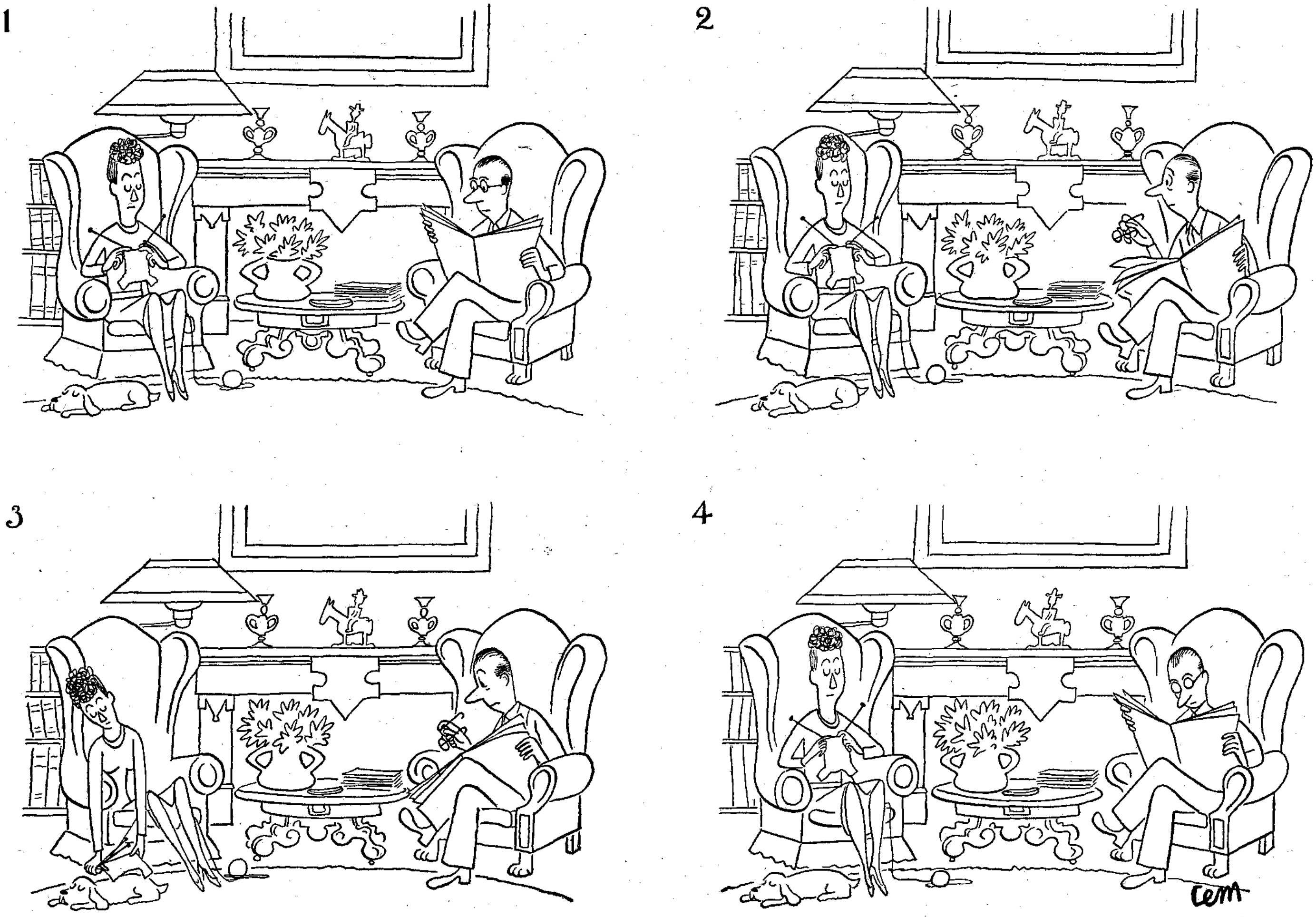
The Master of Treasure Island



AND now it is Robert Louis Stevenson's turn to be revived. To prove it, there are the two collections of his work that have just been published. The two volumes are a big, heavy portmanteau, "Selected Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson," edited by Saxe Commins (Random House), and a smaller, more manageable anthology, "Novels and Stories by Robert Louis Stevenson," edited by V. S. Pritchett (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). These revivals are a fine idea, on the whole, even if they are one more indication of a general drying up of contemporary talent, but I doubt that these two books, for all their considerable poundage, are going to add much to Stevenson's reputation. In fact, they are likely to subtract from it. I remembered Stevenson, whom I hadn't read in years, as being, if not a great writer, at least a major one. I have not swung all the way in the opposite direction, for some of Stevenson is eminently worth reading, but I believe that the disparity between Stevenson as I recalled him and the way he seemed upon rereading bears out Somerset Maugham's maxim that an aura of nostalgia surrounds the authors we read in our youth and makes them in most cases appear better than they are. Of the two new volumes, that edited by Mr. Commins is the more comprehensive—three novels, ten short stories, nine essays, three books of travel, and a generous selection of verse. It makes an excellent one-volume family Stevenson, though perhaps a third of it, especially the poems and ballads, might just as well have been left out. Mr. Pritchett, assembling what he considered Stevenson's most representative work, has brought together "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Thrawn Janet," "Travels with a Donkey," "The Suicide Club," "The Beach of Falesá," and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston."

What I especially noticed about Stevenson, upon reading him again, was how on the surface he is, not so much in the sense that his work has a superficiality (though there is more than an element of that in his writing) as in the sense that his faults and merits are so very obvious. His outstanding merit, of course, is his narrative skill; few other writers tell a story so effortlessly. But this talent nearly always went into writing books for boys. I am thinking not only of "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," which need no further advertisement as masterpieces of their kind, but also of such more ambitious attempts as "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Both these stories are concerned with the duality of good and evil, a theme that Stevenson returned to again and again, but it is hard to believe that these studies of the darker and lighter sides of man can greatly appeal to any but an adolescent imagination.

It seems to me, too, that Stevenson's essays are on the same level. They are simply pieces of pretty writing—style without substance, manner without matter, grace without gumption. "Travels with a Donkey" still has a certain youthful, ingratiating charm, and some of the short stories read as well as ever. I found "The Suicide Club" as entertaining as I had remembered it,



and the story called "The Beach of Falesá," which I hadn't read before, seems to me the best short piece of fiction Stevenson ever did.

It is "Weir of Hermiston," however, that brought Stevenson closest to greatness. Although he had not finished this book when he died, it has all the air, as Mr. Pritchett says, of being the great Scottish novel. A good case can be made for the thesis that Stevenson was a slow-growing writer. The line of his progress, Mr. Commins points out, was extremely erratic—"Treasure Island" was followed by the dismal "Prince Otto," and "The Black Arrow," equally dismal, came after "Kidnapped"—but the line moves upward until, at the end of his life, we come to "Weir of Hermiston." Here is Stevenson at his best—his narrative genius, a style that serves a purpose instead of being a purpose in itself, a sensitive response to the Scottish landscape, and a sure, intuitive knowledge of the workings of the Scottish mind.

What makes the book, though, is its characters. One of the most legitimate criticisms of Stevenson is that he did not know how to draw a woman (the heroine of "The Master of Ballantrae," upon whose behavior the story depends, is a complete failure), but this stricture does not apply to "Weir of Hermiston." The two Kirsties, niece and aunt, are among the most successfully realized women in literature. Even more impressive is the figure of the elder Weir, the Lord Justice Clerk, who is known as the hanging judge. Mr. Pritchett does not exaggerate when he calls the vulgar, unfeeling, yet incorruptible Weir one of those majestic, three-dimensional figures that reconcile us to the shocking exigencies of human nature. Whether Stevenson would have sustained the brilliance of his book had he lived to finish it is, as they say, a question. But "Weir of Hermiston," much more than "Treasure Island" or "Kidnapped," is his chief monument. Mr. Pritchett and Mr. Commins, who has also included it in his volume, are to be thanked for calling it to the attention of a new generation of readers.

—HAMILTON BASSO

VERSE

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS, whose first book, "The Iron Pastoral" (Sloane), is now published, is, at the age of thirty-three, a scholar (Ph.D. in Comparative Literature from the University of Chicago) as well as an editor of Chicago's *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.* He is also a poet, although his

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approach to his subjects and his manner of composition repeatedly seem to belie that basic fact. His work is so saturated with the turns of modern verbalism that picking out his true poetic responses to reality requires an effort that approximates hard physical labor. And he is eager to give a somewhat facetious edge to his material, and this eagerness to be glib and clever frequently results in those anticlimaxes that old-fashioned critics were quick to denounce as bathos. Unlike the ungifted verbalist, however, Nims does not function in a closed world furnished only with the vocabularies and tricks of style of Joyce, Hopkins, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, and the like. He is almost always over-ornate and many times affected, but a real quiver of emotion runs through his mannerisms, and a small flashlight circle of sharp observation from time to time illuminates his writing. He strains to produce effects, and it is a pity that so much effort often results in nothing but masses of stunted and contorted language.

In one section of his book, Nims applies himself to descriptions of everyday objects and locales, and in these poems his virtues and his faults are fully apparent. One fault is his habit of succumbing to the drearier materialist clichés of the time: the movie and the magazine stand become cheap shrines of the crowd's devotion; love is degraded in the peep shows of the penny arcade; riding in an elevated train is at once splendid and sordid. Nims, moreover, has a tendency to blow up a small matter into the semblance of a large one. Poems written with every show of profundity boil down to such simple statements as "The sea is mysterious and legendary, but what funny people sit beside it" or "Detroit! You are making wonderful machines for the war effort; why do you tolerate race riots?" There is, of course, no reason that simple statements of this kind should not be made into poetry. The point, in the case of Nims' poetry, is that the complexity of thought and emotion from which his tone and mannerisms seem to stem does not, on close examination, exist at all. Sharp-sighted and keen-witted though he is, Nims does not release us, as he should, into the world of the imagination. He continually hampers that escape not only by his artfulness, his involutions, and his studied grotesquerie but by a fundamental lack of humility of motive. The dominant tone of the poems is one of knowing all—well, almost all—the answers. So Nims' ability, in his metaphors and similes, to create a relation between the seemingly unrelated,

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twenty
but the hour holds
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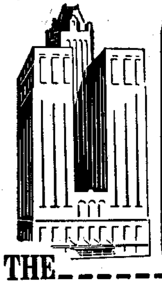

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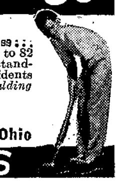


as well as his frequent fresh angle of approach, become but incidental virtues. The greatest gifts of ingenuity cannot make up for the lack of a basic seriousness of intention, and Nims is at present too easily pleased with the more superficial explanations of the many intractable and complicated facts with which he deals.

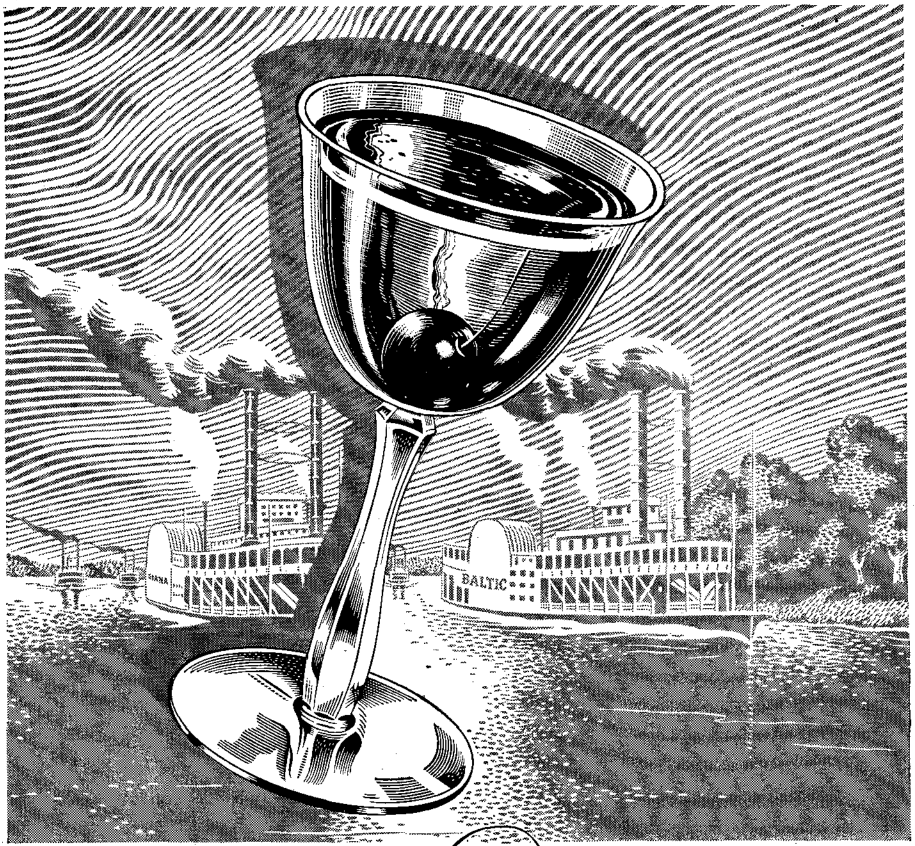
THE great virtue of Stephen Spender has always been his sincerity. His earlier poems raised great hopes, in many readers, that he would have a career of high Romanticism—a Romanticism that could be counted upon to devote itself to a worthy modern "cause." For some years, Spender did not disappoint these hungry readers. He supplied them with poetry written in the highest Romantic vein, from which maxims of an "inspirational" nature could readily be drawn. He did not hold to this practice, however. He had the temerity, and the courage, to change—to drop a "cause" when he found it lacking in human values and to stop sounding Romantic when his general situation no longer warranted Romantic verse. For some years, he has been frank enough to write as if he were at a loss when he was indeed baffled, and to continue to look for some "truth" without attempting to disguise the awkwardness of his changed position or the difficulty of his search. His new book, "Poems of Dedication" (Random House), presents him still in a transitional period. He is now writing in fitful snatches, on subjects that the slicker modern poet spends a good deal of time and skill steering clear of: irrevocable loss, the horrors of physical disease and death, and the darkness and terror in human love. He opposes to these themes what poets have always opposed to them: the secret calm and beauty of nature and the indestructibility of man's spirit. He is often guilty of rhetoric and confusion, but there are moments in this uneven collection of his verse when his language reveals some great intensity in his feeling. These moments broaden our field of vision as nothing but a sincere voice joined to true imaginative power can.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ALWAYS YOUNG AND FAIR, by Conrad Richter (Knopf). The brief story of a lovely young girl who, with an iron stubbornness, remains faithful to a fiancé killed in the Spanish-American War, while all the time



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loving the dead man's brother. As an exercise in evoking the spirit of a small town steeped in a tranquillity that has departed from us forever, the narrative is most felicitous; as a study of a gentle, consecrated woman who ruthlessly sacrifices herself and everybody else, the novel may please you less than the author's previous historical chronicles. There can, however, be no two opinions about Mr. Richter's lucid prose and his unerring feeling for form.

The State of Mind, by Mark Schorer (Houghton Mifflin). A volume of short stories, most of them concerned with failures in human relationships in the contemporary world. Many of the briefer tales have an astringent humor and all of them make interesting reading. Several of the stories appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

The Wallaces of Iowa, by Russell Lord (Houghton Mifflin). A biography of three Henry Wallaces—Uncle Henry, the conservative Republican founder of *Wallaces Farmer* and strenuous advocate of more sensible farming in a ruinously wasteful era; Harry, Harding's Secretary of Agriculture and one of the men in that administration who brought the Teapot Dome scandal out in the open; and, finally, Henry Agard Wallace. Around the story of these three lives, the author, a friend and co-worker of the present Henry Wallace, has written a history of American agriculture during the last hundred years. An objective and admirably correlated book. Photographs.

War or Peace with Russia, by Earl Browder (A. A. Wyn). Mr. Browder here seeks to justify his "Teheran" philosophy, which advocated toleration of capitalism and for which he was shrilly excoriated by his comrades in the Communist Party. He claims that the only way we can avoid war with Russia and enjoy a long peace is to follow Roosevelt's policy of coöperating with the Soviet Union. He does not believe that capitalism and Communism are mutually exclusive and adds the apparently contradictory corollary that each system is on its mettle to show that it can do a better job of taking care of its people than the other. The author is bitter about the attacks made on him by the American Communists, whose revered leader he used to be, but most of his contumely is directed at Winston Churchill and other champions of an Anglo-American bloc. Once in a while, he sounds like the old Browder, as when he claims that the Russians contributed more to victory in the war than all the other Allies combined. He cites, as have many others, their high casualty lists as proof.

This Is My Story, by Louis Francis Budenz (Whittlesey House). The confessions of a former editor of the *Daily Worker* and a one-time member of the Central Committee of the American Communist Party. The author is an Indiana-born Catholic who left the Church, became a labor agitator and later a Communist, and then returned to the faith in 1945, somewhat publicly, if you remember. Mr. Budenz's revelations of duplicity, hypocrisy, mediocrity, and intellectual servility to the U.S.S.R. among members of the American Communist high command are not very pretty. The facts he offers are meagre; there *is* a first-hand account of how a sinister emissary from Moscow arranged for the assassination of Trotsky, but it's an inconclusive story. The book is very badly written and crawls with misspellings.

The Bright Passage, by Maurice Hindus (Doubleday). A warm and admiring political travelogue dealing with postwar Czechoslovakia. Mr. Hindus is enthusiastic about the Czech Catholic-Communist coalition, which he reports is working out fine, and he believes that with such measures as the nationalization of industry the Czechs are achieving a revolution by evolution that will result in a more or less conservative Socialism. He grows stern only when he warns the Western powers not to attempt to wean the country away from its Russian alliance. If the Czechs had to choose between the East and the West, he says, they would unhesitatingly go with the U.S.S.R., for they would consider that their sole chance of surviving as a nation.

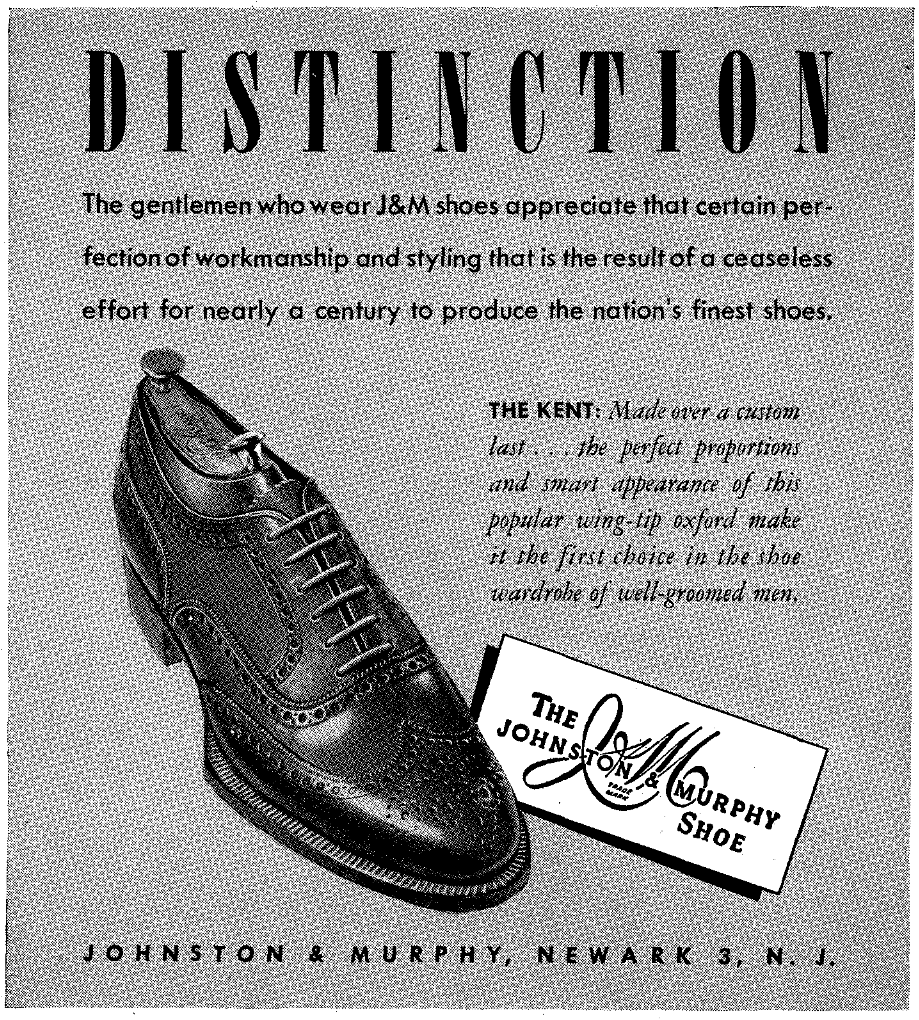
There Was Once a Slave, by Shirley Graham (Messner). A novelized biography of Frederick Douglass, a Negro slave who escaped the horror of his life in the South, joined the Abolitionists under William Lloyd Garrison, became one of their most powerful orators and a friend of Lincoln, worked closely with John Brown until just before the Harpers Ferry tragedy, and ended his illustrious career as American Minister to Haiti. Miss Graham's account is a dramatic and compelling one, but her style is amateurish and her dialogue, when she is on her own, filling in gaps left by Douglass's own works, is marked by hushed, Algeresque hero worship of her subject.

Mr. Review, by William Lytton Payne (King's Crown Press). An odd historical and literary divertissement that consists of an interrelated series of excerpts from the *Review*, the thrice-weekly periodical of opinion written and edited for several years by Daniel Defoe. The *Review* was used by Defoe as a rostrum for his very decided convictions on politics, economics, and the arts. (He also occasionally threw in advice on more homely matters, such as behavior in matrimony.) The book gives one a clear picture of the workings of Defoe's mind as well as an idea of the political climate in the reign of Queen Anne.

The World of Dreams, edited by Ralph L. Woods (Random House). An enormous collection of writing about dreams, going back to the dream life of primitive man, as expounded in speculative essays by anthropologists, and progressing through time to include Biblical dream interpretations and philosophical thoughts on dreaming by Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Santayana, and others, as well as occult writings on the subject. The book winds up with the works of the ante-Freudians, the Freudians, and the anti-Freudians. A very fine and serious anthology.

While They Fought, by Helen Lombard (Scribner). A rather untidy book of gossip by a Washington newspaperwoman, made up of cocktail-party anecdotes about prominent personalities in the capital and their activities during the war. Nearly all the stories are discreditable and nearly all are undocumented. Miss Lombard has an aptitude for malicious innuendo (she particularly likes "Eleanor" fables), but the book is fairly harmless until the end, when she makes some grave, and also undocumented, charges against the Roosevelt administration and the War Department. If she really thinks that these stories are true, they hardly belong in so irresponsible and frivolous a book.

The Well Wrought Urn: Studies in the Structure of Poetry, by Cleanth Brooks (Reynal & Hitchcock). Professor Brooks examines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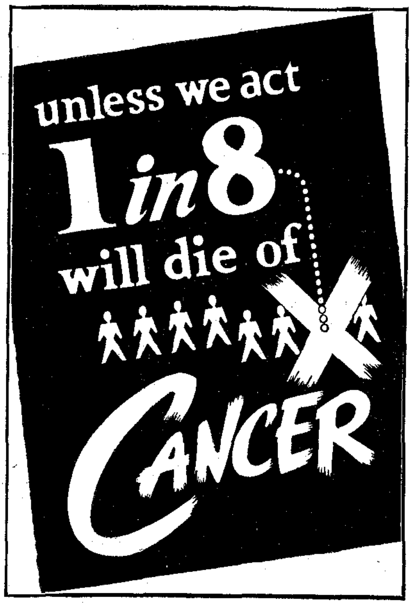

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with intelligent care the meaning, imaginative content, and technical framework of ten poems, ranging, in point of time, from Donne's "The Canonization" to Yeats' "Among School Children." Readable, and by no means an example of the modern dull, text-creeping school of literary analysis.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH WARMED OVER, by Mary Collins (Scribner). Murder in a Los Angeles boarding house, as observed by a Miss Janey Jeffries, a talkative girl who fancies herself a detective. The old gent found dead in the tub, she discovers, was involved in a murder case in 1920, and so were many of her landlady's friends and relatives. Miss Jeffries' researches, as might be expected, turn out to be risky, but the police extricate her in time for the usual explanation. Neatly planned, if a bit long-winded.

MY TRUE LOVE LIES, by Lenore Glen Offord (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Miss Noel Bruce, a San Francisco art student, gets in quite a state of nerves when she is suspected by a lot of people, including the cops, of knowing how a cadaver got imbedded in a half-finished piece of work by one of her sculptor friends. In the intervals between being questioned, shot at, and trailed, Miss Bruce is wooed by a Navy officer, who is involved in the unpleasantness, too. The tangle is finally worked out deftly by the law. There is a lot of knowing chatter about sculptors and their habits.

NOVELS OF MYSTERY FROM THE VICTORIAN AGE, selected and with an introduction by Maurice Richardson (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The book comprises two familiar items, "The Woman in White" and "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and two more obscure ones, "Carmilla," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, and the "Notting Hill Mystery," a great bore, which was serialized in an English weekly in 1862. The mystery story is undoubtedly indebted to all these works on one ground or another, but it doesn't make them any easier to reread. If you have one of those comprehensive mystery shelves, however, you'll probably want to add this volume to it.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Sun*]

The tall man was hatless and wore a tan hat.

THE Glass Hat is off to
AN ALL-STAR SHOW
DON TANNEN
"Satirical Stylist"
KAY VERNON
"Songstress of Tomorrow Singing Songs of Today"
GERRI GALE
"Poetic Expressions in Ballet"
EDDIE STONE & Orchestra
NINO DeMORAES' RHUMBA BAND
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Complete facilities
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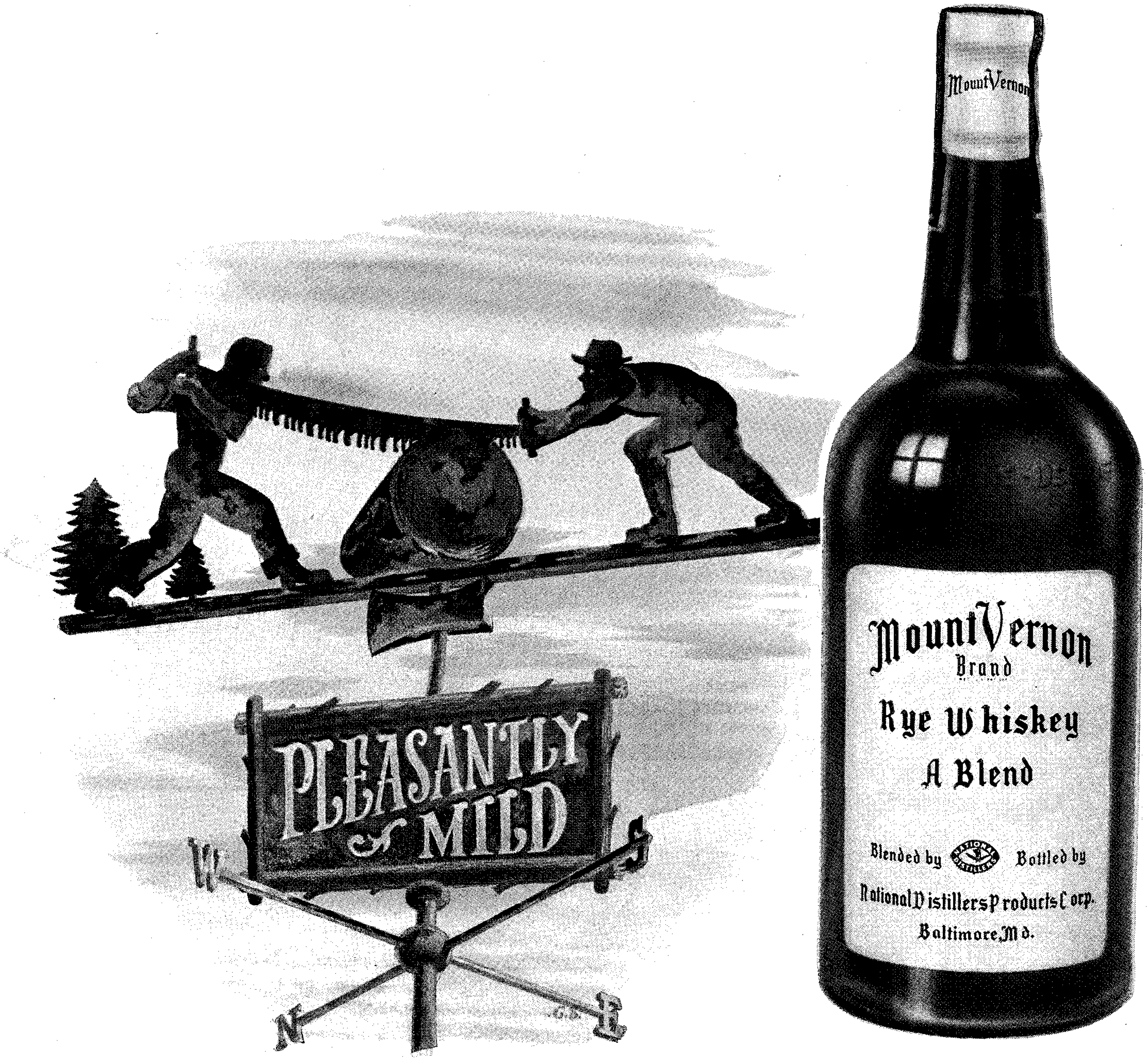
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